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*CAMILLA:*

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

*EVELINA* AND *CECILIA*.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

A NEW EDITION.

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**C O N T E N T S**  
**O F T H E**  
**F I F T H V O L U M E.**

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# CAMILLA,

OR

## A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

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VOL. V.

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### BOOK IX.

CHAP. I.

#### *A Self-dissection.*

CAMILLA remained in a state of accumulated distress, that knew not upon what object most to dwell: her father, shocked and irritated beyond the mild endurance of his character; her brother, wantonly sporting with his family's honour, and his own morals and reputation; her uncle, preparing for nuptials broken off without his knowledge; Edgar, by a thousand perversities of accident, of indiscretion, of misunderstanding, for ever parted from her;—rushed all together upon her mind, each combatting for precedence, each individually foiled, yet all collectively triumphant. Nor were even these her sole subjects of af-

“ And is it possible, Lionel, thus lightly, thus negligently, thus unmoved, you can plan such a journey ? such an exile ? ”

“ Why what can I do ? what can I possibly do ? I am obliged to be off in my own defence. Unless, indeed, I marry little Miss Dennel, which I have once or twice thought of ; for she’s a monstrous fool. But then she is very rich. How should you like her for a sister ? Nay, nay, I’m serious. Don’t shake your head as if I was joking. What do you think of her for my spouse ? ”

“ She is a good girl, I believe, Lionel, though a simple one ; and I should be sorry to see her unhappy : and how could either of you be otherwise, with contempt such as this ? ”

“ Bless thy heart, my little dear, what have husbands and wives to do with making one another unhappy ? Prithee don’t set about forming thy notions of married people from the parsonage-house, and conclude a wife no better than a real rib, sticking always close to a man’s side. You grow so horridly sententious, I really begin to believe you intend to take out your diploma soon, and put on the surplice my father meant for his poor son. ”

“ Alas, Lionel ! — how changed, how hard — forgive me if I say how hard must you be grown, to be capable of gaiety and rattle at this period ! ”

“ You’ll

“ You’ll die an old maid, Camilla, take my word for it. And I’m really sorry, for you’re not an ugly girl. You might have been got off. But come, don’t look so melancholy at a little silly sport. The world is so full of sorrow, my dear girl, so little visited by happiness, that cheerfulness is almost as necessary as existence, in such a vale of tears.”

“ What can induce you to laugh, Lionel, at such words ?”

“ I can’t help it, faith ! I was thinking I spoke so like a parson’s son !”

Camilla cast up here eyes and hands : “ Lionel, she cried, what have you done with your heart ? has it banished every natural feeling ? has the affecting letter of the best of fathers, his cruel separation from the most excellent of mothers, and even your own dreadfully censurable conduct, served but to amuse you with ridicule and derision ?”

“ Camilla,” cried he, taking her hands, “ you wrong me ! you think I have no feeling, because I am not always crying. However, shall I tell you the truth ? I hate myself ! and so completely hate myself at this moment, that I dare not be grave ! dare not suffer reflection to take hold of me, lest it should make life too odious for me to bear it. I have run on from folly to wickedness for want of thought, and now thought is

ready to come back, I must run from that, for want of fortitude. What has bewitched me, I know no more than you; but I never meant to play this abominable part. And now, if I did not flog up my spirits to prevent their flagging, I suppose I should hang or drown. And, believe me, if I were condemned to the galleys, I should think it less than I deserve; for I hate myself, I repeat—I honour my father, though I have used him so ill; I love my mother,—for all her deuced severity,—to the bottom of my soul; I would cut off my left arm for Lavinia and Eugenia; and for thee, Camilla, I would lop off my right!—But yet, when some frolick or gambol comes into my way, I forget you all! clear out of my memory you walk, as if I had never beheld you!”

Camilla now embraced him with a deluge of tears, entreated him to forgive the asperity his seeming want of all feeling had drawn from her, and frequently to write to her, and acquaint her how he went on, and send his direction for her answers; that so, at least, their father might know how he employed himself, and have the power to give him counsel.

“But how, my poor Lionel,” she added, “how will you live abroad? How will you even travel?”

“Why as to how I shall live there, I don’t know; but as well as I deserve easily: however,

ever, as to how I shall get there, look here," taking from his pocket a handful of guineas, "that good little Eugenia has given me every thing, even to the last half crown, that she had at Southampton, to help me forward."

"Dear excellent, ever generous Eugenia! O that I could follow her example! but alas! I have nothing!—and worse than nothing!!"

They then affectionately embraced each other, and parted.

## CHAP. II.

*A Reckoning.*

WHAT Camilla experienced at this juncture she believed could admit no aggravation. Even the breaking off with Edgar seemed as a new misfortune from the new force which circumstances gave to its affliction. With his sympathising aid, how might she have softened the sorrows of her father! how have broken the shock of the blow Clermont was preparing for her uncle? But now, instead of lessening their griefs, she must herself inflict upon them a heavier evil than any they had yet suffered. And how could she reveal tidings for which they were so wholly unprepared? how be even intelligible in the history, without exposing the guilty Lionel beyond all chance of pardon?

Again she went to counsel with Eugenia, who, with her usual disinterested affection, proposed taking the painful business upon herself at their return home. Camilla with tears of gratitude accepted the sisterly office, and resolved to devote the rest of her short time for Southampton to Mrs. Berlin-ton; who, shocked to see her evident unhap-

unhappiness, hung over her with the most melting tenderness: bewailing alike the disappointment of Eugenia, and the conduct of her brother; who now, with exquisite misery, shut himself wholly up in his room.

This compassionate kindness somewhat softened her anguish; but when the engagements of Mrs. Berlinton called her away, Mrs. Mittin burst briskly into her chamber.

“Well, my dear,” cried she, “I come with better news now than ever! only guess what it is!”

Nothing could less conduce to the tranquillity of Camilla than such a desire; her conjectures always flowed into the channels of her wishes; and she thought immediately that Mrs. Mittin had been informed of her situation, and came to her with some intelligence of Edgar.

Mrs. Mittin, after keeping her a full quarter of an hour in suspense, at last said: “Do you know Miss Dannel’s going to be married?—though she was fifteen only yesterday!—and I am invited to the wedding?”

No surprise had ever yet produced less pleasure to Camilla, who now ceased to listen, though Mrs. Mittin by no means ceased to speak, till her attention was awakened by the following sentence: “So, as I am to go to town, to shop with her, at her own papa’s  
B 5 desire,



desire, you can give me the money; you know, my dear, and I can pay off your Tunbridge bills for you."

She then took out of her pockets some accounts, which, she said, she had just received; though, in fact, they had been in her possession more than a week: but till the invitation of Miss Dannel called her so pleasantly away, she had thought it prudent to keep every motive in reserve, that added importance to her stay.

Camilla, with the utmost apprehension, took the papers into her hands: they were the bills from Tunbridge, of the milliner, the shoe-maker, the haberdasher, and the glover, and amounted altogether to sixteen pounds.

The chief articles had been nearly forced upon her by Mrs. Mittin, with assurances of their cheapness, and representations of their necessity, that, joined to her entire ignorance of the enormous charges of fashion, had led her to imagine four or five guineas the utmost sum at which they could be estimated.

What now, then, was her horror! if to sixteen pounds amounted the trifles she had at Tunbridge, what calculation must she make of articles so infinitely more valuable that belonged to her debts at Southampton? And to whom could she apply? Lionel, still under age, was flying the kingdom with debts,

debts, which, to Mr. Tyrold's limited income, would be as heavy as the more considerable ones of her cousin upon Sir Hugh; Eugenia had given what help she had in her power, before she quitted Cleves, upon the affair of the horse; and all that remained of a considerable present made for her Southampton expedition by her uncle, who in every thing distinguished her as his successor and heiress, she had just bestowed upon Lionel. Mrs. Berlinton, whose tender friendship might, in this emergence, have encouraged sollicitation, was involved in debts of honour, and wanted money for herself; and to Mrs. Arlbery, her only other acquaintance with whom she was intimate enough to ask assistance, she already owed five guineas; and how, in conscience or decency, could she address her for more, when she saw before her no time, no term, upon which she could fix for restitution?

In this terrible state, with no one to counsel her, and no powers of self-judgment, she felt a dread of going home, that rendered the coming day a day of horror, though to a home to which, hitherto, she had turned as the first joy of her happiness, or softest solace of any disturbance. Her filial affections were in their pristine force; her short commerce with the world had robbed them of none of their vivacity; her regard for Edgar, whom

she delighted to consider as a younger Mr. Tyrold, had rather enlarged than divided them; but to return a burthen to an already burthened house, an affliction to an already afflicted parent—"No!" she broke out, aloud, "I cannot go home!—I cannot carry calamity to my father!—He will be mild—but he will look unhappy; and I would not see his face in sorrow—sorrow of my own creating—for years of after joy!"

She threw herself down upon the bed, hid her face with the counterpane, and wept, in desperate carelessness of the presence of Mrs. Mittin, and answering nothing that she said.

In affairs of this sort, Mrs. Mittin had a quickness of apprehension, which, though but the attribute of ready cunning, was not inferior to the keenest penetration, possessed, for deeper investigations, by characters of more solid sagacity. From the fear which Camilla, in her anguish, had uttered of seeing her father, she gathered there must be some severe restriction in money concerns; and, without troubling herself to consider what they might be, saw that to aid her at this moment, would be the highest obligation; and immediately set at work a brain as fertile in worldly expedients, as it was barren of intellectual endowments, in forming a plan of present relief, which she concluded  
would

would gain her a rich and powerful friend for life.

She was not long in suggesting a proposition, which Camilla started up eagerly to hear, almost breathless with the hope of any reprieve to her terrors.

Mrs. Mittin, amongst her numerous friends, counted a Mr. Clykes, a money-lender, a man, she said, of the first credit for such matters with people of fashion in any difficulty. If Camilla, therefore, would collect her debts, this gentleman would pay them, for a handsome premium, and handsome interest, till she was able, at her own full leisure, to return the principal, with a proper present.

Camilla nearly embraced her with rapture for this scheme. The premium she would collect as she could, and the interest she would pay from her allowance, certain that when her uncle was cleared from his embarrassments, her own might be revealed without any serious distress. She put, therefore, the affair wholly into the hands of Mrs. Mittin, besought her, the next morning, to demand all her Southampton bills, to add to them those for the rent and the stores of Higden, and then to transact the business with Mr. Clykes; promising to agree to whatever premium, interest, and present, he should demand, with endless acknowledgments to herself for so great a service.

She

She grieved to employ a person so utterly disagreeable to Edgar; but to avert immediate evil was ever resolute to her ardent mind.

The whole of the Southampton accounts were brought her early the next morning by the active Mrs. Mittin, who now concluded, that what she had conceived to be covetousness in Camilla, was only the fear of a hard tyrant of a father, who kept her so parsimoniously that she could allow herself no indulgence, till the death of her uncle should endow her with her own rich inheritance.

Had this arrangement not taken place before the arrival of the bills, Camilla, upon beholding them, thought she should have been driven to complete distraction. The ear-rings and necklace, silver fringes and spangles, feathers, nosegay, and shoe-roses, with the other parts of the dress, and the fine Valenciennes edging, came to thirty-three pounds; The cloak also, that cheapest thing in the world, was nine guineas; and various small articles, which Mrs. Mittin had occasionally brought in, and others with which Camilla could not dispense, came to another five pounds. To this, the rent for Higden added eighteen; and the bill of stores, which had been calculated at thirty, was sent in at thirty-seven.

The whole therefore, with the sixteen pounds

pounds from Tunbridge, amounted to one hundred and eighteen pounds nine shillings.

Struck to the very soul with the idea of what she must have endured to have presented, at such a period, so large an account, either at Cleves or at Etherington, she felt lifted into paradise by the escape of this expedient, and lost sight of every possible future difficulty, in the relief of avoiding so severe a present penalty.

By this means, also, the tradesmen would not wait; and she had been educated with so just an abhorrence of receiving the goods, and benefiting from the labours of others, without speeding them their rights and their rewards, that she felt despicable as well as miserable, when she possessed what she had not repaid.

Mrs. Mittin was now invested with full powers for the agency, which her journey to London would give her immediate means to execute. She was to meet Miss Dannel there in two days, to assist in the wedding purchases, and then to accompany that young lady to her father's house in Hampshire, whence she could visit Etherington, and finally arrange the transaction.

Camilla, again thanking, took leave of her, to consign her few remaining hours for Southampton to Mrs. Berlington, who was impatient at losing one moment of the society

ciety she began sincerely to regret she had not more uniformly preferred to all other. As sad now with cares as Camilla was with afflictions, she had robbed her situation of nearly the only good which belonged to it— an affluent power to gratify every luxury, whether of generosity or personal indulgence. Her gaming, to want of happiness, added now want of money; and Camilla, with a sigh, saw something more wretched, because far deeper and more wilful in error than herself.

They mingled their tears for their separate personal evils, with the kindest consolation that either could suggest for the other, till Camilla was told that Eugenia desired to see her in the parlour.

Mrs. Berlinton, ashamed, yet delighted to meet her again, went down at the same time. She embraced her with fondness, but ventured not to utter either apology or concern. Eugenia was serious but composed, sighed often, yet both accepted and returned her careffes.

Camilla enquired if Miss Margland purposed setting out immediately.

“Yes,” she answered; “but I have first a little business of my own to transact.” Then, turning to Mrs. Berlinton, and forcing a smile, “You will be surpris’d,” she said, “to hear me ask for . . . your brother !

ther! . . . but I must see him before I can leave Southampton."

Mrs. Berlinton hung her head: "There is certainly," she cried, "no reproach he does not merit . . . yet, if you knew . . . the respect . . . the . . . the . . ."

Eugenia rang the bell, making a slight apology, but not listening to what Mrs. Berlinton strove to say; who, colouring and uneasy, still attempted to utter something softening to what had passed.

"Be so good," said Eugenia, when the footman appeared, "to tell Mr. Melmond I beg to speak with him."

Camilla astonished, and Mrs. Berlinton silenced, waited, in an unpleasant pause, the event.

Eugenia, absorbed in thought, neither spoke to, nor looked at them, nor moved, till the door opened, and Melmond, who durst not refuse so direct a summons, though he would have preferred any punishment to obeying it, blushing, bowing, and trembling, entered the room.

She then started, half heaved, and half checked a sigh, took a folded note out of her pocket-book, and with a faint smile, said, "I fear my desire must have been painful to you; but you see me now for the last time—I hope!—with any ill will."

She stopt for breath to go on; Melmond, amazed, striving vainly to articulate  
late



late one word of excuse, one profession even of respect.

“Believe me, Sir,” she then continued, “surprise was the last sensation I experienced upon a late . . . transaction. My extraordinary personal defects and deformity have been some time known to me, though—I cannot tell how—I had the weakness or vanity not to think of them as I ought to have done!—But I see I give you uneasiness, and therefore I will be more concise.”

Melmond, confounded, had bowed down his head not to look at her, while Camilla and Mrs. Berlington both wept.

“The sentiments, Sir,” she then went on, “of my cousin have never been declared to me; but it is not very difficult to me to divine what they may be. All that is certain, is the unkindness of Fortune, which forbids her to listen, or you to plead to them. This, Sir, it shall be my care”—she stopt a moment, looking paler, and wanting voice; but presently recovering, proceeded—“my happiness, let me say, to endeavour to rectify. I have much influence with my kind uncle; can I doubt, when I represent to him that I have just escaped making two worthy people wretched, he will deny aiding me to make them happy? No! the residence already intended at Cleves will still be open, though one of its parties will be changed. But as  
my

my uncle, in a manner unexampled, has bound himself, in my favour, from any future disposition of what he possesses, I have ventured, Sir, upon this paper, to obviate any apprehensions of your friends, for the unhappy time when that generous uncle can no longer act for himself."

She then unfolded, and gave him the paper, which contained these words:

"I here solemnly engage myself, if Miss Indiana Lynmere accepts, with the consent of Sir Hugh Tyrold, the hand of Frederic Melmond, to share with them, so united, whatever fortune or estate I may be endowed with, to the end of my life, and to bequeath them the same equal portion by will after my death.

Signed. EUGENIA TYROLD."

Unable to read, yet conceiving the purport of the writing, Melmond was at her feet. She endeavoured to raise him, and though extremely affected, said, with an air of some pleasantry, "Shew less surprize, Sir, or I shall conclude you thought me as frightful within as without! But no! Providence is too good to make the mind necessarily deformed with the body."

"Ah, Madam!" exclaimed Melmond, wholly overcome, "the noblest as well as softest of human hearts I perceive to be yours——"

yours—and were mine at my own disposal—it must find you resistless!”—

“No more, no more!” interrupted she, penetrated with a pleasure in these words which she durst not indulge, “you shall hear from me soon.—Meanwhile, be Hope your motto. Friendship shall be mine.”

She was then going to hold out her hand to him; but her courage failed; she hastily embraced Mrs. Berlington, took the arm of Camilla, and hurried out of the house, followed by the footman who had attended her.

Melmond, who had seen the motion of her hand now advancing, now withdrawn, would have given the universe to have stamped upon it his grateful reverence; but his courage was still less than her own; she seemed to him, on the sudden, transformed to a deity, benignly employed to rescue and bless him, but whose transcendent goodness he could only, at a distance, and in all humility, adore.

Mrs. Berlington was left penetrated nearly as much as her brother, and doubtful if even the divine Indiana could render him as happy as the exalted, the incomparable Eugenia.

\* \* \* \*

The two sisters found Miss Margland in extreme ill-humour waiting their arrival, and  
the

the whole party immediately quitted Southampton.

It not seldom occurred to Miss Margland to be cross merely as a mark of consequence; but here her displeasure was as deep with herself as with others. She had entered Southampton with a persuasion her fair pupil would make there the establishment so long the promised meed of her confinement; and Indiana herself, not knowing where to stop her sanguine and inflated hopes, imagined that the fame of her beauty would make the place where it first was exhibited the resort of all of fashion in the nation. And the opening of the scene had answered to their fullest expectations: no other name was heard but Indiana Lynmere, no other figure was admired, no other face could bear examination.

But her triumph, though splendid, was short; she soon found that the overtures of eyes were more ready than those of speech; and though one young baronet, enchanted with her beauty, immediately professed himself her lover, when he was disdained, in the full assurance of higher offers, and because a peer had addressed himself to Eugenia, she saw not that he was succeeded by any other, nor yet that he broke his own heart. Men of taste, after the first conversation, found her more admirable to look at than speak with;

with; adventurers soon discovered that her personal charms were her only dower; the common herd were repulsed from approaching her by the repulsive manners of Miss Margland; and all evinced, that though a passion for beauty was still as fashionable as it was natural, the time was past when the altar of Hymen required no other incense to blaze upon it.

One solitary offer to Eugenia, of an every way ruined young nobleman, though a blast both to the settlement and the peace of Indiana, was to herself wholly nugatory. This proposition was made upon her first arrival, when through the account given to the master of the ceremonies by Miss Margland, she was regarded as the heiress of Cleves: but, almost immediately after, the report spread by Mrs. Mittin, that Camilla was the true heiress, gained such ground amongst the shop-keepers, and thence travelled so rapidly from gossip to gossip, that Eugenia was soon no more thought of; though a species of doubt was cast upon the whole party, from the double assertion, that kept from Camilla, also, the fortune seekers of the place.

But another rumour got abroad, that soon entirely cleared Eugenia, not merely of lovers but acquaintances; namely, her studies with Dr. Orkborne. This was a prevailing theme of spite with Miss Margland, when the

the Doctor had neglected and displeased her; and a topic always at hand for her spleen, when it was angered by other circumstances not so easy of blame or of mention.

This, shortly, made Eugenia stared at still more than her peculiar appearance. The misses, in tittering, ran away from the learned lady; the beaux contemptuously sneering, rejoiced she was too ugly to take in any poor fellow to marry her. Some imagined her studies had stunted her growth; and all were convinced her education had made her such a fright.

Of the whole party, the only one who quitted Southampton in spirits was Dr. Orkborne. He was delighted to be no longer under the dominion of Miss Margland, who, though she never left him tranquil in the possession of all he valued, his leisure, his books and papers, eternally annoyed him with reproaches upon his absence, non-attendance, and ignorance of high life, asking always, when angry, "If any one had ever heard who was his grandfather?"

The doctor, in return, despising, like most who have it not, whatever belonged to noble birth, regarded her and her progenitors as the pest of the human race; frequently, when incensed by interruption, exclaiming, "Where intellect is uncultivated, what is man.

man better than a brute, or woman than an idiot?"

Nor was his return to his own room, books, and hours, under the roof of the indulgent Sir Hugh, the only relief of this removal: he knew not of the previous departure of Dr. Marchmont, and he was glad to quit a spot where he was open to a comparison which he felt to be always to his disadvantage.

So much more powerful and more prominent is character than education, that no two men could be more different than Dr. Marchmont and Dr. Orkborne, though the same university had finished their studies, and the same passion, pursuit, and success in respect to learning, had raised and had spread their names and celebrity. The first, with all his scholastic endowments, was a man of the world, and a grace to society; the second, though in erudition equally respectable, was wholly lost to the general community, and alive only with his pen and his books. They enjoyed, indeed, in common, that happy and often sole reward of learned labours, the privilege of snatching some care from time, some repining from misfortune, by seizing for themselves, and their own exclusive use, the whole monopoly of mind; but they employed it not to the same extension.

sion. The things and people of this lower sphere were studiously, by Dr. Orkborne, sunk into oblivion by the alternate transport and toil of intellectual occupation: Dr. Marchmont, on the contrary, though his education led to the same propensities, still held his fellow creatures to be of higher consideration than their productions. Without such extravagance in the pursuit of his studies, he knew it the happy province of literary occupations, where voluntary, to absorb worldly solitudes, and banish for a while even mental anxieties: and though the charm may be broken by every fresh intrusion of calamity, it unites again with the first retirement, and, without diminishing the feelings of social life, has a power, from time to time, to set aside their sufferings.



## CHAP. III.

*Brides and no Brides.*

**I**N the hall of the Cleves mansion the party from Southampton were received by Sir Hugh, Mr. Tyrold, and Lavinia. The baronet greeted in particular the two nieces he regarded as brides elect, with an elation that prevented him from observing their sadness; while their confusion at his mistake he attributed to the mere bashfulness of their situation. He enquired, nevertheless, with some surprise, why the two bridegrooms did not attend them? which, he owned, he thought rather odd; though he supposed it might be only the new way.

The changing colour and starting tears of the two sisters still escaped his kindly occupied but undiscerning eyes: while Mr. Tyrold, having tenderly embraced, avoided looking at them from the fear of adding to their blushes, and sat quiet and grave, striving to alleviate his present new and deep sorrow, by participating in the revived happiness of his brother. But Lavinia soon saw their mutual distress, and with apprehensive affection watched an opportunity to investigate its cause.

“ But

“But come,” cried Sir Hugh, “I sha’n’t wait for those gentlemen to shew you what I’ve done for you, seeing they don’t wait for me, by their following their own way; which, however, I suppose they may be with their lawyers, none of those gentlemen having been here; which I think rather slow, considering the rooms are almost ready.”

He would now have taken them round the house; but, nearly expiring with shame, they entreated to be excused; and, insupportably oppressed by the cruel discovery they had to divulge, stole apart to consult upon what measures they should take. They then settled that Camilla should accompany Mr. Tyrold to Etherington, but keep off all disclosure till the next morning, when Eugenia would arrive, and unfold the sad tidings.

When they returned to the parlour, they found Sir Hugh, in the innocency of his heart, had forced Indiana, Miss Margland, and even Dr. Orkborne, to view his improvements for the expected nuptials.

“Well, my dear girls,” cried he, smilingly, “I sha’n’t mention what we have been looking at in your absence, because of your blushes, which I hope you approve. But we shall soon, I hope, see it altogether, without any of your modesty’s minding it. I shall have to pinch a little for it the rest of the

year, which, God knows, will be a pleasure to me, for the sake of my two dear girls, as well as of Mr. Edgar; not to mention the new young gentleman; who seems a pretty kind of person too, though he is not one of our own relations."

He was rather disappointed when he found Camilla was to go to Etherington, but desired there might be a general meeting the next day, when he should also invite Dr. Marchmont. "For I think," said he, "he's as little proud as the best dunce amongst us; which makes me like him as well. And I can't say but I was as much obliged to him that day about the mad bull, as if he had been one of my nephews or nieces himself; which is what I sha'n't forget."

In the way back to Etherington, Camilla could not utter a word; and Lavinia, who had just gathered from her, in a whisper, "All is over with Edgar!" with divided, but silent pity, looked from her father to her sister, thought of her brother, and wept for all three. Mr. Tyrold alone was capable of any exertion. Unwilling to give Camilla, whom he concluded impressed with the thousand sollicitudes of her impending change of situation, any abrupt account of her brother's cruel conduct, he spoke with composure though not with cheerfulness, and hoped, by a general gravity, to prepare, without

without alarming her, for the ill news he must inevitably relate. But he soon, however, observed an excess of sadness upon her countenance, far deeper than he could attribute to the thoughts he had first suggested, and wholly different from an agitation in which though fear bears a part, hope preponderates.

It now struck him that probably Lionel had been at Southampton: for so wide was every idea from supposing any mischief with Edgar, that, like Sir Hugh, upon his non-appearance, he had concluded him engaged with his lawyer. But of Melmond, less sure, he had been more open in enquiry, and with inexpressible concern for his beloved and unfortunate Eugenia, had gathered that the affair was ended: though her succeeding plan, by her own desire, Camilla left for her personal explanation.

When they arrived at Etherington, taking her into his study, "Camilla," he said, "tell me, I beg. . . do you know any thing of Lionel?"

An unrestrained burst of tears convinced him his conjecture was right, and he soon obtained all the particulars of the meeting, except its levity and flightiness. Where directly questioned, no sisterly tenderness could induce her to filial prevarication; but she rejoiced to spare her brother all ex-

posure that mere silence could spare; and as Mr. Tyrold suspected not her former knowledge of his extravagance and ill conduct, he neither asked, nor heard, any thing beyond the last interview.

At the plan of going abroad, he sighed heavily, but would take no measures to prevent it. Lionel, he saw, was certain of being cast in any trial; and though he would not stretch out his arm to avert the punishment he thought deserved, he was not sorry to change the languid waste of imprisonment at home, for the hardships with which he might live upon little abroad.

A calamity such as this seemed cause full sufficient for the distress of Camilla; Mr. Tyrold sought no other; but though she wept, now, at liberty, his very freedom from suspicion and enquiry increased her anguish. "Your happy fate," cried he, "is what most, at this moment, supports me; and to that I shall chiefly owe the support of your mother; whom a blow such as this will more bitterly try than the loss of our whole income, or even than the life itself of your brother. Her virtue is above misfortune, but her soul will shudder at guilt."

The horror of Camilla was nearly intolerable at this speech, and the dreadful disappointment, which she knew yet to be awaiting her loved parents. "Take comfort,

fort, my dearest girl," said Mr. Tyrold, who saw her suffering, "it is yours, for all our sakes to be chearful, for to you we shall owe the worthiest of sons, at the piercing juncture when the weakest and most faulty fail us."

"O my father!" she cried, "speak not such words! Lionel himself..." she was going to say: has made you less unhappy than you will be made by me: but she durst not finish her phrase; she turned away from him her streaming eyes, and stopt.

"My dearest child," he cried, "let not your rising prospects be thus damp't by this cruel event. The connection you have formed will be a consolation to us all; and may heal with lenient balm the wounded, bleeding bosom of a meritorious but deeply afflicted mother! While to your father, my Camilla..."

These last words were not heard; such a mention of her mother had already overpowered her, and unable to let him keep up his delusion, she supported her shaking frame against his shoulder, and exclaimed in a tone of agony: "O my father! you harrow me to the soul!—Edgar has left me!—has left England!—left us all!"—

Shocked, yet nearly incredulous, he insisted upon looking at her: her countenance impelled belief. The woe it expressed could

be excited by nothing less than the deprivation of every worldly expectation, and a single glance was an answer to a thousand interrogatories.

Mr. Tyrold now sat down, with an air between calmness and despondence, saying, "And how has this come to pass?"

Again she got behind him, and in a voice scarcely audible, said, Eugenia would, the next morning, explain all.

"Very well, I will wait;" he quietly, but with palpably stifled emotions, answered: "Go, my love, go to Lavinia; open to her your heart; you will find consolation in her kindness. My own, I confess, is now weighed down with sorrow! this last and unexpected stroke will demand some time, some solitude, to be yielded to as it ought." He then held out to her his hand, which she could scarcely approach from trembling, and scarcely kiss for weeping, and added: "I know what you feel for me—and know, too, that my loss to yours is nothing,—for yours is not to be estimated! you are young, however, and, with yourself, it may pass away . . . but your mother—my heart, Camilla, is rent for your unfortunate mother!"

He then embraced her, called Lavinia, and retired for the night.

Terribly it passed with them all.

The

The next morning, before they assembled to breakfast, Eugenia was in the chamber of Camilla.

She entered with a bright beam upon her countenance, which, in defiance of the ravaging distemper that had altered her, gave it an expression almost celestial. It was the pure emanation of virtue, of disinterested, of even heroic virtue. "Camilla!" she cried, "all is settled with my uncle! Indiana . . . you will not wonder—consents; and already this morning I have written to Mr. Mel - - -"

With all her exaltation, her voice faltered at the name, and with a faint smile, but deep blush, she called for the congratulations of her sister upon her speedy success.

"Ah, far more than my congratulations, my esteem, my veneration is yours, dear and generous Eugenia! true daughter of my mother! and proudest recompence of my father!"

She was not sufficiently serene to give any particulars of the transaction; and Mr. Tyrold soon sent for her to his room.

Camilla, trembling and hanging over her, said: "You will do for me, I know, better than I could do for myself;—but spare poor Lionel—and be just to Edgar!—"

Eugenia strictly obeyed; and Mr. Tyrold, by this means, gathered no further intelligence



telligence than that the parting had been occasioned by some mutual, though slight dissatisfaction. He still hoped, therefore, they might meet again; and resolved, till he could better judge what might prove the event, to keep this distress from Sir Hugh.

He then met Camilla with the most consolatory kindness; yet would not trust her ardent mind with the hopes he cherished himself, dreading infinitely more to give than to receive disappointment. He blamed her for admitting any doubts of the true regard of Edgar, in whom promise was always short of performance; and whom he conceived displeas'd by undue expectations of professions, which the very sincerity of his rational and manly character prevented him from making.

The story of Eugenia herself he learnt with true admiration, and gave to her magnanimity its dearest meed, in her mother's promise, and his own immediate approbation.

But Sir Hugh, notwithstanding all Eugenia could urge in favour of Melmond, had heard her account with grief and resentment. All, however, being actually ready for the double wedding, he could not, he said, answer to his conscience doing so much for the rest, and refusing the same for Indiana, whom he called upon to accept or reject the preparations made for her cousin.

Indiana

Indiana stood fluttering for a few minutes between the exultation of being the first bride, and the mortification of marrying a man without fortune or title.

She retired for a short conference with Miss Margland, who was nearly in an equal dilemma, from unwillingness to dispose of her beautiful pupil without a title, and from eagerness to quit Cleves, which she thought a convent for dullness, and a prison for confinement. Melmond had strongly in his favour the received maxim amongst match-makers, that a young lady without fortune has a less and less chance of getting off upon every public appearance, which they call a public failure: their joint deliberations were, however, interrupted by an abrupt intrusion of Molly Mill, who announced she had just heard that Miss Donnel was going to be married.

This information ended the discussion. The disgrace of a bridal appearance anticipated in the neighbourhood by such a chit, made Indiana hastily run down stairs, and tell her uncle that the merit of Melmond determined her to refuse every body for his sake.

A man and horse, therefore, at break of day the next morning, were sent off by Eugenia to Southampton with these words :

To FREDERIC MELMOND, *Esq.*

You will be welcome, Sir, at Cleves, where you will forget, I hope, every painful sensation, in the happiness which awaits you, and dismiss all retrospection, to return with sincerity the serene friendship of

EUGENIA TYROLD.

Mr. Tyrold now visited Cleves with only his younger daughter, and excused the non-appearance there, for the present, of Camilla; acknowledging that some peculiar incidents, which he could not yet explain, kept Mandlebert away, and must postpone the celebration of the marriage.

The vexation this gave Sir Hugh redoubled his wish to break to him the evil by degrees, if to break it to him at all should become indispensable.

## CHAP. IV.

*A Hint for Debtors.*

MR. Tyrold was well aware that to keep from Sir Hugh the affliction of Camilla, he must keep from him Camilla herself: for though her sighs she could suppress, and her tears disperse, her voice had lost its tone, her countenance its gaiety; her eyes no longer sparkled, her very smiles betrayed anguish. He was the last to wonder at her sufferings, for Edgar was nearly as dear to him as herself; but he knew not, that, added to this annihilation of happiness, her peace was consumed by her secret knowledge of the evils yet impending for himself and for her uncle. Concealment, always abhorrent to her nature, had, till now, been unknown even to her thoughts; and its weight, from a species of culpability that seemed attached to its practice; was, at times, more dreadful to bear than the loss even of Edgar himself. The latter blackened every prospect of felicity; but the former, still more tremendous to the pure principles in which she had been educated, seemed to strike even at her innocence. The first wish of an in-

genuous

genuous mind is to anticipate even enquiry; the feeling, therefore, that most heavily weighs it down, is any fear of detection.

While they were at breakfast the following morning, the servant brought in the name of Dr. Marchmont.

Camilla felt nearly fainting. Why he was come—whence—whether Edgar accompanied him—or sent by him any message—whether he were returned to Beach Park—or sailed for the Continent—were doubts that pressed so fast, and so vehemently upon her mind, that she feared to quit the room lest she should meet Edgar in the passage, and feared still more to continue in it, lest Dr. Marchmont should enter without him. Mr. Tyrold, who participated in all her feelings, and shared the same ideas, gently committed her to Lavinia, and went into his study to the doctor.

His own illusion was there quickly destroyed. The looks of Dr. Marchmont boded nothing that was happy. They were not their customary expression. The gravity of Mr. Tyrold shewed a mind prepared for ill news, if not already oppressed with it, and the doctor, after a few general speeches, delivered the letter from Edgar.

Mr. Tyrold received it with a secret shuddering: “Where,” he said, “is Mandlebert at present?”

"I believe, by this time—at the Hague."

This sentence, with the grieved, yet still air and tone of voice which accompanied it, was death at once to every flattering hope: he immediately read the letter, which, conceived in the tenderest terms of reverence and affection, took a short and simple, though touchingly respectful leave of the purposed connection, and demolished at once every distant view of future conciliation.

He hung his head a moment, and sighed from the bottom of his heart; but the resignation which he summoned upon every sorrow was never deaf to his call, and when he had secretly ejaculated a short and silent prayer for fortitude to his beloved wife, he turned calmly to the doctor, and began conversing upon other affairs.

Dr. Marchmont presumed not to manifest the commiseration with which he was filled. He saw the true christian, enduring with humility misfortune, and the respectable parent supporting the dignity of his daughter by his own. To the first character, complaint was forbidden; to the second, it would have been degrading. He looked at him with veneration, but to spare further useless and painful efforts, soon took leave.

Mr. Tyrold, shaking hands with him, said, as they were parting, "when you write to Mandlebert, assure him of my constant affection.

fection. The world, Dr. Marchmont, is too full of real evil, for me at least, to cause one moment of unnecessary uneasiness to any of its poor pilgrims. 'Tis strange, my dear doctor, this is not more generally considered, since the advantage would be so reciprocal from man to man. But wrapt up in our own short moment, we forget our neighbour's long hour! and existence is ultimately embittered to all, by the refined susceptibility for ourselves that monopolizes our feelings."

Doctor Marchmont, who in this last sentence construed a slight reflection upon Edgar, expressively answered, "Our sensibility for others is not always dormant, because not apparent.—How much of worth and excellence may two characters separately possess, where yet there are disuniting particles which impede their harmonizing with each other!"

Mr. Tyrold, powerfully struck, saw now the general nature of the conceptions which had caused this lamented breach. He could not concur, but he would not attempt to controvert: opinion in this case must have even the precedence of justice. If Edgar thought his daughter of a disposition with which his own could not sympathise, it were vain to expatiate upon her virtues or her sweetness; that one doubt previously taken might mar their assimilating efficacy. Comprehending,

prehending, therefore, the cause at large, he desired no detail; the words of Dr. Marchmont, though decisive, were not offensive, and they parted perfect friends, each perceiving, yet forgiving, that each cast upon the other the error of false reasoning; Edgar to the one, and Camilla to the other, appearing faultless in the separation.

But not in the tasks which succeeded were their offices as easily to be compared. Dr. Marchmont wrote to Edgar that all was quietly relinquished, and his measures were honourably acquitted; while Mr. Tyrold, shut up in his study, spent there some of the severest minutes of his life, in struggling for the equanimity he coveted to pronounce to his daughter this last doom. Pity for her suspense accelerated his efforts, and he then sent for her down stairs.

His utmost composure, in such an interview, was highly necessary for both. The pale and trembling Camilla advanced with downcast eyes; but when he took her in his arms, and kissed her, a sudden ray of hope shot across her quick imagination, and she looked up: an instant was now sufficient to rectify her mistake. The tenderness of her father wore no air of congratulation, it was the mere offspring of compassion, and the woe with which it was mixt, though mild, though



though patient, was too potent to require words for explanation.

The glance sufficed; her head dropt, her tears in torrents bathed his bosom; and she retired to Lavinia while yet neither of them had spoken.

Mr. Tyrold, contented with virtuous exertions, demanded not impossibilities; he left to nature that first grief which too early exhortation or controul rather inflames than appeases. He then brought her back to his apartment.

He conjured her, there, to remember that she grieved not alone; that where the tears flowed not so fast from the eyes, the sources were not dry whence they sprung, and that bridled sorrow was sometimes the most suffering.

“Alas, my dearest father, to think you mourn too—and for me!—will that lessen what I feel?”

“Yes, my dear child, by a generous duty it will point out to watch that the excess of one affliction involve you not in another.”

“What a motive,” she answered, “for exertion! If the smallest part of your happiness—of my honoured mother’s—depends upon mine, I shall be unhappy, I think, no more!”

A gush of tears ill accorded with this fond declaration; but Mr. Tyrold, without noticing

ting them, kindly replied, " Let your filial affection, my child, check the inordinacy of your affliction, and I will accept with pleasure for your virtuous mother, and with thanks for myself; the exertion which, beginning for our sakes, may lead you to that self denial which is the parent of our best human actions, and approximates us the most to what is divine."

Broken-hearted as was Camilla, her sorrows would, at least apparently, have abated from consolation so tender, if all she felt had been known; if no latent and lurking evil had hung upon her spirits, defeating all argument, and blighting all comfort, by the cruel consciousness of concealed mischief, which while incessantly she studied the best moment for revealing, accident might prematurely betray.

Upon this subject her thoughts were unremittingly bent, till, in a few days time, she received a letter from Mrs. Mittin, informing her she had just seen the money-lender, Mr. Clykes, who, finding her so much under age, would not undertake the business for less than ten per cent. nor without a free premium of at least twenty pounds.

The latter demand, so entirely out of her power to grant, gave to her the mental strength she had yet fought in vain; and determining to end this baneful secret, she  
feized.

seized her own first moment of emotion for resolving to relate to her father the whole of her distresses, and cast herself upon his mercy.

I shall be happier, she cried, much happier, as, with tottering steps, she hurried to the study ; he will be lenient, I know ;—and even if not, what displeasure can I incur so severe as the eternal apprehension of discovery ?

But her plan, though well formed, had fixed upon an ill-timed moment for its execution. She entered the room with an agitation which rather sought than shunned remark, that some enquiry might make an opening for her confession : but Mr. Tyrold was intently reading a letter, and examining some papers, from which he raised not his eyes at her approach. She stood fearfully before him till he had done ; but then, still not looking up, he leant his head upon his hand, with a countenance so disturbed, that, alarmed from her design, by the apprehension he had received some ill tidings from Lisbon, she asked, in a faint voice, if the foreign post were come in ?

“ I hope not !” he answered : “ I should look with pain, at this moment, upon the hand of your unhappy mother ?”

Camilla, affrighted, knew not now what to conjecture ; but gliding into her pocket the  
the

the letter of Mrs. Mittin, stood suspended from her purpose.

“What a reception,” he presently added, “is preparing for that noblest of women when her exile may end! That epoch, to which I have looked forward as the brightener of my every view upon earth—how is it now clouded!”

Given her, then, the letter and papers; “The son,” he said, “who once I had hoped would prove the guardian of his sisters, the honour of his mother’s days, the future prop of my own—See, Camilla, on how sandy a foundation mortal man builds mortal hopes!”

The letter was from a very respectable tradesman, containing a complaint that, for the three years Lionel had been at the University, he had never paid one bill, though he continually ordered new articles: and begging Mr. Tyrold would have the goodness to settle the accounts he enclosed; the young gentleman, after fixing a day for payment, having suddenly absconded without notice to any one.

“The sum, you see,” continued Mr. Tyrold, “amounts to one hundred and seventy-one pounds; a sum, for my income, enormous. The allowance I made this cruel boy, was not only adequate to all his proper wants, and reasonable desires, but  
all

all I could afford without distressing myself, or injuring my other children : yet it has served him, I imagine, but for pocket money ! The sums he has extorted from both his uncles, must have been swallowed up at a gaming table. Into what wretched courses has he run ! These bills, large as they are, I regard but as forerunners of others ; all he has received he has squandered upon his vices, and to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, I may expect an encreasing list of his debts, from whoever he has employed.”

Camilla, overwhelmed with internal shame, yet more powerful than grief itself, stood motionless. These expences appeared but like a second part of her own, which now seemed to herself not less wanton in extravagance.

Surprised by her entire silence, Mr. Tyrold looked up. Her cheeks, rather livid than pale, and the deep dismay of her countenance, extremely affected him. The kindness of his embraces relieved her by melting her into tears, though the speech which accompanied them was, to her consciousness, but reproach : “ Let not your sisterly feelings thus subdue you, my dearest Camilla. Be comforted that you have given us no affliction yourself, save what we must feel for your own undeservedly altered prospects. No unthinking imprudence, no unfeeling selfishness,

selfishness, has ever, for an instant, driven from your thoughts what you owe to your duty, or weakened your pleasure in every endearing filial tie. Let this cheer you, my child ; and let us all try to submit calmly to our general disappointment."

Praise thus ill-timed, rather probed than healed her wounds. Am I punished ? am I punished ? she internally exclaimed ; but could not bear to meet the eyes of her father, whose indulgence she felt as if abusing, and whose good opinion seemed now but a delusion. Again he made her over to the gentle Lavinia for comfort, and fearing serious ill effects from added misery, exerted himself, from this time, to appear cheerful when she was present.

His predictions failed not to be fulfilled : the application made by one creditor, soon reached every other, and urged similar measures. Bills therefore came in daily, with petitions for payment ; and as Lionel still wanted a month or two of being of age, his creditors depended with confidence upon the responsibility of his father.

Nor here closed the claims springing from general ill conduct. Two young men of fashion, hard pressed for their own failures, stated to Mr. Tyrold the debts of honour owing them from Lionel : and three notorious gamblers, who had drawn in the un-  
thinking

thinking youth to his ruin, enforced the same information, with a hint that, if they were left unsatisfied the credit of the young man should fall the sacrifice of their ill treatment.

The absence of Mrs. Tyrold at this period, by sparing her daily difficulty as well as pain, was rejoiced in by her husband; though never so strongly had he wanted her aiding counsel, her equal interest, and her consoling participation. Obligated to act without them, his deliberation was short and decisive for his measures, but long and painful for their means of execution. He at once determined to pay, though for the last time, all the trades people; but the manner of obtaining the money required more consideration.

The bills, when all collected, amounted to something above five hundred pounds, which was but one hundred short of his full yearly income.

Of this, he had always contrived to lay by an hundred pounds annually, which sum, with its accumulating interest, was destined to be divided between Lavinia and Camilla. Eugenia required nothing; and Lionel was to inherit the paternal little fortune. The portion of Mrs. Tyrold, which was small, the estate of her father having been almost all entailed upon Mr. Relvil, was to be divided equally amongst her children.

To

To take from the little hoard which, with so tender a care, he had heaped for the daughters, so large a share for the son, and to answer demands so unduly raised, and ill deserved, was repulsive to his inclination, and shocked his strong sense of equal justice. To apply to Mr. Relvil would be preposterous; for though upon him dwelt all his ultimate hopes for Lionel, he knew him, at this moment, to be so suffering and so irritated, that to hear of any new misdemeanours might incense him to an irrevocable disinherittance.

With regard to Sir Hugh, nothing was too much to expect from his generous kindness; yet he knew that his bountiful heart had always kept his income from overflowing; and that, for three years past, Lionel had drained it without mercy. His preparations also for the double marriages, had of late much straitened him. To take up even the smallest part of what, in less expensive times, he had laid by, he would regard as a breach of his solemn vow, by which he imagined himself bound to leave Eugenia the full property she would have possessed, had he died instantly upon making it. Reason might have shewn this a tie of supererogation; but where any man conceived himself obeying the dictates of his



conscience, Mr. Tyrold held his motives too sacred for dispute.

The painful result of this afflicting meditation, was laying before his daughters the whole of his difficulties, and demanding if they would willingly concur in paying their brother's bills from their appropriate little store, by adopting an altered plan of life, and severe self-denial of their present ease and elegance, to aid its speedy replacement.

Their satisfaction in any expedient to serve their brother that seemed to fall upon themselves, was sincere, was even joyful: but they jointly besought that the sum might be freely taken up, and deducted for evermore from the hoard; since no earthly gratification could be so great to them, as contributing their mite to prevent any deprivation of domestic enjoyment to their beloved parents.

His eyes glistened, but not from grief; it was the pleasure of virtuous happiness, in their purity of filial affection. But though he knew their sincerity, he would not listen to their petition. "You are not yet," said he, "aware what your future calls may be for money. What I have yet been able to save, without this unexpected seizure, would be inadequate to your even decent maintenance, should any accident stop short its increase. Weep not, my dear children! my  
health

health is still good, and my prospect of lengthened life seems fair. It would be, however, a temporal folly as well as a spiritual presumption, to forget the precarious tenure of human existence. My life, my dear girls, will be happier, without being shorter, for making provisions for its worldly cessation."

"But, Sir! but my father!" cried Camilla, hanging over him, and losing in filial tenderness her personal distresses; "if your manner of living is altered, and my dear mother returns home and sees you relinquishing any of your small, your temperate indulgencies, may it not yet more embitter her sufferings and her displeasure for the unhappy cause? For her sake then, if not for ours"——

"Do not turn away, dearest Sir!" cried Lavinia; "what mother ever merited to have her peace the first study of her children, if it is not ours?"

"O Providence benign!" said Mr. Tyrold, folding them to his heart, "how am I yet blessed in my children!—True and excellent daughters of my invaluable wife—this little narration is the solace I shall have to offer for the grief I must communicate."

He would not, however, hearken to their proposition; his peace, he said, required not only immediate measures for replacing what he must borrow, but also that no chasm

should have lieu in funding his usual annual sum for them. All he would accept was the same severe forbearance he should instantly practise himself, and which their mother, when restored to them, would be the first to adopt and improve.

Mr. Tyrold had too frequent views of the brevity of human life to postpone, even from one sun to another, any action he deemed essential. A new general system, therefore, immediately pervaded his house. Two of the servants, with whom he best could dispense, were discharged; which hurt him more than any other privation, for he loved, and was loved by every domestic who lived with him. His table, always simple though elegant, was now reduced to plain necessities; he parted with every horse, but one to whose long services he held himself a debtor; and whatever, throughout the whole œconomy of his small establishment, admitted simplifying, deducting, or abolishment, received, without delay, its requisite alteration or dismissal.

These new regulations were quietly, but completely, put in practice, before he would discharge one bill for his son; to whom nevertheless, though his conduct was strict, his feelings were still lenient. He attributed not to moral turpitude his errors nor his crimes, but to the prevalence of ill example,  
and

and to an unjustifiable and dangerous levity, which irresistibly led him to treat with mockery and trifling the most serious subjects. The punishment, however, which he had now drawn upon himself, would yet, he hoped, touch his heart.

But the debts called debts of honour, met not with similar treatment. He answered with spirited resentment demands he deemed highly flagitious, counselling those who sent them, when next they applied to an unhappy family to whose calamities they had contributed, to enquire first if its principles, as well as its fortune, made the hazards of gaming amongst its domestic responsibilities.

## CHAP. V.

*A Lover's Eye.*

**T**HE serenity of virtue would now again have made its abode the breast of Mr. Tyrold, but for the constant wretchedness to which he saw his daughter a prey. With the benigneſt pity he ſtrove to revive her; a pity unabated by any wonder, unalloyed with any blame. His wonder fell all upon Edgar, whom he conſidered as refining away mortal happineſs, by diſſatisfaction that it was not divine; but his cenſure, which he reſerved wholly for vice, exonerated them both. Still, however, he flattered himſelf that ere long, her tranquillity would return, from ſuch an exertion of filial and ſiſterly duties: that induſtry would ſweeten reſt, virtue gild privation, and ſelf-approvance convert every ſacrifice into enjoyment.

But peace ſuch as this was far from her boſom. While the deſertion of Edgar had tolled the death bell to all her hopes, an unremitting contention diſturbed her mind, whether to avow or conceal her ſituation with regard to the money-lender. The reflections of every night brought a diſſatisfaction in her conduct, which determined her

her upon an openness the most undisguised for the following morning: but timidity, and the desire of reprieve from the fearful task, again, the following morning, regularly postponed her purpose.

In the first horror occasioned by her father's distress from the bills of her brother, she wrote a supplicating letter to Mrs. Mitton, to entreat she would endeavour to quiet her creditors till she could arrange something for their payment. And while this produced a correspondence replete with danger, difficulty, and impropriety, a new circumstance occurred, which yet more cruelly embittered her conflicting emotions. Lavinia, in the virtuous eagerness of her heart to forward the general œconomy, insisted wholly to relinquish, for this year, her appropriate allowance. Camilla, at this proposition, retreated in agony to her chamber. To make the same was impossible; for how, then, find interest for the money-lender? yet to withstand so just an example, seemed a disgrace to every duty and every feeling.

Lavinia, who, in her countenance and abrupt departure, read the new distress she had incautiously excited, with a thousand self-reproaches followed her. She had considered but the common cause when she spoke, without weighing the strange appear-

ance of not being seconded by her sister : but her mind was amongst the last to covet the narrow praise of insidious comparison ; and her concern for the proposal she had made, when she saw its effect, was as deep as that of Camilla in hearing it, though not attended with the same aggravations.

Mr. Tyrold remained utterly surprized. The generous and disinterested nature of Camilla, made it impossible to suspect her restrained by a greater love of money than Lavinia ; and he could not endure to suppose her late visits to public places, had rendered personal œconomy more painful. But he would make no enquiry that might seem a reproach ; nor suffer any privation or contribution that was not chearful and voluntary.

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The purchases for the wedding of Miss Dannel being now made, that young lady came down to the country to solemnize her nuptials, accompanied by Mrs. Mittin, who instantly visited Camilla. She could settle nothing, she said, with the money-lender, without the premium ; but as she was amongst the most fertile of expedient - mongers, she soon started a method for raising it. She asked to look at what Camilla possessed of trinkets :  
and

and the prize ear-rings of Tunbridge, the ear-rings and necklace of Southampton, and several small toys occasionally given her, were collected. The locket she also demanded, to make weight ; but neither that, nor the peculiar gifts, as keepsakes, of her father, mother, or uncle, consisting of a seal, a ring, and a watch, would she part with. What she would relinquish, however, Mrs. Mittin disposed of to one of her numerous friends ; but they raised only, when intrinsically valued, sixteen pounds. Lavinia then insisted upon coming forward with a contribution of every trinket she was worth, save what had the same sacred motives of detention : and the twenty pounds, without any ceremony of acknowledgment, were delivered to Mr. Clykes ; who then took into his own hands the payment of the hundred and eighteen pounds ; for which he received a bond, signed by Camilla, and witnessed by Mrs. Mittin ; and another note of hand, promising ten per cent. interest for the sum, till the principal were repaid. These two notes, he acknowledged, were mere pledges of honour, as the law-would treat her as an infant : but he never acted without them, as they prevented mistakes in private dealings.

This important affair arranged, Camilla felt somewhat more at ease ; she was relieved



from hourly alarms, and left the mistress to make her confession as circumstances directed. But she did not obtain for nothing the agency of Mrs. Mittin, who at every visit made at Etherington from this time, observed something in the apparel of Camilla that was utterly old fashioned, or too mean for her to wear; but which would do well enough for herself, when vamped up as she knew how.



During this unhappy period at Etherington, a brighter though not unclouded scene, was exhibited at Cleves. Melmond arrived; he was permitted to pay his addresses to the fair Indiana, and believed felicity celestial accorded to him even upon earth.

But this adored object herself suffered some severe repining at her fate, when she saw, from her window, her lover gallop into the park without equipage, without domestics, and mounted on a hired horse. The grimacing shrugs of Miss Margland shewed she entered into this mortification; and they were nearly conspiring to dismiss the ignoble pretender, when a letter, which he modestly sent up, from his sister, inviting Indiana to pass a few weeks in Grosvenor Square, once again secured the interest of the brother. She suffered, therefore, Sir Hugh  
to

to hand her down stairs, and the enamoured Melmond thought himself the most blest of men.

The sight of such eager enjoyment, and the really amiable qualities of this youth, soon completely reconciled the Baronet to this new business; for he saw no reason, he said, in fact, why one niece had not as good a right to be married first as another. The generous and sentimental Eugenia never ceased her kind offices, and steadily wore an air of tolerable cheerfulness all day, though her pillow was nightly wetted with tears for her unfortunate lot.

Nor, with all her native equanimity and acquired philosophy, was this a situation to bring back serenity. The enthusiastic raptures of Melmond elevated him, in her eyes, to something above human; and while his adoration of Indiana presented to her a picture of all she thought most fascinating, his grateful softness of respect to herself, was penetratingly touching to her already conquered heart.

Indiana, meanwhile, began ere long, to catch some of the pleasure she inspired. The passionate animation of Melmond, soon not only resumed its first power, but became even essential to her. No one else had yet seemed to think her so completely a goddess, except Mr. Macdersey; whom she

hardly expected ever to see again. With Melmond she could do nothing that did not make her appear to him still more lovely : and though her whims, thus indulged, became almost endless, they but kindled with fresh flame his admiration. If she fretted, he thought her all sensibility ; if she pouted, all dignity ; if her laughter was unmeaning, she was made up of innocent gaiety : if what she said was shallow, he called her the child of pure nature ; if she were angry, how becoming was her spirit ! and even if illiberal, how noble her frankness ! Her person charmed his eye, but his own imagination framed her mind, and while his enchanted faculties were the mere slaves of her beauty, they persuaded themselves they were vanquished by every other perfection.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Tyrold had not yet related Edgar's defection to Sir Hugh ; though from the moment the time of hope was past, he wished to end that of expectation. But the pressure of the affairs of Lionel detained him at Etherington, and he could not bear to give grief to his brother, till he could soften its effect by the consolation of some residence at Cleves. This time now arrived ; and the next day was fixed for his  
painful

painful task, in which he meant to spare Camilla any share, when Jacob begged immediate admittance into the study, where Mr. Tyrold and his daughters were drinking tea.

His scared look instantly announced ill news. Mr. Tyrold was alarmed, Lavinia was frightened, and Camilla exclaimed, "Jacob, speak at once!"

He begged to sit down.

Camilla ran to get him a chair.

"Is my brother well, Jacob?" cried Mr. Tyrold.

"Why, pretty well, considering Sir,—but these are vast bad times for us!"

"O! if my uncle is but well," cried Camilla, relieved from her first dreadful doubt, "all, I hope, will do right!"

"Why, ay, Miss," said Jacob, smiling, "I knew you'd be master's best comfort; and so I told him, and so he says, for that matter himself, as I've got to tell you from him. But, for all that, he takes on prodigious bad. I never saw him in the like way, except just that time when Miss Geny had the small pox."

They all supplicated him to forbear further comments, and then gathered, that a money-agent, employed by young Lynmere, had just arrived at Cleves; where, with bitter complaints, he related that, having  
been

been duped into believing him heir to Sir Hugh Tyrold, he had been prevailed with to grant him money, to pay certain bills contracted in Leipzig, for goods sent thither by his order, to the amount of near thirteen hundred pounds, without the interest, of which he should give a separate account : that he had vainly applied to the young gentleman for reimbursement, who had finally assured him he was just disinherited by his uncle. No hope, therefore, remained to save him from the ruin of this affair, but in the compassion of the Baronet, which he now came most humbly to solicit.

While Mr. Tyrold, in silent surprise and concern, listened to a narrative that placed his brother in difficulties so similar to his own, Camilla, sinking back in her chair, looked pale, looked almost lifeless. The history of the debts she already knew, and had daily expected to hear ; but the circumstance of the money-lender, and the delusion concerning the inheritance, so resembled her own terrible, and yet unknown story, that she felt personally involved in all the shame and horror of the relation.

Mr. Tyrold, who believed her suffering all for her uncle, made further enquiries, while Lavinia tenderly sustained her. " Don't take on so, dear Miss," said Jacob, " for all our hope is in you, as Master and I both said ;

said ; and he bid me tell you, that as soon as ever the wedding's over, he'd accept Squire Mandlebert's kind invitation to Beech Park, and bide there till he gets clear, as one may say."

Mr. Tyrold now required no assigned motive for the excessive distress of his daughter, and hastened to turn Jacob from this too terribly trying subject, by saying "My brother then means to pay these demands?"

"Lauk, yes, Sir! his honour pays every thing as any body asks him."

Mr. Tyrold, with some energy, then added: "The interest, at least, I hope he will not discharge; for those dangerous vultures, who lie in wait for the weak or erring, to encourage their frailties or vices, by affording them means to pursue them, deserve much severer punishment than merely losing a recompense for their iniquitous snares."

This was quite too much for the already disordered Camilla; she quitted her sister, glided out of the room, and delivered herself over as a prey no longer to sorrow but remorse. Her conduct seemed to have been precisely the conduct of Clermont, and she felt herself dreadfully implicated as one of the *weak or erring*, guilty of *frailties or vices*.

That

That an uncle so dearly loved should believe she was forming an establishment which would afford him an asylum during his difficulties, now every prospect of that establishment was over, was so heart-piercing a circumstance, that to her father it seemed sufficient for the whole of what she endured. He made her over, therefore, to Lavinia, while he hastened to Cleves; for Jacob, when he had said all he was ordered to say, all he had gathered himself, and all he was able to suggest, finished with letting him know that his master begged he would set out that very moment.

The time of his absence was spent by Camilla in an anguish that, at his return, seemed quite to have changed her. He was alarmed, and redoubled his tenderness; but his tenderness was no longer her joy. He knows not, she thought, whom he caresses; knows not that the wounds just beginning to heal for the son, are soon to be again opened by the daughter!

Yet her affections were all awake to enquire after her uncle; and when she heard that nothing could so much soothe him as her sight, all fear of his comments, all terror of exertion, subsided in the possible chance of consoling him: and Mr. Tyrold, who thought every act of duty led to cheerfulness,

ness, sent to desire the carriage might fetch her the next morning.

He passed slightly over to Camilla the scene he had himself gone through; but he confessed to Lavinia its difficulty and pain. Sir Hugh had acknowledged he had drawn his bankers dry, but nevertheless was determined upon paying every shilling of the demand, not only for the debts, but for the complicate interest; because, he said, he had it upon his conscience that the first fault was his own, in letting the poor boy leave the kingdom, without clearing up to him that he had made Eugenia his exclusive heiress. It was in vain Mr. Tyrold pointed out, that no future hopes of wealth could exculpate this unauthorized extravagance in Clermont, and no dissipation in Clermont could apologize for the clandestine loan, and its illegal interest: "The poor boy," said he, "did it all knowing no better, which how can I expect, when I did wrong myself, being his uncle? Though, if I were to have twenty more nephews and nieces in future, the first word I should say to them would be to tell them I should give them nothing; to the end that having no hope, they might all be happy one as another." All, therefore, that was left for Mr. Tyrold, was to counsel him upon the best and shortest means of raising the sum; and for this purpose,



pose, he meant to be with him again the next day.

This affair, however, with all its reproach for the past, and all its sacrifices for the time to come, by no means so deeply affected Sir Hugh as the blow Mr. Tyrold could no longer spare concerning Edgar. It sunk to his heart, dispirited him to tears, and sent him extremely ill to bed.

The chaise came early the next morning, and Mr. Tyrold had the pleasure to see Camilla exert herself to appear less sad. Lavinia was also of the party, as he meant to stay the whole day.

Eugenia met them in the hall, with the welcome intelligence that Sir Hugh, though he had passed a wretched night, was now somewhat better, and considerably cheered, by a visit from his old Yorkshire friend, Mr. Westwyn.

Nevertheless, Sir Hugh dismissed him, and every body else, to receive Camilla alone.

She endeavoured to approach him calmly, but his own unchecked emotions soon over-  
set her borrowed fortitude, and the inter-  
view proved equally afflicting to both. The  
cruel mischiefs brought upon him by Cler-  
mont, were as nothing in the balance of his  
misfortunes, when opposed to the sight of  
sorrow upon that face which hitherto had  
so

so constantly enlivened him as an image of joy : and with her, every self-disappointment yielded, for the moment, to the regret of losing so precious a blessing, as offering a refuge, in a time of difficulty, to an uncle so dear to her.

Mr. Tyrold would not suffer this scene to be long uninterrupted ; he entered, with a cheering countenance, that compelled them to dry their tears, and told them the Westwyns could not much longer be left out, though they remained well contented, for the present, with Miss Margland and his other daughters. “Melmond and Indiana,” added he, smiling, “seem at present not beings of this lower sphere, nor to have a moment to spare for those who are.”

“That, my dear brother,” answered the Baronet, “is all my comfort ; for as to all the rest of my marrying, you see what it’s come to ! who could have thought of young Mr. Edgar’s turning out in the same way ? I can’t say but what I take it pretty unkind of him, letting me prepare at this rate for nothing ; besides Beech Park’s being within but a stone’s throw, as one may say, as well as his own agreeableness. However, now I’ve seen a little more of the world, I can’t say I find much difference between the good and the bad, with respect to their all doing alike. The young boys now-a-day’s, whatever’s

ever's come to 'em, don't know what they'd be at. They think nothing of disappointing a person if once they've a mind to change their minds. All one's preparations go for nothing; which they never think of."

Mr. Tyrold now prevailed for the re-admission of Mr. Westwyn, who was accompanied by his son, and followed by the Cleves family.

The cheeks of Camilla recovered their usual hue at the sight of Henry, from the various interesting recollections which occurred with it. She was seen herself with their original admiration, both by the father and the son, though with the former it was now mingled with anger, and with the latter no longer gilded with hope. Yet the complaints against her, which, upon his arrival, Mr. Westwyn meant to make, were soon not merely relinquished, but transformed into pity, upon the view of her dejected countenance, and silent melancholy.

The Baronet, however, revived again, by seeing his old friend, whose humour so much resembled his own, that, in Yorkshire, he had been always his first favourite. Each the children of untutored nature, honest and open alike in their words and their dealings, their characters and their propensities were nearly the same, though Sir Hugh,  
more

more self-formed, had a language and manner of his own; and Mr. Westwyn, of a temper less equal and less gentle, gave way, as they arose, to such angry passions as the indulgent Baronet never felt.

“My dear friend,” said Mr. Westwyn, “you don’t take much notice of my Hal, though, I’ll give you my word, you won’t see such another young fellow every day. However, it’s as well not, before his face, for it might only make him think himself somebody: and that, while I am alive, I don’t intend he should do. I can’t bear a young fellow not dutiful. I’ve always a bad opinion of him. I can’t say he pleases me.”

“My dear Westwyn,” answered the Baronet, “I’ve no doubt but what master Hal is very good, for which I am truly glad. But as to much over rejoicing, now, upon the score of young boys, it’s what I can’t do, seeing they’ve turned out so ill, one after another, as far as I have had to do with them: for which, however, I hope I bear ’em no malice. They’ve enough to answer for without that; which, I hope, they’ll think of in time.”

“Why to be sure, Sir Hugh, if you set about thinking of a young fellow by the pattern of my friend Clermont, I can’t say I’m much surpris’d you don’t care to give him a good word; I can’t say I am. I am pretty much of the same way of thinking. I  
love

love to speak the truth." He then took Mr. Tyrold apart, and ran on with a history of all he had gathered while at Leipzig, of the conduct and way of life of Clermont Lynmere. "He was a disgrace," said he, "even to the English name, as a Professor told me, that I can't remember the name of, it's so prodigious long; but, if it had not been for my son, he told me, they'd have thought all the English young fellows good for nothing, except extravagance, and eating and drinking! 'They'd all round have got an ill name,' says he, 'if it had not been for your son,' were his words, which I shall never forget. I sent him over a noble pipe of Madeira, which I'd just got for myself, as soon as I came home. I took to him very much, I can't say but I did; he was a very good man; he had prodigiously the look of an Englishman. He said Hal was an ornament to the university. I took it very well of him. I wish he had not such a hard name. I can never call it to mind. I hate a hard name. I can never speak it without a blunder."

Sir Hugh now, who had been talking with Henry, called upon Mr. Westwyn, to beg his pardon for not speaking of him more respectfully, saying: "I see he's quite agreeable, which I should have noticed from the first, only being what I did not know; which

which I hope is my excuse ; my head, my dear friend, not getting on much, in point of quickness : though I can't say it's for want of pains, since you and I used to live so much together ; but to no great end, for I always find myself in the back, however it happens : which your son, Master Hal, is, I see, quite the contrary."

Mr. Westwyn was so much gratified by this praise, that he immediately confessed the scheme and wish he had formed of marrying Hal to Camilla, only for her not approving it. Sir Hugh protested nothing could give him more pleasure than such a connexion, and significantly added, he had other nieces, besides Camilla.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Westwyn, "and I can't keep from looking at 'em ; I like 'em all mightily. I'm a great friend to taking from a good stock. I chuse to know what I'm about. That girl at Southampton hit my fancy prodigiously. But I'm not for the beauty. A beauty won't make a good wife. It takes her too much time to put her cap on. That little one, there, with the hump, which I don't mind, nor the limp neither, I like vastly. But I'm afraid Hal won't take to her. A young man don't much fancy an ugly girl. He's always hankering after something pretty. There's that other indeed, Miss Lavinia, is as  
handsome

handsome a girl as I'd wish to see. And she seems as good too. However, I'm not for judging all by the eye. I'm past that. An old man should not play the fool; which I wish somebody would whisper to a certain Lord that I know of, that don't behave quite to my mind. I'm not fond of an old fool: nor a young one neither. They make me sick."

Sir Hugh heard and agreed to all this, with the same simplicity with which it was spoken; and soon after, Yorkshire becoming their theme, Mr. Tyrold had the pleasure of seeing his brother so much re-animated by the revival of old scenes, ideas, and connexions, that he heartily joined in pressing the Mr. Westwyns to spend a fortnight at Cleves, to which they consented with pleasure.

## CHAP. VI.

*A Bride's Resolves.*

WITH every allowance for a grief in which so deeply he shared, Mr. Tyrold felt nearly bowed down with sorrow, when he observed his own tenderness abate of its power to console, and his exhortations of their influence with his miserable daughter, whose complicated afflictions seemed desperate to herself, and to him nearly hopeless.

He now began to fear the rigid œconomy and retirement of their present lives might add secret disgust or fatigue to the disappointment of her heart. He sighed at an idea so little in unison with all that had hitherto appeared of her disposition; yet remembered she was very young and very lively, and thought that, if caught by a love of gayer scenes than Etherington afforded, she was at a season of life which brings its own excuse for such venial ambition.

He proposed, therefore, making an application to Mrs. Needham, a lady high in the esteem of Mrs. Tyrold, to have the goodness to take the charge of carrying her a little into the world, during the absence of her mother. But she sincerely declined



this proposition; for, joined to the want of all spirit for recreation, she had a dread of appearing in the county, lest she should meet with Sir Sedley Clarendel, whose two hundred pounds were amongst the evils ever present to her, though the debt to Jacob was first to be considered; notwithstanding he had kindly protested he was in no haste to be paid.

Mr. Tyrold was not sorry to have his proposition declined; yet saw the sadness of Camilla unabated, and suggested, for a transient diversity, a visit to the Grove; enquiring why an acquaintance began with so much warmth and pleasure, seemed thus utterly relinquished? Camilla had herself thought with shame of her apparently ungrateful neglect of Mrs. Arbery; but the five guineas she had borrowed, and forgotten to pay, while she might yet have asked them of Sir Hugh, and which now she had no ability any where to raise, made the idea of meeting with her painful. And thus, overwhelmed with regret and repentance for all around, her spirits gone, and her heart sunk, she desired never more, except for Cleves, to stir from Etherington.

Had he seen the least symptom of her revival, Mr. Tyrold would have been gratified by her strengthened love of home; but this was far from being the case; and,  
upon

upon the marriage of Miss Dannel, which was now celebrated, he was glad of an opportunity to force her abroad, from the necessity of making a congratulatory visit to the bride's aunt, Mrs. Arlbery.

The chariot, therefore, of Sir Hugh being borrowed, she was compelled into this exertion; which was ill repaid by her reception from Mrs. Arlbery, who, hurt as well as offended by her long absence and total silence, wore an air of the most chilling coldness. Camilla felt sorry and ashamed; but too much disturbed to attempt any palliation for her non-appearance, and remissness of even a note or message.

The room was full of morning visitors, all collected for the same complimentary purpose; but she was relieved with respect to her fears of Sir Sedley Clarendel, in hearing of his tour to the Hebrides.

Her mournful countenance soon, however, dispersed the anger of Mrs. Arlbery. "What," cried she, "has befallen you, my fair friend? if you are not immeasurably unhappy, you are very seriously ill."

"Yes, — no, — my spirits — have not been good —" answered she, stammering; — "but yours may, perhaps, assist to restore them."

The composition of Mrs. Arlbery had no particle of either malice or vengeance; she now threw off all reserve, and taking her by

the hand, said : " Shall I keep you to spend the day with me? Yes, or no? Peace or war?"

And without waiting for an answer, she sent back the chariot, and a message to Mr. Tyrold, that she would carry home his daughter in the evening.

" And now, my faithless Fair," cried she, as soon as they were alone, " tell me what has led you to this abominable fickleness? with me, I mean! If you had grown tired of any body else, I should have thought nothing so natural. But you know, I suppose, that the same thing we philosophise into an admirably good joke for our neighbours, we moralise into a crime against ourselves."

" I thought," said Camilla, attempting to smile, " none but country cousins ever made apologies?"

" Nay, now, I must forgive you without one word more!" answered Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, and shaking hands with her; " such a happy citation is worth any ten offences. So, you see, you have nine to commit, in store, clear of all damages. But the pleasure of finding one has not said a good thing only for once, thence to be forgotten and die away in the winds, is far greater than you can yet awhile conceive. In the first pride of youth and beauty, our attention is all upon how we are looked at. But when  
those

those begin to be somewhat on the wane—when that barbarous time comes into play, which revenges upon poor miserable woman all the airs she has been playing upon silly man—our ambition, then, is how we are listened to. So now, cutting short reproach and excuse, and all the wearying round of explanation, tell me a little of your history since we last met.”

This was by no means what Camilla meant to undertake: but she began, in a hesitating manner, to speak of her little debt. Mrs. Arlbery, eagerly interrupting her, insisted it should not be mentioned; adding: “I go on vastly well again; I am breaking in two ponies, and building a new phaeton; and I shall soon pay for both, without the smallest inconvenience,—except pinching my servants, and starving my visitors. But tell me something of your adventures. You are not half so communicative as Rumour, which has given me a thousand details of you, and married you and your whole set to at least half a dozen men a-piece, since you were last at the Grove. Amongst others, it asserts, that my old Lord Valhurst was seriously at your feet? That prating Mrs. Mittin, who fastened upon my poor little niece at Tunbridge, and who is now her factotum, pretends that my lord's

own servants spoke of it publicly at Mrs. Berlinton's."

This was a fact that, being thus divulged, a very few questions made impossible to deny; though Camilla was highly superior to the indelicacy and ingratitude of repaying the preference of any gentleman by publishing his rejection.

"And what in the world, my dear child," said Mrs. Arlbery, "could provoke you to so wild an action as refusing him?"

"Good Heaven, Mrs. Arlbery!"

"O, what—you were not in love with him? I believe not!—but if he was in love with you, take my word for it, that would have done quite as well. 'Tis such a little while that same love lasts, even when it is begun with, that you have but a few months to lose, to be exactly upon a par with those who set out with all the quivers of Cupid, darting from heart to heart. He has still fortune enough left for a handsome settlement; you can't help out-living him, and then, think but how delectable would be your situation! Freedom, money at will, the choice of your own friends, and the enjoyment of your own humour!"

"You would but try me, my dear Mrs. Arlbery; for you cannot, I am sure, believe me capable of making so solemn an engagement for such selfish purposes."

"This

“ This is all the romance of false reasoning. You have not sought the man, but the man you. You would not have solicited his acceptance, but yielded to his solicitation of yours. The balance is always just, where force is not used. The man has his reasons for chusing you ; you have your reasons for suffering yourself to be chosen. What his are, you have no business to enquire ; nor has he the smallest right to investigate yours.”

This was by no means the style in which Camilla had been brought up to think of marriage ; and Mrs. Arlbery presently added : “ You are grave ; yet I speak but as a being of the world I live in : though I address one that knows nothing about it. Tell me, however, a little more of your affairs. What are all these marriages and no marriages, our neighbourhood is so busy in making and unmaking ?”

Camilla returned the most brief and quiet answers in her power ; but was too late to save the delicacy of Eugenia in concealing her late double disappointments, the abortive preparations of Sir Hugh having travelled through all the adjoining country. “ Poor tiny thing !” cried Mrs. Arlbery, “ she will never be got off ;—unless, indeed, that good old pedant, who teaches her that vast quantity of stuff she will have to unlearn when

once she goes a little about, will take compassion upon her and her thousands, and put them both in his own pockets."

This raillery was painful nearly to disgust to Camilla; who frankly declared she saw her sister with no eyes but those of respect and affection, and could not endure to hear her mentioned in so ridiculous a manner.

"Never judge the heart of a wit," answered she, laughing, "by the tongue! We have often as good hearts, aye, and as much good-nature, too, as the careful profers who utter nothing but what is right; or the heavy thinkers who have too little fancy to say any thing that is wrong. But we have a pleasure in our own rattle that cruelly runs away with our discretion."

Other subjects were then taken up, till they were interrupted by a visit from the young bride, Mrs. Liffin.

Jumping into the room, "I'm just run away," she cried, "without saying a word to any body! I ordered my coach myself, and told my own footman to whisper me when it came, that I might get off, without saying a word of the matter. Dear! how they'll all stare when they miss me! I hope they'll be frightened!"

"And why so, you little chit? why do you want to make them uneasy?"

"O! I

“O! I don’t mind! I’m so glad to have my own way, I don’t care for any thing else. Dear, how do you do, Miss Camilla Tyrold? I wonder you have not been to see me! I had a great mind to have invited you to have been one of my bride’s maids. But papa was so monstrous cross, he would not let me do hardly any thing I liked. I was never so glad in my life as when I went out of the house to be married! I’ll never ask him about any one thing as long as I live again. I’ll always do just what I chuse.”

“And you are quite sure Mr. Liffin will never interfere with that resolution?”

“O, I sha’n’t let him! I dare say he would else. That’s one reason I came out so, just now, on purpose to make him see I was my own mistress. And I told my coachman, and my own footman, and my maid, all three, that if they said one word, I’d turn ’em all away. For I intend always to turn ’em away when I don’t like ’em. I shall never say any thing to Mr. Liffin first, for fear of his meddling. I’m quite determined I won’t be crossed any more, now I’ve servants of my own. I’m sure I’ve been crossed long enough.”

Then, turning to Camilla, “Dear,” she cried, “how grave you look! Dear, I wonder you don’t marry too! When I ordered my coach, just now, I was ready to cry for



joy, to think of not having to ask papa about it. And to-day, at breakfast, I dare say I rung twenty times, for one thing or another. As fast as ever I could think of any thing, I went to ringing again. For when I was at papa's, every time I rang the bell, he always asked me what I wanted. "Only think of keeping one under so!"

"And what in the world said Mr. Liffin to so prodigious an uproar?"

"O, he stared like any thing. But he could not say much: I intend to use him to it from the first, that he may never plague me, like papa, with asking me what's the reason for every thing. If I don't like the dinner to-day, I'll order a new one, to be dressed for me on purpose. And Mr. Liffin, and papa, and Mrs. Mittin and the rest of 'em, may eat the old one. Papa never let me order the dinner at home; he always would know what there was himself, and have what he chose. I'm resolved I'll have every thing I like best, now, every day. I could not get at the cook alone this morning, because so many of them were in the way; though I rung for her a dozen times. But to-morrow, I'll tell her of some things I intend to have the whole year through; in particular, currant tarts, and minced veal, and mashed potatoés. I've  
been

been determined upon that these three years, for against I was married."

Then, taking Camilla by the hand, she begged she would accompany her to next room, saying, "Pray excuse me, aunt Arlbery, because I want to talk to Miss Tyrold about a secret."

When they came to another apartment, after carefully shutting the door, "Only think," she cried, "Miss Camilla Tyrold, of my marrying Mr. Liffin at last! Pray did you ever suspect it? I'm sure I did not. When papa told me of it, you can't think how I was surprised. I always thought it would have been Colonel Andover, or Mr. Macdersey, or else Mr. Summers; unless it had been Mr. Wiggan; or else your brother; but Mr. Liffin never once came into my head, because of his being so old. I dare say he's seven-and-twenty! only think!—But I believe he and papa had settled it all along, only papa never told it me, till just before hand. I don't like him much; do you?"

"I have not the pleasure to know him: but I hope you will like him better, now."

"I don't much care whether I do or not, for I shall never mind him. I always determined never to mind a husband. One minds one's papa because one can't help it: But only think of my being married before  
E 6  
you!

you! though you're seventeen years old—almost eighteen, I dare say— and I'm only just fifteen. I could not help thinking of it all the time I was dressing for a bride. You can't think how pretty my dress was. Papa made Mrs. Mittrin buy it, because, he said, she could get every thing so cheap: but I made her get it the dearest she could, for all that. Papa's monstrous stingy."

This secret conference was broken up by a violent ringing at the gate, succeeded by the appearance of Mr. Liffin, who, without any ceremony, opened the door of the chamber into which the ladies had retired.

"So, ma'am!" said he, visibly very angry, "I have the pleasure at last to find you! dinner has waited till it is spoilt, and I hope, therefore, now, you will do us the favour to come and sit at the head of your table."

She looked frightened, and he took her hand, which she had not courage to draw back, though in a voice that spoke a sob near at hand, "I'm sure," she cried, "this is not being treated like a married woman! and I'm sure if I'd known I might not do as I like, and come out when I'd a mind, I would not have married at all!"

Mr. Liffin, with little or no apology to Mrs. Arlbery, then conveyed his fair bride to her coach.

“Poor simple girl!” exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery. “Mr. Liffin, who is a country squire of Northwick, will soon teach her another lesson, than that of ordering her carriage just at dinner-time! The poor child took it into her head that, because, upon marrying, she might say, ‘my house,’ ‘my coach,’ and ‘my servants,’ instead of ‘my papa’s;’ and ring her bell for who she pleased, and give her own orders, that she was to arrive at complete liberty and independence, and that her husband had merely to give her his name, and lodge in the same dwelling: and she will regard him soon, as a tyrant and a brute, for not letting her play all day long the part of a wild school-girl, just come home for the holidays.”

The rest of the visit passed without further investigation on the part of Mrs. Arlbery, or embarrassment on that of Camilla; who found again some little pleasure in the conversation which, at first, had so much charmed, and the kindness which even her apparent neglect had not extinguished.

## CHAP. VII.

*The Workings of Sorrow.*

THE visit of the Westwyns to Sir Hugh shewed Lavinia in so favourable a light, that nothing less than the strong prepossession already conceived for Camilla could have guarded the heart of the son, or the wishes of the father, from the complete captivation of her modest beauty, her intrinsic worth, and the cheerful alacrity, and virtuous self-denial, with which she presided in the new œconomy of the rectory. But though the utter demolition of hope played with Henry its usual part of demolishing, also, half the fervour of admiration, he still felt, in consequence of his late failure, a distaste of any similar attempt: and Mr. Westwyn, unbribed by the high praise of his son, which had won him in Camilla, left him master of his choice. Each, however, found a delight in the Tyrold society, that seconded the wishes of the Baronet to make them lengthen their visit.

The retrenchments, by which the debts of Clerinont were to be paid, could no longer, nevertheless, be deferred; and Mr. Tyrold had just set out for Cleves, to give his

his counsel for their arrangement, when his daughters were broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin, who desired a private interview with Camilla.

It soon appeared that, from a meeting with Mrs. Arlbery at Mrs. Liffin's, she had learnt, at length, with equal certainty and provocation, that the inheritance of Sir Hugh was entirely settled upon his youngest niece; and that the denials of all expectation on the part of Camilla, which she had always taken for closeness, conveyed but the simple truth. Alarmed lest she should incur the anger of Mr. Clykes, who was amongst her most useful friends, she had written him word of the discovery: and Mr. Clykes, judging now he had no chance of the gratuity finally promised for *honour* and *secrecy*, and even that his principal was in danger, had sent an enraged answer, with an imperious declaration, that he must either immediately be repaid all he had laid out, or receive some security for its being refunded, of higher value than the note of a minor of no fortune nor expectations.

Mrs. Mittin protested she did not know which way to turn, she was so sorry to have disobliged so good a friend; and broke forth into a vehement invective against Mr. Dubster, for pretending he knew the truth from young 'Squire Tyrold himself.

Long

Long as was her lamentation, and satisfied as she always felt to hear her own voice, her pause still came too soon for any reply from Camilla, who now felt the discovery of her situation to be inevitable, compulsory, and disgraceful. Self-upbraidings that she had ever listened to such an expedient, assailed her with the cruellest poignancy, mingling almost self-detestation with utter despair.

In vain Mrs. Mittin pressed for some satisfaction; she was mute from inability to devise any; till the coachman of Mr. Lifsin sent word he could wait no longer. She then, in a broken voice, said, "Be so good as to write to Mr. Clykes, that if he will have the patience to wait a few days, I will prepare my friends to settle my accounts with him."

Mrs. Mittin then, recovering from her own fright in this business, answered, "O, if that's the case, my dear young lady, pray don't be uneasy, for it grieves me to vex you; and I'll promise you I'll coax my good friend to wait such a matter as that; he'll do any thing I ask him, I know."

She now went away; and Lavinia, who ran to her sister, found her in a state of distress that melted her gentle heart to behold: but when she gathered what had passed, "This disclosure, my dearest Camilla," she cried, "can never be so tremendous

dous as your present situation: endeavour, then, to bear the one great shock, that will lead to after peace and ease."

But Camilla could listen to no consolation, and still, though she felt it indispensable, was incapable to make the avowal herself: Lavinia had even less courage, and they determined, therefore, to apply to Eugenia, who, though as softly feeling as either, mingled in her character a sort of heroic philosophy, that enabled her to execute and to endure the hardest tasks, where she thought them the demand of virtue. They resolved, therefore, the next morning, to send a note to Cleves for the carriage, and to commit the affair to this inexperienced and youthful female sage.

Far from running, as she was wont, to meet her father upon his entrance, Camilla was twice sent for before she could gain strength to appear in his presence; nor could his utmost kindness enable her to look up.

The heart of Mr. Tyrold was penetrated by her avoidance, and yet more sunk by her sight. He related what had passed at Cleves, with the accustomed openness with which he conversed with his children as his friends. Clermont, he said, was arrived, and had authenticated all the accounts, with so little of either shame or sense, that a character  
less



less determined upon indulgence than that of Sir Hugh, must have revolted from affording him succour, if merely to mortify him into repentance. The manner of making payment, however, had been the difficult discussion of the whole day. Sir Hugh was unequal to performing any thing, though ready to consent to every thing. When he proposed the sale of several of his numerous horses, he objected, that what remained would be hard worked: when he mentioned diminishing his table, he was afraid the poor would take it ill, as they were used to have his orts: and when he talked of discharging some of his servants, he was sure they would think it very unkind. "His heart," continued Mr. Tyrold, "is so bountiful, and so full of kindness, that he pleads his tender feelings, and regretting wishes, against the sound reason of hard necessity. What is right, however, must only in itself seek what is pleasant; and there, when it ceases to look more abroad, it is sure to find it."

He stopt, hearing a deep sigh from Camilla, who secretly ejaculated a prayer that this sentence might live, henceforward, in her memory. He divined the wish, which devoutly he echoed, and continued:

"There is so little, in fine, that he could bear to relinquish, that, with my utmost efforts, I could not calculate any retrenchment,

ment, to which he will agree, at more than a hundred a year. Yet his scruples concerning his vow resist all the entreaties of our disinterested Eugenia, to either sell out for the sum, or cut down any trees in Yorkshire. These difficulties, too potent for his weak frame, were again sinking him into that despondence which we should all sedulously guard against, as the most prevailing of foes to active virtue, when, to relieve him, I made a proposal which my dear girls will both, I trust, find peculiar pleasure in seconding."

Camilla had already attempted to raise her drooping head, conscience struck at what was said of despondence; and now endeavoured to join in the cheerful confidence expressed by Lavinia, that he could not be mistaken.

"The little hoard, into which already we have broken for Lionel," he went on, "I have offered to lend him for present payment, as far as it will go, and to receive it again at stated periods. In the mean while, I shall accept from him the same interest as from the bank. For this I am to have also security: I run no risk of the little all I have to leave to my two girls."

He now looked at them both, expecting to see pleasure even in Camilla, that what was destined, hereafter, for herself, could prove of the smallest utility to Sir Hugh:  
but

but his disappointment, and her shock were equal. Too true for the most transitory disguise, the keenest anguish shot from her eye; and Mr. Tyrold, amazed, said: "Is it Camilla who would draw back from any service to her uncle?"

"Ah no!" cried she, with clasped hands; "I would die to do him any good! and O!—that my death at this moment"——

She stopt, affrighted, for Mr. Tyrold frowned. A frown upon a face so constantly benign, was new, was awful to her; but she instantly recollected his condemnation of wishes so desperate, and fearfully taking his hand, besought his forgiveness.

His brow instantly resumed its serenity. "I have nothing," said he, "my dearest child, to forgive, from the moment you recollect yourself. But try, for your own sake, to keep in mind, that the current sorrows, however acute, of current life, are but uselessly aggravated by vain wishes for death. The smallest kind office better proves affection than any words, however elevated."

The conference here broke up; something incomprehensible seemed to Mr. Tyrold to be blended with the grief of Camilla; and though from her birth she had manifested, by every opportunity, the most liberal disregard of wealth, the something not to be understood seemed always to have money for  
its

its object. What this might be, he now fervently wished to explore; yet still hoped, by patient kindness, to receive her confidence voluntarily.

Camilla now was half dead; Lavinia could with difficulty sustain, but by no possible means revive her. What a period was this to disclose to her father that she must deprive him, in part, even of his promised solace in his intended assistance to his brother, to satisfy debts of her own, of which he suspected not the existence!

When forced down stairs, by a summons to supper, Mr. Tyrold, to console her for his momentary displeasure, redoubled his caresses; but his tenderness only made her weep yet more bitterly, and he looked at her with a heart rent with anguish. For Lavinia, for Eugenia, he would have felt similar grief; but their far less gay, though equally innocent natures, would have made the view of their affliction less strikingly oppressive. Camilla had, hitherto, seemed in the spring of joy yet more than of life. Anxiety flew at her approach, and animation took its place. Nothing could shake his resignation; yet to behold her constant sadness, severely tried his fortitude. To see tears trickling incessantly down the pale cheeks so lately blooming; to see her youthful countenance wear the haggard expression  
of

of care; to see life, in its wish and purposes seem at an end, ere, in its ordinary calculation, it was reckoned to have begun, drew him from every other consideration, and filled his whole mind with monopolizing apprehension.

He now himself pressed her, for change of scene, to accept an invitation she had received from Mrs. Berlington to Grosvenor Square, whither Indiana was going in a few days, to spend a fortnight or three weeks before her marriage. But she declined the excursion, as not more unseasonable in its expence, than ungenial to her feelings.

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The following morning, while they were at their melancholy breakfast, a letter arrived from Lisbon, which Mr. Tyrold read with visible disturbance, exclaiming, from time to time, "Lionel, thou art indeed punished!"

The sisters were equally alarmed, but Lavinia alone could make any enquiry.

Mr. Tyrold then informed them, their uncle Relvil had just acknowledged to their mother, that he could no longer, in justice, conceal that, previously to his quitting England, he had privately married his house-keeper, to induce her to accompany him in  
his

his voyage; and that, during his first wrath upon the detection of Lionel, he had disinherited him in favour of a little boy of her own, by a former marriage, whom they had brought with them to Lisbon.

Mr. Tyrold, though it had been his constant study to bring up his children without any reference to their rich uncles, had never internally doubted, but that the bachelor brother of Mrs. Tyrold would leave his fortune to the son of his only sister, who was his sole near relation. And Lionel, he knew, in defiance of his admonitions, had built upon it himself, rather as a certainty than a hope. "He will now see," said Mr. Tyrold, "his presumption, and feel, by what he suffers, what he has earned. Yet culpable as he has been, he is now, also, unfortunate; and where crimes are followed by punishment, it is not for mortal man to harbour unabating resentment. I will write a few lines of comfort to him."

Camilla, in this concession, experienced all she could feel of satisfaction; but the short sensation died away at the last words of the letter of her mother, which Mr. Tyrold let them read.

"You, I well know, will immediately in this evil, find for yourself, and impart to our children, something of instruction, if not of comfort. Shall I recollect this without emulation?"

emulation? No, I will bear up from this stroke, which, at least, permits my return to Etherington; where, in the bosom of my dear family, and supported by its honoured chief, I shall forget my voyage, my painful absence, and my disappointment, in exertions of practical œconomy, strict, but not rigid, which our good children will vie with each other to adopt: sedulous, all around, to shew in what we can most forbear. I hope almost immediately to claim my share in these labours, which such motives will make light, and such companions render precious."

In agony past repression at these words, Camilla glided out of the room. The return of her mother was now horror to her, not joy; her shattered nerves could not bear the interview, while under a cloud threatening to burst in such a storm; and she entreated Lavinia to tell her father that she accepted his proposal for going to Mrs. Berlinton's; "and there," she cried, "Lavinia, I will wait, till Eugenia has told the dreadful history that thus humbles me to the dust!"

Lavinia was too timid to oppose reason to this suffering; and Mr. Tyrold, already cruelly apprehensive she compared her present privations to the lost elegancies of Beech Park, sighed deeply, yet said he  
was

was glad she would remove from a spot in which reminiscence was so painful.

This step once decided, brought with it something like a gloomy composure. "I shall avoid," she cried, "at least, with my Mother, these killing caresses of deluded kindness that break my heart with my Father. She, too, would soon discover there was something darker in my sadness than even grief! She would be sure that even my exquisite loss could not render me ungrateful to all condolment; she would know that a daughter whom she had herself reared and instructed, would blush so unceasingly to publish any personal disappointment, let her feel it how she might. O my loved Mother! how did the delight of knowing your kind expectations keep me, while under your guidance, in the way I ought to go! O Mother of my heart! what a grievous disappointment awaits your sad return! To find, at the first opening of your virtuous schemes of general saving—that I, as well as Lionel, have involved my family in debts—that I, as well as Clermont, have committed them clandestinely to a usurer!"

Lavinia undertook to give Eugenia proper instructions for her commission; but news arrived, the next day, that Sir Hugh would take no denial to Eugenia's being herself of the party. This added not, however, to



the courage of Camilla for staying, and her next determination was to reveal the whole by letter.

Mr. Tyrold would not send her to Cleves to take leave, that her uncle might not be tempted to exercise his wonted, but now no longer convenient generosity, nor yet be exposed to the pain of withholding it: but he advanced her next quarter's allowance, saying "You will go now, my dear girl, in your pristine simplicity, and what can so every way become you? It is not for a scheme of pleasure, but for a stimulus to mental exertion, I part with you. When you return, your excellent Mother will aid your task, and reward its labour. Remember but, while in your own hands, that open œconomy, springing from discretion, is always respected. It is false shame alone that begets ridicule."

Weeping and silent she heard him, and his fears gained ground that her disappointment, joined to a view of gayer life, had robbed Etherington of all charms to her. Bitterly he regretted he had ever suffered her to leave his roof, though he would not now force her stay. Compulsion could only detain her person; and might heighten the disgust of her mind.

The little time which remained was given wholly to packing and preparing; and continued

tinued employment hid from Mr. Tyrold her emotion, which increased every moment, till the carriage of Sir Hugh stopt at the gate. Lost, then, to all sensation, but the horror of the avowal that must intervene ere they met again, with incertitude if again he would see her with the same kindness, she flew into his arms, rather agonized than affectionate; kissed his hands with fervour, kissed every separate finger, rested upon his shoulder, hid her face in his bosom, caught and pressed to her lips even the flaps of his coat, and scarcely restrained herself from bending to kiss his feet; yet without uttering a word, without even shedding a tear.

Strangely surprised, and deeply affected, Mr. Tyrold straining her to his breast, said: "Why, my dear child, why, my dearest Camilla, if thus agitated by our parting, do you leave me?"

This question brought her to recollection, by the impossibility she found to answer it; she tore herself, therefore, away from him, embraced Lavinia, and hurried into the coach.



## CHAP. VIII.

*A Surprise.*

CAMILLA strove to check her grief upon entering the carriage, in which Miss Margland had again the charge of the young party; but the interrogatory of her Father, *Why will you leave me?* was mentally repeated without ceasing. Ah! why, indeed! thought she, at a moment when every filial duty called more than ever for my stay!—Well might he not divine the unnatural reason! can I believe it myself?—Believe such an hour arrived?—when my Mother—the best of Mothers!—is expected—when she returns to her family, Camilla seeks another abode! is not this a dream? and may I not one day awake from it?

Miss Margland was in the highest good humour at this expedition: and Indiana was still enraptured to visit London, from old expectations which she knew not how to relinquish; though they were fixed to no point, and as fantastic as vague. Eugenia, whose dejection had made Sir Hugh press her into the party, found nothing in it to revive her; and Camilla entered Grosvenor-square with keen dissatisfaction of every sort.

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The cautions of Edgar against Mrs. Berlinton broke into all the little relief she might have experienced upon again seeing her. She had meant to keep his final exhortations constantly in her mind, and to make all his opinions and counsels the rule and measure of her conduct: but a cruel perversity of events seemed to cast her every action into an apparent defiance of his wishes.

Mrs. Berlinton, who, in a mansion the most splendid, received her with the same gentle sweetness she had first sought her regard, was delighted by the unexpected sight of Eugenia, and caressed Indiana immediately as a sister: though passionless, in this case, herself, the delusions of beauty deceived not her understanding; and a very short time sufficed to shew her to be frivolous, uncultivated, and unmeaning.

The wretched Camilla quitted them all as soon as possible, to retire to her chamber, and ruminatè upon her purposed letter. She meant, at first, to write in detail; but her difficulties accumulated as she weighed them; and vainly she took up her pen; not even a line could she write.

Eugenia, when able, followed her; and had no sooner heard the whole history, than, tenderly embracing her, she said, "Let not this distress seem so desperate to you, my

dearest sister ! your own account points out to me how to relieve it, without either betraying our poor Lionel, or further weighing down our already so heavily burthened friends."

"And how, my dear Eugenia?" cried Camilla, with fearful gratitude, and involuntarily reviving by the most distant idea of such a project.

By adopting, she said, the same means that had been invented by Mrs. Mittin. She had many valuable trinkets, the annual offerings of her munificent uncle, the sale of which would go far enough, she could not doubt, towards the payment of the principal, to induce the money-lender to accept interest for the rest, till the general affairs of their house were re-established; when what remained of the sum could be discharged, without difficulty, by herself.

Camilla pressed her in her arms, almost kneeling with fond acknowledgments, and accepted, without hesitation, her generous offer.

"All then is arranged," said Eugenia, with a smile so benign it seemed nearly beautiful; "and to friendship, and each other, we will devote our future days." My spirits will revive in the revival of Camilla. To see her once more gay will be renovation to my uncle; and who knows, my dear sister, but  
our

our whole family, ere long, may again be blest with peace?"

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The next morning they sent a note to the money-lender, whose direction Camilla had received from Mrs. Mittin, entreating his patience for a fortnight, or three weeks, when he would receive the greatest part of his money without fail.

Camilla, much relieved, went to sit with Mrs. Berlinton, but on entering the dressing room, was struck by the sight of Bellamy, just quitting it.

Mrs. Berlinton, upon her appearance, with a look of soft rapture approaching her, said: "Felicitate me, loveliest Camilla!—my friend, my chosen friend, is restored to me, and the society for which so long I have sighed in vain, may be once more mine!"

Camilla startled, exclaimed with earnestness, "My dearest Mrs. Berlinton, pardon me, I entreat—but is Mr. Bellamy your chosen friend?—and is he known to Mr. Berlinton?"

"Mr. Berlinton, answered she, disdainfully, is a stranger to merit or taste; and Alphonso, to him, is but as any other man."

She then added that, after her marriage, she remained three months in Wales with

her aunt, where Bellamy was travelling to view the country, and where, almost immediately after that unhappy enthrallment, she first knew him, and first learnt the soothing charms of friendship ; but from that period they had met no more, though they had constantly corresponded.

Camilla was now first sensible to all the alarm with which Edgar had hitherto endeavoured to impress her in vain. The impropriety of such a connexion, the danger of such a partiality, filled her with wonder and disturbance. She hesitated whether to relate or not the adventure of Bellamy with her sister ; but the strong repugnance of Eugenia to having it named, and the impossibility of proving the truth of the general opinion of his base scheme, decided her to silence. Upon the plans and the sentiments, however, of Mrs. Berlinton herself, she spared not the extremest sincerity ; but she gained no ground by the contest, though she lost not any kindness by the attempt.

At dinner, she felt extremely disturbed by the re-appearance of Bellamy. He seemed himself much struck at the sight of Eugenia, who blushed and looked embarrassed by his presence. He did not, however, address her ; he confined his attentions to Mrs. Berlinton, or Miss Margland.

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The former received them with distinguishing softness ; the latter, at first, resentfully repelled them, from the general belief at Cleves of his attempted elopement with Eugenia ; but afterwards, finding she was left wholly to a person who had no resources for entertaining her, namely, herself,—and knowing Eugenia safe while immediately under her eye, she deigned to treat him with more consideration.

The opera was proposed for the evening, Mrs. Berlington, having tickets and her box at the service of her fair friends, as the lady with whom she had subscribed was out of town. Indiana was enchanted, Miss Margland was elevated, and Eugenia not unwilling to seek some recreation, though hopeless of finding it. But Camilla, notwithstanding she was lightened, at this moment, from one of her most corrosive cares, was too entirely miserable for any species of amusement. The same strong feelings that gave to pleasure, when she was happy, so high a zest, rendered it nearly abhorrent to her, when grief had possession of her mind.

After dinner, when the ladies retired to dress, Camilla, with some uneasiness, conjured Eugenia to avoid renewing any acquaintance with Bellamy.

Eugenia blushing, while a tear started into either eye, said she was but too well guarded



from Bellamy, through a late transaction, which had exalted her to a summit of happiness, from which she could never now descend to any new plan of life, beyond the single state and retirement.

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At night, the whole party went to the opera, except Camilla, who, in spending the evening alone, meant to ruminate upon her affairs, and arrange her future conduct: but Edgar, his virtues, and his loss, took imperious possession of all her thoughts; and while she dwelt upon his honour, his sincerity, and his goodness, and traced, with cherished recollection, every scene in which she had been engaged with him, they recurred to her as visions of all earthly felicity.

Awakened from these reveries, by the sound of the carriage, and the rapping at the street door, she was hastening down stairs to meet her sister, when she heard Melmond call out from the coach: "Is Miss Eugenia Tyrold come home?"

"No;" the man answered; and Melmond exclaimed; "Good Heaven! — I must run then back to the theatre. Do not be alarmed, my Indiana, and do not alarm Miss Camilla, for I will not return without her."

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They all entered but himself; while Camilla, fixed to the stair upon which she had heard these words, remained some minutes motionless. Then, tottering down to the parlour, with a voice hollow from affright, and a face pale as death, she tremulously articulated, "where is my sister?"

They looked all aghast, and not one of them, for some time, was capable to give any account that was intelligible. She then gathered that, in coming out of the opera house, they had missed her. None of them knew how, which way, in what manner.

"And where's Mr. Bellamy?" cried she, in an agony of apprehension; "was he at the opera?"

Miss Margland looked dismayed, and Mrs. Berlington amazed, at this interrogatory; but they both said he had only been in the box at the beginning of the opera, and afterwards to help them out of the crowd.

"And who did he help? who? who?" exclaimed Camilla.

"Me,—first—" answered Miss Margland,—“and, when we got into a great crowd, he took care of Miss Eugenia too.” She then added, that in this crowd, both she and Eugenia had been separated from Mrs. Berlington and Indiana, who by Melmond and another gentleman had been handed  
F 6 straight

straight to the carriage, without difficulty; that soon after, she had lost the arm of Bellamy, who, by some mistake, had turned a wrong way; but she got to the coach by herself; where they had waited full half an hour, Melmond running to and fro, and searching in every direction, but in vain, to find Eugenia. Nor had Bellamy again appeared. They then came home, hoping he had put her into a chair, and that she might be arrived before them.

“Dreadful! dreadful!” cried Camilla, sinking on the floor, “she is forced away! she is lost!”

When again her strength returned, she desired that some one might go immediately to the house or lodgings of Bellamy, to enquire if he were come home.

This was done by a footman, who brought word he had not been seen there since six o'clock in the evening, when he dressed, and went out.

Camilla now, confirmed in her horrible surmise, was nearly frantic. She bewailed her sister, her father, her uncle; she wanted herself to rush forth, to search Eugenia in the streets; she could scarcely be detained within, scarcely kept off from entire delirium.

## CHAP. IX.

*A Narrative.*

IT was four o'clock in the morning when Melmond returned. Camilla rushed to the street-door to meet him. His silence and his mournful air announced his ill success. She wrung her hands in anguish, and besought him to send instantly an express to Etherington, with the fatal tidings.

He went himself to the nearest stables, desiring she would prepare a letter while he got a man and horse for the journey.

In scrawling and indistinct characters she then wrote:

“ O my Father—our Eugenia has disappeared! she was lost last night at the opera—Mr. Bellamy was conducting her to Mrs. Berlinton’s coach—but we have seen neither of them since!—what—what must we do?”

Melmond wrote the address, which her hand could not make legible; and Miss Margland prepared for the post a laboured vindication to Sir Hugh of her own conduct upon this occasion.

Indiana was long gone to bed. She was really very sorry; but she was really much tired;

tired; and she could do, as she said, no good.

But Mrs. Berlinton felt an alarm for Eugenia, and an astonishment concerning Bellamy, that would fully have wakened her faculties, had she been wholly unmoved by the misery of Camilla. Far other was, however, her nature, gentle, compassionate, and sympathising; and her own internal disturbance, though great even beyond her own conception why, sunk at sight of the excess of wretchedness which disordered her poor friend.

There could be but one possible opinion of this disastrous adventure, which was, that Bellamy had spirited this young creature away, to secure her fortune, by her hand. Melmond again went forth, to make enquiry at all the stables in London, for any carriage that might have been hired for a late hour. And at six o'clock, in great perturbation, he came back, saying, he had just traced that she was put into a chaise and four from a hackney coach; that the chaise was hired in Piccadilly, and engaged for a week. He was now determined to ride post himself in the pursuit, that if any accidental delay retarded them, he might recover her before she arrived at Gretna Green, whither he could not doubt she was to be conveyed; but as she could not be married by force, his presence

sence might yet be in time to prevent persecution, or foul play.

Camilla nearly embraced him with transport at this ray of hope, and, leaving his tenderest condolences for Indiana, whom he implored his sister to watch sedulously, he galloped northwards.

His heart was most sincerely in the business; what he owed to the noble conduct which the high sentiments and pure regard of Eugenia had dictated, had excited a tender veneration, which made him hold his life as too small an offering to be refused for her service, if its sacrifice could essentially shew his gratitude. And often his secret mind had breathed a wish, that her love of literature had been instilled into her cousin; though he studiously checked, as profane, all that was not admiration of that most exquisite workmanship of nature.

The express from Etherington brought back only a few lines written by Lavinia, with an account that Mr. Tyrold, in deep misery, was setting out post for Scotland.

A week past thus in suspense, nearly intolerable to Camilla, before Melmond returned.

Always upon the watch, she heard his voice, and flew to meet him in the dressing room. He was at the feet of Indiana, to whom he was pouring forth his ardent lamentations

mentations at this long deprivation of her sight.

But joy had evidently no part in his tenderness; Camilla saw at once depression and evil tidings, and, sinking upon a chair, could scarcely pronounce, "Have you not then found her?"

"I have left her but this minute," he answered, in a tone the most melancholy.

"Ah! you have then seen her! you have seen my dearest Eugenia?—O, Mr. Melmond, why have you left her at all?"

It was long before he could answer; he besought her to compose herself; he expressed the extremest solicitude for the uneasiness of Indiana, whose eternal interruptions of "Dear! where is she?—Dear! why did not she come back?—Dear! who took her away?" he attributed to the agitation of the fondest friendship, and conjured, while tears of terror started into his eyes, that she would moderate the excess of her sensibility. It seems the peculiar province of the lover to transfuse all that he himself most prizes, and thinks praise-worthy, into the breast of his chosen object; nor is he more blind to the defects with which she may abound, than prodigal in gifts of virtues which exist but in his own admiration.

"And

“And my Father! my poor Father!” cried Camilla, “you have seen nothing of my Father?”

“Pardon me; I have just left him also.”

“And not with Eugenia.”

“Yes; they are together.”

Rapture now defied all apprehension with Camilla; the idea of Eugenia restored to her Father, was an idea of entire happiness; but her joy affected Melmond yet more than her alarm: he could not let her fasten upon any false expectations; he bid his sister aid him to support Indiana, and then, with all the gentleness of the sincerest concern, confessed that Eugenia was married before she was overtaken.

This was a blow for which Camilla was still unprepared. She concluded it a forced marriage; horror froze her veins, her blood no longer flowed, her heart ceased to beat, she fell lifeless on the ground.

Her recovery was more speedy than it was happy, and she was assisted to her chamber, no longer asking any questions, no longer desiring further information. All hope was over: and the particulars seemed immaterial, since the catastrophe was as irreversible as it was afflicting.

Mrs. Berlinton still attended her, grieved for her suffering, yet believing that Eugenia must be the happiest of women; though an  
indignation



indignation the most forcible mingled with her surprise at the conduct of Bellamy.

This dread sort of chasm in the acuteness of the feelings of Camilla lasted not long; and Mrs. Berlinton then brought from Melmond the following account.

With the utmost speed he could use, he could not, though a single horseman, overtake them. They never, as he learnt by the way, remitted their journey, nor stopt for the smallest refreshment but at some cottage. At length, in the last stage to Gretna Green, he met them upon their return. It was easy to him to see that his errand was vain, and the knot indissolubly tied, by the blinds being down, and the easy air with which Bellamy was looking around him.

Eugenia sat back in the chaise with a handkerchief to her eyes. He stopt the vehicle, and told Bellamy he must speak with that lady. "That lady, Sir," he proudly answered, "is my wife; speak to her, therefore; — but in my hearing." Eugenia at this dropt her handkerchief, and looked up. Her eyes were sunk into her head by weeping, and her face was a living picture of grief. Melmond loudly exclaimed: "I come by the authority of her friends, and I demand her own account of this transaction." "We are now going to our friends,"

friends," replied he, "ourselves, and we shall send no messages." He then ordered the postillion to drive on, telling him at his peril to stop no more; Eugenia, in a tone but just audible, saying: "Adieu, Mr. Melmond! Adieu!"

To have risked his life in her rescue, at such a moment, seemed to him nothing, could he but more certainly have ascertained her own wishes, and real situation: but as she attempted neither resistance nor remonstrance, he concluded Bellamy spoke truth; and if they were married, he could not unmarry them; and if they were going to her friends, they were doing all he could now exact. He resolved, however, to follow, and if they should turn any other road, to call for assistance till he could investigate the truth.

They stoop occasionally for refreshments at the usual inns, and travelled no more in the dark; but Bellamy never lost sight of her; and Melmond, in watching, observed that she returned to the chaise with as little opposition as she quitted it, though weeping always, and never, for a voluntary moment, uncovering her face.

On the second days journey, just as Bellamy had handed her from the chaise, at the inn where they meant to dine, and which Melmond, as usual, entered at the same  
time,

time, he saw Mr Tyrold—hurrying, but so shaking he could scarcely support himself, from a parlour, whence he had seen them alight, into the passage. The eyes, ever downcast, of Eugenia, perceived him not, till she was clasped, in mute agony, in his arms. She then looked up, saw who it was, and fainted away. Bellamy, though he did not know him, supposed who he might be, and his reverend appearance seemed to impress him with awe. Nevertheless, he was himself seizing the now senseless Eugenia, to convey her to some room; when Mr. Tyrold, reviving from indignation, fixed his eyes upon his face, and said: “By what authority, Sir, do you presume to take charge of my daughter?”—“By the authority,” he answered, “of a husband.” Mr. Tyrold said no more; he caught by the arm of Melmond, though he had not seen who he was, and Bellamy carried Eugenia into the first vacant parlour, followed only by the woman of the house. Melmond then, respectfully, and filled with the deepest commiseration, sought to make himself known to Mr. Tyrold; but he did not hear him, he heeded no one; he sat down upon a trunk, accidentally in the passage where all this had passed, saying, but almost without seeming conscious that he spoke aloud: “This, indeed, is a blow to break our hearts!” Melmond then stood

stood silently by, for he saw, by his folded hands and uplifted eyes, he was ejaculating some prayer: after which, with a countenance more firm, and limbs better able to sustain him, he rose, and moved towards the parlour into which the fainting Eugenia had been carried.

Melmond then again spoke to him by his name. He recollected the voice, turned to him, and gave him his hand, which was of an icy coldness. "You are very kind, Mr. Melmond," he said; "my poor girl"—but stopt, checking what he meant to add, and went to the parlour-door.

It was locked. The woman of the house had left it, and said, the lady was recovered from her fit. Mr. Tyrold, from a thousand feelings, seemed unable to demand admission for himself: he desired Melmond to speak, and claim an audience alone for him with his daughter.

Bellamy opened the door with a look evidently humbled and frightened, yet affecting perfect ease. When Melmond made known his commission, Eugenia, starting up, exclaimed: "Yes, yes! I will see my dear Father alone!—and O! that this poor frame might sink to rest on his loved bosom!"

"In a moment! in a moment!" cried Bellamy, motioning Melmond to withdraw;  
"tell

“tell Mr. Tyrold he shall come in a moment.”

Melmond was forced to retreat; but heard him hastily say, as again he fastened the door, “My life, O Eugenia! is in your hands—and is it thus you requite my ardent love and constancy?”

Mr. Tyrold now would wait but a few minutes: it was palpable Bellamy feared the interview; and he could fear it but from one motive: he sent him, therefore, word by Melmond, that if he did not immediately retire, and leave him to a conference alone with his daughter, he would apply no more for a meeting till he claimed it in a court of justice.

Bellamy soon came out, bowed obsequiously to Mr. Tyrold, who passed him without notice, and who was then for half an hour shut up with Eugenia. Longer Bellamy could not endure; he broke in upon them, and left the room no more.

Soon after, Mr. Tyrold came out, his own eyes now as red as those of the weeping bride. He took Melmond apart, thanked him for his kindness, but said nothing could be done. He entreated him therefore to return to his own happier affairs; adding, “I cannot talk upon this miserable event. Tell Camilla, her sister is, for the present, going home with me—though not, alas!

alone! Tell her, too, I will write to her upon my arrival at Etherington."

"This," concluded Mrs. Berlington, "is all my brother has to relate; all that for himself he adds, is, that if ever, to something human, the mind of an angel was accorded—that mind seems enshrined in the frame of Eugenia!"

Nothing that Camilla had yet experienced of unhappiness, had penetrated her with feelings of such deadly woe as this event. Eugenia, from her childhood, had seemed marked by calamity: her ill health, even from infancy, and her subsequent misfortunes, had excited in her whole house the tenderest pity, to which the uncommon character with which she grew up, had added respect and admiration. And the strange, and almost continual trials she had had to encounter, from the period of her attaining her fifteenth year, which, far from souring her mind, had seemed to render it more perfect, had now nearly sanctified her in the estimation of them all. To see her, therefore, fall, at last, a sacrifice to deceit or violence,—for one, if not both, had palpably put her into the possession of Belamy, was a grief more piercingly wounding than all she had yet suffered. Whatever she had personally to bear, she constantly imagined some imprudence or impropriety had

had provoked ; but Eugenia, while she appeared to her so blameless that she could merit no evil, was so amiable, that willingly she would have borne for her their united portions.

How it had been effected, since force would be illegal, still kept amazement joined to sorrow, till the promised letter arrived from Mr. Tyrold, with an account of the transaction.

Eugenia, parted from Miss Margland by Bellamy, in the crowd, was obliged to accept his protection, which, till then, she had refused, to restore her to her company. The coach, he said, he knew, had orders to wait in Pall Mall, whither the other ladies would be conveyed in chairs, to avoid danger from the surrounding carriages. She desired to go also in a chair: but he hurried her by quick surprize into a hackney-coach, which, he said, would be more speedy, and bidding the man drive to Pall Mall, seated himself opposite to her. She had not the most remote suspicion of his design, as his behaviour was even coldly distant, though she wondered Pall Mall was so far off, and that the coachman drove so fast, till they stopt at a turnpike—and then, in one quick and decided moment, she comprehended her situation, and made an attempt for her own deliverance—but he prevented her

her

her from being heard. — And the scenes that follow she declined relating. Yet, what she would not recount, she could not, to the questions of her father, deny, that force, from that moment, was used, to repel all her efforts for obtaining help, and to remove her into a chaise.

Mr. Tyrold required to hear nothing more, to establish a prosecution, and to seize her, publickly, from Bellamy. But from this she recoiled. “No, my dear father,” she continued, the die is cast! and I am his! — Solemn has been my vow! sacred! I must hold it!”

She then briefly narrated, that though violence was used to silence her at every place, where she sought to be rescued, every interval was employed, by Bellamy, in the humblest supplications for her pardon, and in declaring, that to live longer without her was impossible. When they were near their journey's end, he owned that his life was in her hands, but he was indifferent whether he lost it from the misery of living without her, or from her vengeance of this last struggle of his despair. She offered him pardon upon condition of immediate restoration to her friends; but, suddenly producing a pistol, “Now then,” he said, “O! cruel object of my constant love! bless me with your hand, or prepare to see me die at your feet!”



feet!" And, with a terrifying oath, he bound himself not to lose her and outlive her loss. She besought him to be more reasonable, with the gentlest prayers; but his vehemence only increased. She then pronounced, though in trembling, a positive refusal. Instantly he lifted up his pistol, and calling out; "Forgive, then, O hard-hearted Eugenia, my uncontrollable passion, and shed a tear over the corpse I am going to prostrate at your feet!" was pointing it to his temple, when, overcome with horror, she caught his arm, exclaiming; "Ah! stop! I consent to what you please!" It was in vain she strove afterwards to retract; one scene followed another, till he had bound her by all she herself held sacred, to rescue him from suicide, by consenting to the union. He found a person who performed the marriage ceremony on the minute of her quitting the chaise. She uttered not one word; she was passive, scared, and hardly alive; but resisted not the eventful ring, with which he enricled her finger, and seemed rousing as from a dream, upon hearing him call her his wife.

When Mr. Tyrold had heard her history, abhorrence of such barbarous force, and detestation of such foul play upon the ingenuous credulity of her nature, made him insist, yet more strongly, upon taking legal mea-  
sures

tures for procuring an immediate separation, and subsequent punishment; but the reiterated vows with which, since the ceremony, he had bound her to himself, so forcibly awed the strict conscientiousness of her principles, that no representations could absolve her opinion of what she now held her duty; and while she confessed her unhappiness at a connection formed by such cruel means, she conjured him not to encrease it, by rendering her, in her own estimation, perjured.

“Patiently, therefore,” continued Mr. Tyrold, “we must bear, what vainly we should combat, and bow down to those calamities of which the purpose is hidden. I resign myself with reverence to this blow; though none yet has struck so hardly at my heart. We must now do what we can for this victim to her own purity, by seeking means to secure her future independence, and by bettering—if possible!—her betrayer. What a daughter, what a sister, what a friend, has her family thus lost! How will your poor mother receive such killing tidings! Misfortune, sickness, and poverty, she has heroism to endure; but innocence oppressed through its own artlessness, and inexperience duped by villany, will shake her utmost firmness, and harrass into disorder her, as yet, unbroken powers of encountering adversity. Alas!—no evils that visited the

early years of this loved child, have proved to her so grievous as the large fortune with which they were followed! We repined, my Camilla, at the deprivation you sustained at that period.—We owe to it, perhaps, that you have not as treacherously been betrayed!

“How has the opening promise of our Eugenia more than answered our fondest expectations! Her knowledge is still less uncommon than her simplicity, her philosophy for herself than her zeal in the service of others. She is singular with sweetness, peculiar, yet ductile; generous without parade, and wise without consciousness. Yet now, so sacrificed seems all,—that I dwell upon her excellencies as if enumerating them over her tomb!”

A letter from Lavinia contained some further particulars. Their Father, she said, finding the poor victim resolute; meant to spare Sir Hugh all that was possible of the detestable craft of Bellamy; and Eugenia was already struggling to recover her natural serenity, that she might appear before him without endangering his own. Bellamy talked of nothing but love and rapture; yet the unsuspecting Eugenia was the only person he deceived; for so little from the heart seemed either his looks or his expressions, that it was palpable he was acting  
a part,

a part, to all who believed it possible words and thoughts could be divided.

A postscript to this letter was added by Eugenia herself.

“ Ah, my Camilla!—where now are all our sweet promised participations?—But let me not talk of myself; nor do you, my affectionate sister, dwell upon me at this period. One thing I undertook shall yet be performed; the moment I am able to go to Cleves, I will deliver, through Lavinia, what I mentioned. Does any thing else remain that is yet in my power? Tell me, my Camilla, and think but with what joy you will give joy again to your

“ EUGENIA.”

Broken-hearted over these letters, Camilla spent her time in their perpetual perusal; in wiping from them her tears, and pressing with fond anguish to her lips the signature of her hapless sister, self-beguiled by her own credulous goodness, and self-devoted by her conscientious scruples.

## CHAP. X.

*The Progress of Dissipation.*

**M**R. Clykes, by the promised payment and reward, being for the present appeased, Camilla still admitted some hope of waiting a more favourable moment for her cruel confession. She lived, meanwhile, wholly shut up from all company, consigned to penitence for her indiscretions, to grief for the fate of her sister, and to wasting regret of her lost felicity.

Indiana smiled not more sweetly upon Melmoth for Miss Margland's advising her to consider, in time, whether the promises made by Miss Eugenia Tyrold would be binding to Mrs. Bellamy. She saw, nevertheless, no good, she said, it could do her cousin, that she should neglect such an opportunity of seeing London: and Miss Margland, in aid of this desire, spared so much trouble to Mrs. Berlington, who soon wearied of Indiana, that she had the satisfaction of being invited to remain in Grosvenor-square till the two young ladies returned into the country.

Mrs. Berlington, who indulged, in full extent, every feeling, but investigated none, had

had been piqued and hurt to extreme unhappiness at the late conduct of Bellamy; Attracted by his fine person, and caught by the first flattery which had talked to her of her own, she had easily been captivated by his description of the sympathy which united, and penetrated by his lamentations at the destiny which parted them. His request for her friendship had been the first circumstance, after her marriage, which had given her any interest in life; and soon, with the common effect of such dangerous expedients to wile away chagrin, had occupied all her thoughts, and made the rest of the universe seem to her as a blank. Yet, from their continued separation, the day soon grew too long for mere regret; and her pliant mind; in this state of vacancy, had been bent to the new pursuit pressed upon her by Mrs. Norfield; which, however, upon the re-appearance of Bellamy, would speedily have given way to the resumption of his influence, had not his elopement with Eugenia left her again all at large. It destroyed an illusion strong though not definable; demolished a friendship ill conceived, and worse understood; and brought with it a disappointment which confused all her ideas. To be inactive was, however, impossible; simplicity, once given up, returns to the dissipated no more; or returns but when experience brings conviction. That all is hol-

low where the heart bears no part; all is peril where principle is not the guide. The Faro Table was now re-opened, and again but too powerfully sharpened the faculties which mortification had blunted. A company the most miscellaneous composed her evening assemblies, which were soon, nevertheless, amongst the most fashionable, as well as crowded of the metropolis. Whatever there, is new and splendid, is sure of a run for at least a season. Enquiries into what is right, or strictures upon what is wrong, rarely molest popularity, till the rise of some fresher luminary gives fashion another abode.

Calamity requires not more fortitude than pleasure. What she began but to divert to disappointment and lassitude, she continued to attain celebrity; and the company which Faro and Fashion brought together, she soon grew ambitious to collect by motives of more appropriate flattery. All her aim, now, was to be universally alluring; and she looked from subject to subject, in smiling discourse, till one by one, every object could look only at her: and the grace and softness which had been secretly bewitching while she had the dignity to keep admiration aloof, were boldly declared to be invincible, since she permitted such professions to reach her ear.

Long

Long surrounded by gazing admirers, she became now encircled by avowed adorers; and what for victory she had essayed, she pursued ardently for pleasure. Coquetry is as fascinating to those who practise it, as to those whom it seduces; and she found herself, shortly, more happy by a conquest effected by wiles and by art, than by any devotion paid straight forward, and uncourted. The generality of her new ambition protected it from permanent ill consequences; aiming at every one, she cared for no one; mortified by Bellamy, she resolved to mortify others, and in proportion as her smiles grew softer her heart became harder.

Indiana, at this period, emerged at once from the most private retreat into the gayest vortex of pleasure, thought herself in the upper regions, where happiness, composed by her own ideas, consisted of perpetual admiration to unfading beauty; but though the high qualities with which the devotion of Melmond had gifted her, had enslaved his reason and understanding from suspecting that so fair a form could enclose aught short of its own perfection, his heart was struck, and all his feelings were offended, when he saw her capable of dissipation upon a season of calamity to Eugenia; Eugenia, whom, though he could not love, he venerated; Eugenia, whose nature he thought



divine, though her person, unhappily, was but too human; Eugenia, to whom he owed the union upon which hung all his wishes . . . to seek pleasure while Eugenia suffered, was astonishing, was incomprehensible. He felt as if every principle of his love were violated; he looked another way, to disguise his shock;—but when he looked at her again, it was forgotten.

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Camilla soon after learnt, from Lavinia, that Sir Hugh had been deeply affected by the history of the elopement, though it had been softened to him by all possible means, at the desire of the heroic Eugenia herself. Bellamy continued the most unremitting demonstrations of affection, but absolutely refused a residence offered for them both at Cleves, and made Eugenia herself ask a separate provision of her uncle: Sir Hugh had sorrowfully yielded; and notwithstanding his present embarrassments from Clermont, insisted upon settling a thousand pounds a year upon her immediately; in consequence of which, Bellamy had taken a house at Belfont, to which they were already removing. Eugenia seemed to submit to her destiny, and repined solely she could not, yet, keep her engagement with  
respect

respect to the trinkets, which though she had openly told Bellamy were promised to a friend, he had packed up, and said, "he could not re-deliver till they were arranged in their new dwelling." But she charged Lavinia to express her hopes that the detention would not last long.

When the given three weeks expired, Indiana, infatuated with London, begged and obtained leave to stretch her residence there to a month.

Eugenia was now settled at Belfont; but still Camilla received no intelligence of the promised boon, and spent her lingering hours in her chamber, no longer even invited thence, except at meals, by Mrs. Berinton; whose extreme and encreasing dissipation, from first allowing no time, took off, next, all desire for social life. Surprised and hurt, Camilla was called off a little from herself, through concern. She sincerely loved Mrs. Berinton, whom it was difficult to see and know with indifference, and she softly represented to her how ill she felt at ease in the falling off she experienced in her partiality.

Mrs. Berinton tenderly embraced her, protesting she was dear to her as ever; and

feeling, while she spoke, her first affection return; but not a moment had she to bestow from her new mode of life: some party was always formed which she had not force of mind to break; an internal restlessness, from the want of some right pursuit, joined to a disappointment she could not own, made that party induce another; and though none gave her real pleasure, which her strong, however undisciplined and unguided feelings, shut out from such a species of vague life, all gave employment to expectation, and were preferable to a regret at once consuming and mortifying.

Her gentleness, however, and her personal kindness, encouraged Camilla to repeat her admonitions, and engage assistance from Melmond; who, at any other period, would, uncalled, have given his whole attention to a sister dear at once to his honour and his heart; but Indiana more than occupied, she engrossed him. She now expected an attention so unremitting, that if she surprised his eyes, turned any other way even a moment, she reproached him with abated love, and it was the business of a day to obtain a reconciliation.

Gratefully, however, at the instigation of Camilla, he resumed the vigilance with which, upon her first entering London the preceding year, he had attended to all the actions

actions of his sister. But the difference already produced by the effect of flattery, the hardening of example, and the sway of uncontrolled early power, astonished and alarmed him. At her first setting out, she had harkened to all counsel, frightened by every representation, of danger, and humbled, by every remonstrance against impropriety. But she now heard him with little or no emotion; and from beginning to listen unmoved, soon proceeded to reply and resist. A search, rather than a love, of pleasure had seized her young mind, which had now gained an ascendant that rendered contest less shocking, than yielding would have been painful.

The tribulation of Melmond at this ill success, rested not solely upon his sister; he saw yet more danger for Indiana, who now seemed hardly to live but while arraying, or displaying herself. His passion had lost its novelty, and her eyes lost their beaming pleasure in listening to it; and the regard he had fondly expected to take place of first extacy, he now found unattainable, from want of all materials for its structure. His discourse, when not of her beauty, but strained her faculties; his reading, when compelled to hear it, but wearied her intellects. She had no genius to catch his meaning, and no attention to supply its place.

Deeply

Deeply he now thought of Eugenia, with that regret ever attached to frail humanity, for what is removed from possible possession. The purity of her love, the cultivation of her mind, and the nobleness of her sentiments, now bore forth a contrast to the general mental and intellectual littleness of Indiana, which made him blame the fastidious eyes, that could dwell upon her face and form; and feel that, even with the matchless Indiana, he must sigh at their mutual perversity of fate.

Nor missed he more in soul, than Indiana in adoration, who turned from what she now resented as coldness, to the violent praises of Macdersey, who became, at this period, a frequenter of Mrs. Berlington's assemblies. She understood not the inevitable difference of the altered situation; that he who was accepted might be grateful, but could not be anxious; and that Melmond, while in suspense, wore the same impassioned air, and spoke the same impassioned feelings as Macdersey. To her, all seemed the change not from doubt to security, but from love to insensibility.

To live always at her feet, while he thought her all-divine, was his own first joy and greatest pride: but when once he found his goddess had every mortal imperfection, his homage ceased, with amazement that ever  
it

it could have been excited. Those eyes, thought he, which I have gazed at whole days with such unreflecting admiration; and whose shape, colour, size, and sweet proportion still hold their pre-eminence; now, while retaining their first lustre, have lost all their illusory charm! I meet them—but to deplore their vacancy of the soul's intelligence I fondly—vainly seek!

Even when again the time arrived for returning to Cleves, Indiana, hanging languidly upon every minute she could steal from it, petitioned for a few days more from the ever-granting Baronet; which, while by her devoted to coquetry, admiration, and dress, were consumed by Camilla in almost every species of wretchedness. Mrs. Mittin wrote her word that Mr. Clykes was become more uneasy than ever for his money, as she had thought it indispensable to acquaint him of the reports in the neighbourhood; that Mr. Tyrod had met with misfortunes, and was retrenching: if he could not, therefore, be paid quickly, he must put in his claims elsewhere.

The same post brought from Lavinia an account so afflicting of Eugenia, as nearly to annihilate even this deep personal distress.

It

It was known, through Molly Mill, who, by the express instance of Sir Hugh, continued to live with her young Mistress, that Bellamy had already, at Belfont, cast off the mask of pretended passion, and grossly demanded of her Mistress to beg money for him of Sir Hugh; acknowledging, without scruple, large debts, that demanded speedy payment, and pressing her to ask for the immediate possession of the Yorkshire estate. Her Mistress, though mildly, always steadily refused; which occasioned reproaches so rude and violent as almost to frighten her into fits; and so loud, that they were often heard by every servant in the house.

Camilla, at this dreadful history, grew nearly indifferent to all else, and would have relinquished, almost unrepining, her expectations of personal relief, but that Lavinia, in the name of their unhappy sister, bid her still cherish them; assuring her she hoped yet to perform her engagement, as Mr. Bellamy never disputed her already given promise, though he had mislaid the key of the box in which the trinkets were deposited.

Nor even here rested the misery of Camilla; another alarm stole upon her mind, of a nature the most dreadful.

Upon the first evening of this newly-granted stay, while she was conversing alone with Mrs. Berinton, before the nocturnal  
toilette

*toilette* of that lady; a servant announced Mr Bellamy. Mrs. Berlington blushed high, evidently with as much of anger as surprise; Camilla hastily withdrawing, to avoid an object abhorrent to her, wondered she would admit him: yet, anxious for any intelligence that could relate to her sister, enquired when he was gone; and ran towards the dressing-room to ask what had passed: but before she reached the door, the sound of his voice re-entering the hall, and of his step re-ascending the stairs, made her fly into the adjoining apartment not to encounter him. The instant he had shut the door, and before she could move, she heard him exclaim, "You weep still, my lovely friend? Ah! can one doubt so injurious remain upon your mind, as to suppose anything but the cruel necessity of my misfortunes, could have made me tarnish our celestial friendship with any other engagement? Ah! look at her . . . and look at yourself!"

Camilla, who, at first, had been immovable from consternation, now recovered sufficiently to get back to her room. But she returned no more to Mrs. Berlington, though Bellamy soon departed; her eagerness for information subsided in indignant sorrow. That Eugenia, the injured, the inestimable Eugenia, should be spoken of, by the very violator



violator who had torn her from her friends, as a mere burthen attached to the wealth she procured him, struck at her heart as a poignard. And the impropriety to herself, and the wrong to Eugenia, of Mrs. Berlinton, in listening to such a discourse, totally sunk that lady in her esteem; though it determined her, as a duty due to them all around, to represent what she felt upon this subject: and the next day, the instant she was visible, she begged an audience.

Mrs. Berlinton was pensive and dejected, but, as usual, open and unguarded: she began herself to speak of the visit of Bellamy, and to ask why she ran away.

Camilla, without answer or hesitation, related what she had overheard; adding: "O, Mrs. Berlinton! can you suffer him to talk thus? Can you think of my injured Eugenia—lately your own favourite friend—and bear to hear him?"

"How injured, my ever dear Camilla? Does she know what he says? Can it hurt her unheard? Can it affect her unimagined? He but solaces his sadness by a confidence he holds sacred; 'tis the type of our friendship, now dearer, he says, than ever, since reciprocated by such sympathy."

"You affright me, Mrs. Berlinton! what a perversion of reason to talk of sympathy in your situations? Did Eugenia press him to the  
the

the altar? Did any friends solicit the alliance? Oh, Mrs. Berlinton! think but a moment, and your own feeling mind will paint his conduct in colours I have not the skill to attain!"

"You are right!" cried she, blushing in her unwilling conviction; "I know not how he could delude me to believe our fates resembled. Certainly nothing can be less similar."

Camilla was happy in this victory; but the following day, Bellamy, at the same hour was announced, and in the same manner was admitted; Camilla flying, and Mrs. Berlinton protesting she should attack his mistaken comparison with severity.

Severity, however, was a quality with which she was unacquainted; Camilla, anxious in every way, hastened to her when he was gone, but found her dissolved in tender tears, shed, she declared, in regret of the uneasiness she had given him, for he had now made her fully sensible his destiny alone was to blame. The understanding of Camilla was highly superior to being duped by such flimsy sophistry, which she heard with added detestation of the character of Bellamy; yet perceived that no remonstrance could prevent his admittance, and that every interview regularly destroyed the effect of every exhortation.

In

In this melancholy period, the sole satisfaction she received was through a letter written by Lionel from Ostend, in which he told her that the dread of imprisonment, or want, in a foreign country, made him lead a life so parsimonious, so totally deprived of all pleasure and all comfort, that he was almost consumed with regret for the wilfulness with which he had thrown away his innumerable advantages; and so much struck with the retrospection of the wanton follies and vices which had involved him in such dishonour and ruin, that he began now to think he had rather been mad than wicked; —so unmeaning, unreflecting, and unprovoked, as well as worthless, had been the course he had pursued.

Camilla sent this letter immediately to her Father, who remitted to Lionel such a sum as must obviate distress, with such intimation for the future as he hoped would best encourage more solid reformation.

Thus passed the time, improperly, or unhappily to all, till the third period fixed for the return to the country elapsed: and Camilla, finding the whole view of her journey abortive, saw the accumulated yet useless suffering involved through her ill-judged procrastination. Yet, as Eugenia still did not despair, even her confession was  
unwritten;

unwritten ; and as Miss Margland and Indiana granted her request of going round by Belfont, which she had previously arranged from an arrant desire to embrace her loved sister, she still dwelt on a last hope from that interview.

## CHAP. XI.

*Hints upon National Prejudice.*

WITH mingled disquietude and distaste, Melmond saw the reluctance of Indiana to quit town, and that he was less than a cypher with her upon the last evening's assembly, where, without deigning to bestow one look upon him, she chatted, smiled, and fluttered with every one else; undisguisedly betraying, that he whom she should soon have alone, and have always, should not rob of even one precious moment this last splendid blaze of general admiration. He sighed; and in common with the hapless perverseness of mortals, thought he had *thrown away*, in Eugenia, *a gem richer than all her tribe!* (a)

Camilla, whose heart, however dead to joy, was invariably open to tenderness, was melted with fond emotions in the idea of again meeting her beloved Eugenia, and ready for her journey nearly with the light.

Soon after she was dressed, a house maid, tapping at her door, said, "Pray, Ma'am, is Miss Lynmere with you?"

(a) Shakespear.

"No."

“ No.”

Presently Miss Margland came herself.

“ Pray, Miss Camilla, do you know any thing of Miss Lynmere? It’s the oddest thing in the world where she can be!”

Camilla, now, went forth to aid the search; Melmond, who was waiting to hand her into the carriage, looked amazed at the enquiry. It soon, however, was clear, that she was no where in the house; and, after sundry examinations and researches, one of the maids was brought to confess having aided her, in the middle of the night, to go into the street, where she was handed into a post chaise by Mr. Macderfey.

Melmond appeared thunder struck.

An action so unexpected at the period of a solemn engagement which waited but the journey to Cleves for being compleated, seemed to him, at first, incredible. But, when Miss Margland exclaimed, “ O pursue her; Mr. Melmond! order your horse, and gallop to Scotland immediately!” he gravely, and rather drily answered: “ By no means, Ma’am! The man who has the honour of her preference, is the only one who can have any hope to make her happy.

He then returned, quietly, to his own lodgings; far more indignant than hurt at this abrupt conclusion of a connexion which, though it had opened to him as a promise  
of

of Elyſium, was cloſing with every menace of mutual diſcontent.

Camilla was truly concerned; and not merely for the future riſk run by her Couſin, in this raſh flight, but for the new diſappointment to her Uncle. She was obliged, however, to beſtow her whole attention upon Miſs Margland, whoſe tribulation was yet greater, and who, in loſing thus her pupil, loſt the expected reward of near thirteen years of unwilling attendance.

To return to Sir Hugh without her charge, without indeed either of the young ladies who were put under her care, ſhe had not courage. Nor could Camilla ſo little feel for her diſtreſs as to requeſt it. An expreſs, therefore, was ordered to Cleves, for informing him of theſe ill tidings, with a very elaborate panegyric from Miſs Margland of her own conduct; and a deſire to know whether or not ſhe ſhould remain in town till ſomething tranſpired concerning Indiana.

The expreſs was but juſt gone, when a packet, which ought to have arrived two days before, by the ſtage, was delivered to Camilla. Its intention was to convey more ſpeedily a letter from Lavinia, containing the terrible information that Mr. Clykes had juſt been at Etherington himſelf, to deliver in his accounts, and preſs immediate pay-  
ment!

ment! Their Father, Lavinia said, conceived the wholesome imposition, till the man produced the paper signed by his daughter. She had then been called in, and obliged to confess her knowledge of the transaction. She would avoid, she said, particulars that could be only uselessly afflicting; but the interview had ended in their Father's agreeing to pay, when it should be possible, the sums actually delivered to the creditors, and for which Mr. Clykes could produce their own receipts: but refusing, positively and absolutely, any gratuity whatsoever, from detestation of so dangerous and seductive a species of trade as clandestine and illegal money-lending to minors: The man acknowledged the law against him for the interest; but threatened to send in an account for his own trouble, in collecting and paying the bills, that he would dispute, for validity, in any court of justice to which he could be summoned: and, in leaving the house, menaced an immediate writ, if all he could legally claim were not paid the next day; unless a new bond were properly signed, with a promise to abide by that already drawn up. Their Father, she was forced to confess, had now lent his every guinea, for the debts of Clermont, to Sir Hugh; and was at this instant deliberating to whom he should apply; but desired, meanwhile, an



exact statement of the debts which this man had in commission to discharge. The letter concluded with Lavinia's unfeigned grief in the task of writing it.

Camilla read it with a distraction that made it wholly unintelligible to her; yet could not read it a second time; her eyes became dim, her faculties confused, and she rather felt deprived of the power of thinking, than filled with any new and dreadful subjects for rumination.

In this state, the letter on the floor, her eyes staring around, yet looking vacant, and searching nothing, she was called to Lord O'Lerney, who begged the honour of a conference with her upon business.

She shook her head, in token of denial, but could not speak. The servant looked amazed; yet brought her a second message, that his Lordship was extremely sorry to torment her, but wished to communicate something concerning his kinsman, Mr. Macderfey.

She then faintly articulated, "I can see nobody."

Still the same dreadful vacuity superseded her sensibility, till, soon after, she received a note from Lady Isabella Irby, desiring to be admitted to a short conversation with her upon the part of Lord O'Lerney.

With

With the name of Lady Isabella Irby recurred the remembrance that she was a favourite of Edgar—and bursting into tears, she consented to the interview; which took place immediately.

The terrible state in which she appeared was naturally, though not justly, attributed by her ladyship to the elopement of her Cousin: while Camilla, called by her sight to softer regrets, beheld again, in mental view, the loved and gentle image of Edgar.

Lady Isabella apologised politely, but briefly, for her intrusion, saying: “My Lord O’Lerney, whose judgment is never in any danger, but where warped by his wish of giving pleasure, insists upon it that you will be less incommoded by a quick forced admission of me than of himself. Nobody else will think so: but it is not easy to refuse him: so here I am. The motive of this intrusion you can but too readily divine. Lord O’Lerney is truly concerned at this rash action in his kinsman, which he learnt by an accidental call at his lodgings, where various circumstances had just made it known.

He could not rest without desiring to see some part of the young lady’s family, and making an offer of his own best services with respect to some arrangement for her future establishment. It is for this purpose,

you have been so importunately hurried; Lord O'Lerney wishing to make the first news that is sent to Sir Hugh Tyrold less alarming, by stating, at once, what he can communicate concerning Mr. Macdersey."

Camilla was now softened into some attention, and much gratitude.

"Will you," said Lady Isabella, "now you understand the purport of his visit, see Lord O'Lerney himself? He can give you much better and clearer documents than I can; and it is always the best and shortest mode to deal with principals."

Camilla mechanically complied, and Lady Isabella sent her footman with a note to his Lordship, who was waiting at her house in Park-lane.

The discourse still fell wholly upon Lady Isabella; Camilla, lost alternately in misery and absence, spoke not, heard not; yet former scenes, though not present circumstances, were brought to her mind by the object before her, and almost with reverence, she looked at the favourite of Edgar, in whose sweetness of countenance, good sense, delicacy, and propriety, she conceived herself reading every moment the causes of his approbation. Ah, why, thought she, while unable to reply, or to listen to what was said, why knew I not this charming woman, while yet he took an interest in my conduct  
and

and connexions ! Perhaps her gentle wisdom might have drawn me into its own path ! how would he have delighted to have seen me under such influence ! how now, even now,—lost to him as I am !—would he generously rejoice, could he view the condescending partiality of looks and manner that seem to denote her disposition to kindness !

Lord O'Lerney soon joined them ; and after thanking Camilla for granting, and his Ambassadors for obtaining him an audience, said ; “ I have been eager for the honour of a conference with Miss Tyrold, in the hope of somewhat alleviating the fears for the future, that may naturally join with displeasure for the present, from the very unadvised step of this morning. But, however wrong the manner in which this marriage may be effected, the alliance in itself will not, I hope, be so disadvantageous as matches of this expeditious character prove in general. The actual possessions of Macderfey are, indeed, far beneath what Miss Lynmere, with her uncommon claims, might demand ; but his expectations are considerable, and well founded ; and his family will all come forward to meet her, with every mark of respect, for which, as its head, I shall lead the way. He is honest, honourable, and good natured ; not particularly endowed with judgment or discretion, but by no means want-

ing in parts, though they are rather wild and eccentric."

His Lordship then gave a full and satisfactory detail of the present state, and future hopes of his kinsman; and added, that it should be his own immediate care to endeavour to secure for the fair bride a fixed settlement, from a rich old relation who had long promised to make Macdersey his heir. He told Camilla to write this, without delay, to the young lady's Uncle, with full leave to use his name and authority.

"At all times," he continued, "it is necessary to be quick, and as explicit as possible, in representing what can conciliate an adventure of this sort, of which the clandestine measure implies on one side, if not on both, something wrong; but most especially it is necessary to use speed where the flight is made with an Hibernian; for with the English in general, it is nearly enough that a man should be born in Ireland, to decide him for a fortune-hunter. If you lived, however, in that country, you would see the matter pretty equally arranged; and that there are not more of our penniless beaux who return laden with the commodity of rich wives, than of those better circumstanced who bring home wives with more estimable dowries."

He

He then added, that it was from Miss Lynmere herself he had learnt the residence of Camilla in Grosvenor Square; for, having made some acquaintance with her at one of Mrs. Berlinton's evening parties, he had heard she was a niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold, and immediately enquired after her fair kinswoman, whom he had seen at Tunbridge.

Camilla thanked him for remembering her; and Lady Isabella, with a countenance that implied approbation in the remark, said; "I have never once heard of Miss Tyrold at the assemblies of this house."

She quietly replied, she had never been present at them; but a look of sensibility with which her eyes dropt, spoke more than she intended of concern at their existence, or at least frequency.

"Your lovely young Hostess," said Lord O'Lerney, "has entered the world at too early an hour to be aware of the surfeit she is preparing herself, by this unremitting luxury of pleasure; but I know so well her innocence and good qualities, that I doubt not but the error will bring its own cure, and she will gladly return to the literary and elegant intercourse, which she has just now given up for one so much more tumultuous."

“ I am glad you still think so, my Lord ;” said Lady Isabella, also looking down ; “ she is a very sweet creature, and the little I have seen of her, made me, while in her sight, warmly her well-wisher. Nevertheless I should rather see any young person, for whom I was much interested,—unless endowed with the very remarkable forbearance of Miss Tyrold,—under her influence after the period your Lordship expects to return, than during its *interregnum* !”

Camilla disavowed all claim to such praise, blushing both for her friend and herself at what was said. Lord O’Lerney, looking concerned, paused, and then answered, “ You know my partiality for Mrs. Berlinton : yet I always see with fresh respect the courage with which my dear Lady Isabella casts aside her native reserve and timidity, where she thinks a hint—an intimation—may do good, or avert danger.”

His eye was then fixed upon Camilla, who surprized, turned hastily to Lady Isabella, and saw a tender compassion in her countenance, that confirmed the interpretation of Lord O’Lerney ; joined with a modest confusion that seemed afraid, or ashamed, of what had escaped her.

Grateful for herself, but extremely grieved for the idea that seemed to have gone forth  
of

of Mrs. Berlinton, she felt a tear start into her eye. She chased it with as little emotion as she could shew; and Lord O'Lerney, with an air of gayer kindness, said; "As we must now, Miss Tyrold, account ourselves to be somewhat allied, you permit me, I hope, to recommend my gallant Cousin to your protection with Sir Hugh? That he has his share of the wildness, the blunders, the eccentricities, and the rhodomontade, which form, with you English, our stationary national character, must not be denied; but he has also, what may equally, I hope, be given us in the lump, generosity, spirit, and good intentions. With all this—"

He was here interrupted; the door being suddenly burst open by Mrs. Mittin, who entered, exclaiming, "Lord, Miss, what a sad thing this is! I declare it's put me quite into a quiver! And all Winchester's quite in an uproar, as one may say."

Here ended the little interval of horror in Camilla. Mrs. Mittin and Mr. Clykes seemed to her as one; yet that, already, her Cousin's elopement should have spread so near home, seemed impossible. "When," she cried, "were you in Winchester? And how came this affair known to you?"

"Known? why, my dear Miss, it was there it all happened. I come through it with Mr. Dannel, who was so obliging as



to bring me to town, for a little business I've got to do; and next week he'll take me back again; for as to poor little Mrs. Lifson, she'll be quite lost without me. She don't know her right hand from her left, as one may say. But how should she, poor child? Why she is but a babby? What's fifteen? And she's no more."

"We'll talk of that," said Camilla, colouring at her loquacious familiarity, "some other time." And attempted to beg Lord O'Lerney would finish what he was saying. But Mrs. Mittin, somewhat affronted, cried; "Lord, only think of your sitting here, talking, and making yourself so comfortable, just as if nothing was the matter! when every body else is in such a taking as never was the like! I must say, as to that, a gentleman in more respect never was, I believe; and I can't say but what I'm very sorry myself for what Mr. Clykes has done; however, I told you, you know, you'd best not provoke him."

"For Heaven's sake," cried Camilla, startled, "what—"

"What?—Why, Lord, Miss! don't you know your Papa's took up? He's put in Winchester Prison, for that debt, you know."

The breath of Camilla instantly stopt, and senseless, lifeless, she sunk upon the floor.

Lord O'Lerney quitted the room, in great concern, to call some female assistants; but

Lady

Lady Isabella remained, contributing with equal tenderness and judgment to her aid; though much personally affected by the incident.

Her recovery was quick, but it was only to despair; to screams rather than lamentations; to cries rather than tears. Her reason felt the shock as forcibly as her heart: the one seemed tottering on its seat; the other bursting its abode. Words of alarming incoherency proclaimed the danger menacing her intellects; while agonies nearly convulsive distorted her features, and writhed her form.

Unaffectedly shocked, yet not venturing upon so slight an acquaintance, to interfere, Lady Isabella uttered gently but impressively her good wishes and concern, and glided away.

The nearly distracted Camilla saw not that she went; and knew no longer that she had been in the room. She held her forehead one moment; called for death the next; and the next wildly deprecated eternal punishment. But as the horrount nearly intolerable of this first abrupt blow gave way, the desire of flying instantly to her father was the symptom of restored recollection.

Hastening then to Miss Margland, she conjured her, by all that was most affecting;

to set off immediately for Winchester. But Miss Margland, though she spared not the most severe attacks upon the already self-condemned and nearly demolished Camilla, always found something relative to herself that was more pressing than what could regard any other, and declared she could not stir from town till she received an answer from Sir Hugh.

Camilla besought at least to have the carriage; but of this she asserted herself at present the mistress, and would not listen to parting with it. Camilla, frantic to be gone, flew then down stairs, and called to the porter in the hall, that some one should instantly seek her a chaise, coach, or any conveyance whatever, that could carry her to Winchester.

She perceived not that Lady Isabella, waiting for her footman, who had, accidentally, gone on further, upon some message, now opened the door of the parlour, where Lord O'Lerney was conversing with her upon what had happened: she was flying back, though not knowing whither, nor which way she turned, when Lord O'Lerney, gently stopping her, asked, why she would not, on such an emergence, apply for the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton? Lady Isabella seconded the motion, by a soft, but just hint, of the danger of her taking such a  
journey,

journey, in a hired carriage, entirely unprotected.

She had hardly consideration enough left to either thank or understand them, yet mechanically followed their counsel, and went to Mrs. Berlington; Lord O'Lerney, deeply touched by her distress, sending in a servant at the same time with his name, and following; while Lady Isabella, too much interested to go till something was decided, quietly shut herself into the parlour, there to wait his Lordship's information.

The request for the carriage was, indeed, rather made by him than by Camilla, who, when she entered the room, and would have spoken, found herself deprived of the power of utterance, and looked a picture of speechless dismay.

The tender feelings of Mrs. Berlington were all immediately awakened by this sight, and she eagerly answered Lord O'Lerney, that both her carriage and herself should be devoted to her distressed friend: yet, the first emotion over, she recollected an engagement for the evening she could not break, though one she hesitated to mention, while the colour, of which her late hours had robbed her lovely cheeks, returned to them as she stammered her retraction.

The next day, however, she was beginning to promise,—but Camilla, to whom the next  
minute

minute seemed endless, flew down again to the hall, to supplicate the first footman she could meet, to run and order any sort of carriage he could find; with but barely sufficient self-command to refrain running out with that view herself.

Lady Isabella, again coming forth, entreated to know if there were any commission, any possible service she could herself perform: and Lord O'Lerney, who was descending the stairs, repeated similar offers. But wild with affright, or thuddering with horreur, she passed without hearing or observing them.

To see a young creature in a state so deplorable, and to consider her as travelling without any friend or support, in so shaken a condition, to visit an imprisoned Father, touched these benign observers with the sincerest commiseration; and the connexion of a part of his family forming at this moment with a branch of her own, induced Lord O'Lerney to believe he was almost bound to take care of her himself. "And yet," said he to Lady Isabella, "though I am old enough to be her grandfather, the world, should I travel with her, might impute my assistance to a species of admiration which I hope to experience no more—as witness my trusting myself so much with Lady Isabella Itby!"

Lady

Lady Isabella, from the quick coincidence of similar feelings, instantly conceived his wishes, and paused to weigh their possibility. A short consideration was sufficient for this purpose. It brought to her memory her various engagements; but it represented at the same time to her benevolence that they would be all, by the performance of one good action,

More honour'd in the breach than the observance:

She sent, therefore, a message after Camilla, entreating a short conference.

Camilla, who was trying to comprehend some further account from Mrs. Mitten, silently, but hastily obeyed the call; and her look of wild anguish would have fixed the benign intention of Lady Isabella, had it been wavering. In a simple phrase, but with a manner the most delicate, her Ladyship then offered to conduct her to Winchester. A service so unexpected, a goodness so consoling, instantly brought Camilla to the use of her frightened away faculties, but with sensations of gratitude so forcible, that Lord O'Lerney with difficulty saved her from falling at the feet of his amiable friend, and with yet more difficulty restrained his own knees from doing her similar homage.

No time was to be lost; Lady Isabella determined to do well what she once undertook

took to do at all ; she went to Park-lane, to make known her excursion, and arrange some affairs, and then instantly returned, in her own post-chaise and four horses, for Camilla ; who was driven from the metropolis.

## BOOK X.

## CHAP. I.

*The Operation of Terror.*

LADY Isabella, for the first two or three miles, left Camilla uninterruptedly to her own thoughts; she then endeavoured to engage her in some discourse, but was soon forced to desist. Her misery exceeded all measure of restraint, all power of effort. Her Father in prison! and for debts of her contracting! The picture was too horrible for her view, yet too adhesive to all her thoughts, all her feelings, all her faculties; to be removed from them a moment. Penetrated by what she owed to Lady Isabella, she frequently took her hand, pressed it between her own, pressed it to her lips; but could shew her no other gratitude, and force herself to no other exertion.

It was still early, they travelled post, and with four horses, and arrived at Winchester before eight o'clock.

Shaking, she entered the town, half fainting, half dead. Lady Isabella would have driven straight on to Etherington, which was but a stage further; but to enter the rectory, whence the Rector himself was  
torn—



torn—"No!" cried she, "no! there where abides my Father, there alone will I abide! No roof shall cover my head, but that which covers his! I have no wish but to sink at his feet—to crawl in the dust—to confine myself to the hardest labour for the remnant of my miserable existence, so it might expiate but this guilty outrage!"

Lady Isabella took not any advantage of the anguish that was thus bursting forth with secret history; she was too delicate and too good to seize such a moment for surprising confidence, and only enquired if she had any friend in the town, who could direct her whither to go, and accompany as well as direct.

She knew no one with sufficient intimacy to endure presenting herself to them upon such an occasion; and preferred proceeding alone to the sad and cruel interview. Lady Isabella ordered the chaise to an hotel, where she was shewn into a room up stairs, whence she sent one of her own servants to enquire out where debtors were confined, begging Camilla to get ready a note to prepare her Father for the meeting, and prevent any affecting surprise. She then went to chuse herself a chamber, determined not to quit her voluntary charge, till she saw her in the hands of her own friends.

Camilla could not write: to kneel, to weep, to sue, was all she could bear to plan; to present to him the sight of her handwriting she had not courage.

Presently she heard a chaise drive rapidly through the inn gate: it might be him, perhaps released; she flew down the stairs with that wild hope; but no sooner had descended them, than a dread of his view took its place, and she ran back: she stopt, however, in the landing place, and suddenly a voice struck her ear that vibrated quick to her heart, and there seemed to arrest the springs of life: she thought it the voice of her Mother——

It ceased to speak; and she dropt on one knee, inwardly, but fervently praying her senses might deceive her.

Again, however, and more distinctly, it taught her; doubt then ceased, and terror next to horror took its place. What was said she knew not, her trepidation was too great to take in more than the sound.

Prostrate she fell on the floor; but hearing a waiter say, "Up stairs, madam, you may have a room to yourself;" she started, rose, and rushing violently back to the apartment she had quitted, bolted herself in; exclaiming, "I am not worthy to see you, my Mother! I have cast my Father into prison—and I know you will abhor me!"

She

She then sat down against the door, to listen if she were pursued; she heard a foot-step, a female step; she concluded it that of her Mother; "She can come," cried she, "but to give me her malediction!" And flew frantic about the room, looking for any means of escape; yet perceiving only the window, whence she must be dashed to destruction.

She now heard a hand upon the lock of the door. "O that I could die! that I could die!" she cried, madly advancing to the window, and throwing up the sash, yet with quick instinctive repentance pulling it down, shuddering and exclaiming: "Is there no death for me but murder—no murder but suicide?"

A voice now found its way through her cries to her ear, that said, "It is me, my dear Miss Tyrold; will you not admit me?"

It was Lady Isabella; but her Mother might be with her: she could not, however, refuse to open the door, though desperately she said to herself: If she is there, I will pass her, and rush into the streets!

Seeing, however, Lady Isabella alone, she dropt on her knees, ejaculating, "Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven! one moment yet I am spared!"

"What is it, my dear Miss Tyrold," said Lady Isabella, "that causes you this sudden agony?"

agony? what can it be that thus dreadfully disorders you?"

"Is she with you?" cried she, in a voice scarcely audible; "does she follow me? does she demand my father?"

"Rise, dear madam, and compose yourself. If you mean a Lady whom this minute I have passed, and whose countenance so much resembles yours, that I thought her at once some near relation, she is just gone from this house."

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" again ejaculated the prostrate Camilla; "My Mother is spared a little longer the dreadful sight of all she must now most abominate upon earth!"

She then begged Lady Isabella instantly to order the chaise, and return to town.

"On the contrary," answered her Ladyship, extremely surprised at so wild a request, "Let me rather, myself, carry you to your family."

"O no, Lady Isabella, no!" cried Camilla, speaking with frightful rapidity, and shaking in every limb, "all now is changed. —I came to wait upon my Father — to humble myself at his feet — not to obtrude myself upon my Mother! — O Lady Isabella! — I shall have broken her heart — and I dare not offend her with my sight!"

Lady

Lady Isabella, with the most judicious gentleness, endeavoured to render her more reasonable. "I pretend not," she said, "to decide upon your situation, though I comprehend its general affliction: yet still, and at all events, its termination must be a meeting. Suffer me, therefore, rather to hasten than retard so right a measure. Allow of my mediation, and give me the infinite pleasure of leaving you in the hands of your friends."

Camilla, though scarcely able to articulate her words, declared the motive to her journey was at an end; that her Father had now one to watch, soothe, and attend him, who had none of her dreadful drawbacks to consoling powers; and that she would remain at Mrs. Berlinton's till summoned home by their immediate commands.

Lady Isabella began pleading their own rights to decide if or not the meeting should be deferred: but wildly interrupting her, "I have not nerves, I have not hardiness," she cried, "to force myself into such a presence. An injured Father—an offended Mother—O Lady Isabella! if you knew how I adore—and how I have ruined them!—"

"Let me go to them from you, myself. Let me represent your situation. They are  
now

now probably together. That Lady whom I saw but from the stairs, though her countenance so much struck me, and whom I now conclude to be Mrs. Tyrold, said, as she passed, I shall walk; I only want a guide;”——

“ They had not, then, even met !” cried Camilla, starting up with fresh horror; “ she is but just arrived—has but just been at Etherington—and there heard—that her husband was in prison—and in prison for the debts of her daughter! her guilty—perhaps reprobated daughter !”——

Again, wringing her hands, half-distracted, “ O, that the earth,” she cried, “ had received me, ere I quitted the parental roof! Innocent I had then died, no shame would have embittered my Father’s sorrow—no wrath my Mother’s—no disgrace would have blighted their so long—long wished-for meeting !”

The compassionating, yet judicious Lady Isabella, willing to shorten the sufferings she pitied, made yet another effort to prevent this unadvised return, by proposing they should both sleep this night at Winchester, that Camilla might better judge what step to pursue. But all desire of meeting was now converted into horror; and her shattered intellects could not bear passing a whole night in expectation of a discovery  
through

through some accident. "Have I not already," cried she, "heard her voice and fled its sound? Judge then, Lady Isabella, if I can present myself before her! No, I must write, first. I have a long and dreadful history to relate—and then, when she has heard it—and when the rectory has received again its reverend master—and when they find some little palliation, where now they can see only guilt—and when all is committed without disguise to their goodness—their mercy—they may say to me perhaps themselves: Unhappy Camilla! thou hast paid thy just penalty; come home, then, to thy parent's roof, thou penitent child!"

Lady Isabella knew too little of the characters with which she had to deal, to judge if it would be right to insist any further: she ordered, therefore, fresh horses to her chaise, and as soon as her footman came back, who brought the now useless direction where Mr. Tyrold was to be found, they drove out of Winchester.

At Alton they stopt to sleep; and, her immediate terrour removed, she became more sensible of what she owed to Lady Isabella, to whom, in the course of the evening, she recounted frankly the whole history of her debts, except what related to Lionel.

"Your

“Your Ladyship hears me,” said she, in conclusion, “with the patience of benevolence, though I fear, with the censure of all judgment. What evils have accrued from want of consideration and foresight! My errors have all been doubled by concealment—every mischief has been augmented by delay. O, Lady Isabella! how sad an example shall I add to your powers of benign instruction!—From day to day, from hour to hour, I planned expedients, where I ought to have made confessions! To avoid one dreadful—but direct evil, what I have suffered has been nearly intolerable—what I have inflicted, unpardonable!”

Lady Isabella, much touched by her openness and confidence, repaid them by all that compassion could suggest, or that a sincere disposition towards kindness could anticipate of esteem. She gathered the amount of the sum for which Mr. Tyrold was confined, and assured Camilla she could herself undertake that Lord O’Lerney would accommodate him with it immediately, and wait his perfect leisure for re-payment. “I have known him,” said she, “from a child, and have always seen, with respect and admiration, the prompt pleasure with which he rather seizes than accepts every opportunity to do good.”



Camilla, returning the most grateful thanks, acknowledged she had no apprehension but that the writ would immediately be withdrawn, as the country was almost filled with friends to her Father, who would come forward upon such an occasion. "What rests thus upon my mind," said she, "and what upon his—and upon my Mother's will rest—is the disgrace—and the cause! the one so public; the other so clandestine! And though this debt will be easily discharged, its payment by a loan is but incurring another: and how that is to be paid, I know not indeed. Alas! Lady Isabella!—the Father I have thus dreadfully involved, has hitherto, throughout his exemplary life, held it a sacred duty to adapt his expences to his income!"

Again Lady Isabella gave what consolation she could bestow; and, in return for her trust, said, she would speak to her with sincerity upon a point of much delicacy. It was of her friend, Mrs. Berlinton; "who now," said she, "you are not, perhaps, aware, is become a general topic of discourse. To the platonics, with which she set out in life, she has, of late, joined coquetry; nor even there stops the ardour with which she seeks to animate her existence; to two characters, hitherto thought the most contradictory, the sentimental and the

the flirting, she unites yet a third, till now believed incompatible with the pleasures and pursuits of either; this, I need not tell you, is that of a gamestrefs. And when to three such attributes is added an open aversion to her husband, a professed, an even boasted hatred of his person, his name, his very being—what hope can be entertained, be her heart, her intentions what they may, that the various dangers she sets at defiance, will not ultimately take their revenge, and surprize her in their trammels?”

Edgar himself seemed, to Camilla, to be speaking in this representation; and that idea made it catch her attention, in the midst of her utmost misery. She urged, however, all she knew, and could suggest, in favour of Mrs. Berlington; and Lady Isabella expressed much concern in occasioning her any painful sensations. “But who,” said she, “can see you thus nearly, and not be interested in your happiness? And I have known, alas!—though I am still under thirty, instances innumerable of self-deluded young women, who, trusting to their own pure intentions, have neither feared nor heeded the dangers which encircled them, till imperceptibly, from the insidious influence of levity, they have pursued the very course they began with disclaiming, and followed the very steps from

from which at first they unaffectedly recoiled."

Instructed and grateful, though incapable of being tranquilised, Camilla the next day reached Grosvenor Square long before her fair friend had left her downy pillow. Lady Isabella exacted a promise to be informed of her proceedings, and, loaded with merited acknowledgments, returned to her own mansion.

Camilla took possession of the first room in which she found a pen and ink, and wrote instantly to Lavinia a short, rapid, and incoherent letter, upon the distraction of her mind at the dreadful calamity she had occasioned her Father, and the accumulated horrors to which her Mother had returned. She durst not present herself before them uncalled, not even by letter; but she would live in the strictest retirement and penance till they ordered her home, for which epoch, not more longed for than dreaded, she besought her sister's mediation.

This sent off, she forced herself to wait upon Miss Margland, who had received an answer from Cleves to continue in town till Indiana wrote or re-appeared. She then strove to recollect all she had been told by Lord O'Lerney of Mr. Macdersey, and Miss Margland, pleased and surprised, undertook to write it to Sir Hugh.

To

To three days of dreadful suspense she now saw herself inevitably condemned, in waiting an answer from Lavinia: but as her eyes were opened to remark, by the admonitions of Lady Isabella, and her attention was called back to the earlier cautions of Edgar, her time, though spent with misery, hung not upon her unoccupied. She thought herself called upon by every tie of friendship, faithfully and courageously to represent to Mrs. Berlington her impropriety of conduct with regard to Bellamy, and the reports that were spread abroad to her more general disadvantage.

Her reception from that lady, she had thought, for the first time, cold. She had welcomed her, indeed, with an accustomed embrace, but her kindness seemed strained, her smile was faint, and the eyes which so softly used to second it, were averted.

As soon as they were alone together, Camilla took her hand; but, without returning its pressure, Mrs. Berlington presented her with a new poem for her evening's amusement.

Camilla put it down, but while hesitating how to begin, Bellamy was announced. She started, and flew away, but returned when he was gone, and begged a conference.

◆ Mrs. Berlinton answered certainly; though she looked embarrassed, and added not immediately, as she was obliged to dress for the evening.

Camilla entreated she might speak with her before dinner the next day.

To this she received a gentle assent: but no interview at the time appointed took place; and when at dinner they met, no notice was taken of the neglect.

She now saw she was pointedly avoided. Her courage, however, was called upon, her gratitude was indebted for past kindnesses, and her honour felt a double engagement. The opportunity therefore she could not obtain by request, she resolved to seize by surprise.

Bellamy was again, however, announced; but the moment that, from her own chamber, she heard him descend the stairs, she flew to the dressing-room, and abruptly entered it.

The surprise she gave was not greater than that she received. Mrs. Berlinton, her fine eyes streaming with tears, and her white hands uplifted with an air of supplication, was evidently in an act of devotion. Camilla drew back, and would have retired, but she hastily dried her eyes, and said: "Miss Tyrold? Do you want me? where's Miss — Miss Margland?"

"Ah!

“ Ah ! my dearest Mrs. Berlinton ! my friend, as I had hoped, and by me, surely I trust loved for ever,” cried Camilla, throwing her arms round her neck, “ why this sorrow ? why this distance ? why this unkind avoidance ? ”

Mrs. Berlinton, who, at first, had shrunk from her embrace, now fell, in trembling agitation, upon her breast. Camilla hoped this was the instant to improve; when she appeared to be, herself, calling religion to her aid, and when the tenderness of her appeal seemed to bring back a movement of her first partiality. “ Suffer, suffer me,” she therefore cried, “ to speak to you now ! hear me, my dear and amiable friend, with the sweetness that first won my affection ! ”

Mrs. Berlinton, affrighted, drew back, acknowledging herself unhappy; but shrinking from all discourse, and starting when Camilla named Bellamy, with a confusion she vainly strove to repress.

Unhackneyed in the world as was Camilla, her understanding and sense of right stood here in the place of experience, to point out the danger and impropriety surrounding her friend; and catching her by the gown, as she would have quitted the room, “ Mrs. Berlinton,” she emphatically cried, “ if you persist in this unhappy, this

perilous intercourse, you risk your reputation, you risk my sister's peace, you risk even your own future condemnation!—O forgive me, forgive me! I see how I have affected you—but you would listen to no milder words!”

Mrs. Berlinton had sunk upon a chair, her hands clasped upon her forehead, and tears running rapidly down her cheeks. Brought up with religious terrors, yet ill instructed in religious principles, the dread of future punishment nearly demolished her, though no regular creed of rights kept her consistently in any exercise of good. But thus forcibly surprised into sudden conscientious recollections, she betrayed, rather than opened her heart, and acknowledged that she was weeping at a denial she had given to Bellamy; who, molested by the impossibility of ever conversing with her undisturbed, had entreated her to grant him, from time to time, a few hours society, in a peaceful retirement. “Nor should I—nor could I—” she cried, “refuse him—for I have every reliance in his honour—but that the guilty world, ignorant of the purity of our friendship, might causelessly alarm my brother for my fame. And this, and the fear of any—though so groundless—uneasiness to your sister, makes me resist his powerful eloquence, and even  
my

my own notions of what is due to our exalted league of friendship."

Camilla listened with horreur to this avowal, yet saw, with compassion, that her friend endeavoured to persuade herself she was free from wrong; though with censure that she sought to gloss over, rather than investigate, every doubt to the contrary: but while fear was predominant for the event of such a situation to herself, abhorrence filled her whole mind against Belkamy, in every part, every plan, and every probability of the business.

"O Mrs. Berlinton!" she cried, "conquer this terrible infatuation, which obscures danger from your sight, and right from your discernment! Mr. Belkamy is married; and if you think, yourself, my sister would be hurt to know of these unhallowed leagues and bonds, you must be sure, with the least reflection, that they are wrong: you too, are married; and if Mr. Melmond would join with the world in condemning the extraordinary project you mention, you must feel, with the least reflexion, it ought not to be granted. I have committed many errors; yet not one of them wilfully; or against conviction: nevertheless, the ill consequences that have ensued, tear me at this moment with repentant sorrow: Ah! think then, what



you—so tender, so susceptible, so feeling, will suffer, if with your apprehensions all awake, you listen to any request that may make my sister unhappy, or involve your deserving brother in any difficulty or hazard !”

Mrs. Berlington was now subdued: Touched, terrified, and convinced, she embraced Camilla, wept in her arms, and promised to see Bellamy no more.

The next day arrived an answer from Lavinia, long, minute, and melancholy, but tenderly affectionate and replete with pity.

“ Ah, my sister,” she began, “ we cannot yet meet ! Our Mother is in no state to bear any added emotion. The firmness of her whole character, the fortitude of her whole life, hitherto unbroken by any passion, and superior to any misfortune, hath both given way, suddenly and dreadfully, to the scene following her arrival.”

She then went back to particulars.

Mr. Clykes, she had heard, finding his bill for his own trouble positively refused, had conceived the Tyrold family in danger of bankruptcy, by the general rumours of the joint claimants of Lionel and Clermont ; and imagining he had no time to lose, hoped by an arrest to frighten their Father to terms.

terms. Their Father would, however, hear of none, nor pay any thing above the exact amount of the signed receipts of the various creditors; and submitted to the confinement, in preference to applying to any friend to be his bail, till he could consult with a lawyer. He was already at Winchester, where he had given Clykes a meeting, when the writ was served against him. He sent a dispatch to Etherington, to prevent any surprise at his not returning, and to desire the affair might not travel to Cleves, where Lavinia was then with Sir Hugh. This note, addressed to the upper servant, fell into the hands of Mrs. Tyrold herself, the next evening, upon her sudden arrival. She went on instantly to Winchester, and alighting at an hotel, took a guide and went to the place of confinement.

“The meeting that ensued,” continued Lavinia, “no one witnessed, but every one may imagine. I will not, therefore, wound your feelings, my dearest Camilla, with even touching upon my own.”

She then besought her to take, nevertheless, some comfort, since she had the inexpressible satisfaction to inform her that their Father was returned to the rectory. He had been liberated, from the writ's being withdrawn; though without his consent,

without even his knowledge, and contrary to his wishes. Nor was it yet ascertained by whom this was done, though circumstances allowed no division to their conjectures.

Harry Westwyn had learnt the terrible event in a ride he had accidentally taken to Winchester; and, upon returning to Cleves, had communicated it, with the most feeling circumspection, to herself. The excess of grief with which she had heard him, had seemed to penetrate to his quickly sensitive soul, "for he is yet more amiable," she added, "than his Father's partiality paints him;" they agreed not to name it to Sir Hugh; though Harry assured her that no less than five gentlemen in the vicinity had already flown to Mr. Tyrold, to conjure to be accepted as his bail: but he chose first to consult his lawyer upon the validity of the claim made against him. All their care, however, was ineffectual; through some of the servants, Sir Hugh was informed of the event, and his affliction was despair. He accused himself as being the cause of this evil, from the money he had borrowed for Clermont, which might wholly have been avoided, had he followed his brother's advice in immediate and severe retrenchments. These, however, he now began, in a manner that threatened

threatened to rob him of every comfort ; and Mr. Westwyn was so much affected by his distress, that, to relieve him, at least, from the expence of two guests and their servants, he instantly took leave, promising nevertheless, to yet see him again, before he returned for the rest of his days to his native home. In a few hours after the departure of these gentlemen, news arrived that Mr. Tyrold was again at the rectory. Mr. Clykes had suddenly sent his receipt, in full of all demands, and then set off for London.

“ There cannot be a doubt this was the deed of the generous Mr. Westwyn, in compact with his deserving Son,” continued Eavinia ; “ they have been traced to Winchester ; but we none of us know where, at present, to direct them. The delight of my Uncle at this act of his worthy old friend, has extremely revived him. My Father is much dissatisfied the wretched Clykes should thus be paid all his fraudulent claims ; but my Mother and my Uncle would, I believe, scarcely have supported life under his longer confinement.”

The letter thus concluded :

“ My Mother, when first she heard you were in town, was herself going to send for you ; but when she understood that Miss Margland

Margland was with you, and you lived in utter seclusion from company, she said; "Since she is safe, I had rather not yet see her." "Our beloved Father acquiesces, for he thinks you, at present, too much shaken, as well as herself, for so agitating an interview. Judge, then, my sister, since even he is for the delay, if your Lavinia can gather courage to plead against it?"

"You know, my dearest Camilla, her extreme and tender fondness; you cannot, therefore, doubt, that her displeasure will soon pass away. But when, to the dreadful pangs of hearing the hapless fate of Eugenia, was added the baneful sight of an adored husband in custody, you cannot wonder such complicated shocks should have disordered her frame, and taught her, —even her, as my incomparable Father has just said to me, "that always to be superior to calamity, demands a mental strength beyond the frail texture of the human composition; though to wish, and to try for it, shews we have "*that within,*" which aspires at a higher state, and prepares us for fuller perfection."

"Can I better finish my letter than with words such as these? Adieu, then, my dear sister, I hope soon to write more chearful tidings.

"Our

“ Our poor Mother is gone to Belfont. What a meeting again there !

“ LAVINIA TYROLD.”

A wish for death, immediate death, in common with every youthful mourner in the first paroxysm of violent sorrow, was the sole sensation which accompanied the reading, or remained after the finishing of this letter, with Camilla. “ Here,” she cried, falling prostrate, “ here might I but at once expire ! close these unworthy eyes, forbidden to raise themselves to the authors of my existence ! finish my short and culpable career, forgotten—since no longer cherished—by the parents I have offended—by the Mother who no longer wishes to see me !”

She laid down her head, and her sight became dim ; a convulsive shivering, from feelings over-strained, and nerves dreadfully shattered, seized her ; she sighed short and quick, and thought her prayer already accomplishing : but the delusion soon ceased ; she found life still in its vigour, though bereft of its joy ; and death no nearer to her frame, for being called upon by her wishes.

In the heaviness of disappointment, “ I have lived,” she cried, “ too long, and yet

yet I cannot die! I am become an alien to my family, and a burthen to myself! ordered from my home by my Father, lest my fight should be destructive to my Mother—while my sister durst not even plead for me—O happy Edgar! how great has been thy escape not to have taken for thy wife this excommunicated wretch!”—

To live thus, seemed to her impossible; to pass even the day in such wretchedness she believed impracticable. Any, every period appeared to her preferable, and in the desperation of her heart, she determined instantly to pursue her Mother to Belfont; and there obtain her pardon, or sink to death at her feet.

Relieved from the intenseness of her agony by this plan, and ever eager to pursue the first idea that arose, she flew to borrow from Mrs. Berlinton her post-chaise for the next morning, and to supplicate that Miss Margland would accompany her to Belfont; whence, if she missed Mrs. Tyrold, they could easily return the same day, as the distance was not more than thirteen miles.

The chaise was readily granted by Mrs. Berlinton, and no regret expressed at the uncertainty of Camilla whether or not she should return; but Miss Margland, though burning

burning with curiosity to see Eugenia as Mrs. Bellamy, would not quit town, from continual expectation of some news of Indiana.

At an early hour the following morning, and feeling as if suspended between life and death, Camilla set off for Belfont.



## CHAP. II.

*The Reverse of a Mask.*

THE plan of Camilla was to stop within twenty yards of the house of Bellamy, and then send for Molly Mill. But when the postillion rang at a bell, her terrour, lest she should suddenly encounter Mrs. Tyrold, made her bid him open the chaise-door, that she might get out and walk on, before he enquired for Molly. But, in stepping from the carriage, she discerned, over a paling at some distance, Eugenia herself, alone, slowly walking, and her head turned another way.

Every personal, and even every filial idea, was buried instantly in this sight. The disastrous state of this beloved and unhappy sister, and her own recent discovery of the worthless character of the wretch who had betrayed her into his snares, penetrated her with an anguish that took thought from all else; and darting through the great gate, and thence through a smaller one, which opened to the spot where she saw her walking, she flew to her in a speechless transport of sorrow, folded her in her arms, and sobbed upon her shoulder.

Starting.

Starting, shaking, amazed, Eugenia looked at her; "Good Heaven!" she exclaimed; "is it my sister?—Is it Camilla?—Do I, indeed, see one so dear to me?" And, too weak to sustain herself, she sunk, though not fainting, upon the turf.

Camilla could not articulate a syllable. The horror she had conceived against Belamy chilled all attempt at consolation, and her own misery which, the preceding moment, seemed to be crushing the springs of life, vanished in the agonized affliction with which she felt the misfortunes of her sister.

Eugenia soon recovered, and rising, and holding her by the hand, yet seeming to refuse herself the emotion of returning her embraces, said, with a faint effort to smile; "You have surprised me, indeed, my dear Camilla, and convicted me to myself of my vain philosophy. I had thought I should never more be moved thus again. But I see now, the affections are not so speedily to be all vanquished."

The melancholy conveyed by this idea of believed apathy, in a young creature so innocent, and but just dawning into life, still beyond speech, and nearly beyond sufferance, affected Camilla, who hanging over her, sighed out: "My dearest! - - - dearest Eugenia!

"And

“ And what is it has brought to me this unexpected, but loved sight? Does Mr. Bellamy know you are here?”

“ No,” she answered, shuddering at his name.

Eugenia looked pensive, looked distressed; and casting down her eyes and hesitating, with a deep sigh said: “ I, - - I have not the trinkets for my dear sister - - - Mr. Bellamy - - -” she stopt.

Called to her sad self by this shock, of which she strove to repress the emotion, Camilla recollected her own “ almost blunted purpose,” and fearfully asked if their Mother were yet at Belmont.

“ Ah, no!” she answered, clasping her hands, and leaning her head upon her sister’s neck: “ She is gone!—The day before yesterday she was with me,—with me only for one hour!—yet to pass with her such another, I think, my dear Camilla, would soon lead me where I might learn a better philosophy than that I so vainly thought I had already acquired here!”

Camilla, struck with awe, ventured not even at an enquiry; and they both, for some little time, walked on in silence.

“ Did she name to you,” at length, in broken accents, she asked, “ did she name to you, my Eugenia, - - - the poor, banished - - - Camilla?” —

“ Banished?”

“ Banished ? No. How banished ? ”

“ She did not mention me ? ”

“ No. She came to me but upon one subject. She failed in her purpose, - - - and left me. ”

A sigh that was nearly a groan finished this short little speech.

“ Ah, Heaven ! my Eugenia, ” cried Camilla, now in agony unresisted, tell me, then, what passed ! what new disappointment had my unhappy Mother to sustain ? And how, and by what cruel fatality, has it fallen to your lot - - - even to yours - - - to suffer her wishes to fail ? ”

“ You know nothing, then, ” said Eugenia, after a pause, “ of her view—her errand hither ? ”

“ Nothing ; but that to see you could alone again have torn her from my Father. ”

“ Blessed may she be ! ” cried Eugenia, fervently, “ and rewarded where rewards are just, and are permanent ! ”

Camilla zealously joined in the prayer, yet besought to know if she might not be informed of the view to which she alluded ?

“ We must go, then, ” said Eugenia, “ into the house ; my poor frame is yet feebler than my mind, and I cannot support it unaided while I make such a relation. ”

Camilla.

Camilla affrighted, now gave up her request; but the generous Eugenia would not leave her in suspense. They went, therefore, to a parlour, where, shutting the doors and windows, she said, "I must be concise, for both our sakes; and when you understand me, we must talk instantly of other things."

Camilla could give only a tacit promise; but her air shewed she would hold it as sacred as any bond.

"The idea which brought to me this inestimable Parent, and which brought her, at a moment when she knew me to be alone - - - Camilla! how shall I speak it? It was to exonerate me from my vows, as forced! to annul all my engagements, as compulsory! and restore me again - - - O, Camilla! Camilla! to my Parents, my Sisters, my Uncle, my dearly-loved Cleves!

She gaped almost convulsively; yet though Camilla now even conjured her to say no more, went on: "A proposal such as this, pressed upon me by one whose probity and honour hold all calamity at nought, if opposed to the most minute deviation from right—a proposal such as this - - - ah! let me not go back to the one terrible half instant of demur! It was heart-rending, it

was

was killing ! I thought myself again in the bosom of my loved family !—

“ And is it so utterly impossible ? And can it not yet be effected ?

“ No, my dear Sister, no ! The horrible scenes I must go through in a public trial for such a purpose—the solemn vows I must set aside, the reiterated promises I must break,—no, my dear Sister, no ! - - - And now, we will speak of this no more.”

Camilla knew too well her firmness, her enthusiasm to perform whatever she conceived to be her duty, to enter into any contest. Yet to see her thus self devoted; where even her upright Mother, and pious Father, those patterns of resignation to every heaven-inflicted sorrow, thought her ties were repealed by the very villainy which had formed them, seemed more melancholy, and yet harder for submission than her first seizure by the worthless Belamy.

“ And how bore my poor Mother - - - my poor unfortunate Mother ! destined thus to woes of every sort, though from children who adore her ! how bore she the deprivation of a hope that had urged her so far ?”

“ Like herself ! nobly ! when once it was decided, and she saw that though, upon  
certain

certain avowals, the law might revoke my plighted faith, it could not abrogate the scruples of my conscience. She thinks them overstrained, but she knows them to be sincere, and permitted them; therefore, to silence her. Unfit to be seen by any others, she hurried then away. And then, Camilla, began my trial! Indeed I thought, when she had left me, - - - when my arms no more embraced her honoured knees, and neither her blessings nor her sorrows soothed or wounded my ears, I thought I might defy all evil to assault, all woe to afflict me ever again! that my eyes were exhausted of every tear, and my heart was emptied of all power of future feeling. I seemed suddenly quite hardened;—transformed I thought to stone, as senseless, as immovable, and as cold!”

The sensations of Camilla were all such as she durst not utter; but Eugenia, assuming some composure; added, “Of this and of me now enough—speak, my dear Sister, of yourself. How have you been enabled to come hither? And what could you mean by saying you were banished?”

“Alas! my dearest Eugenia, if my unhappy situation is unknown to you, why should I agitate you with new pain? my Mother, I find, spared you; and not only you, but me—though I have wrung her  
heart,

heart, tortured it by a sight never to be obliterated from her memory—she would not rob me of my beloved sister's regard; not even name me, lest the altered tone of her voice should make you say, Of what Camilla does my Mother speak?"

Eugenia, with earnest wonder, begged an explanation; but when Camilla found her wholly uninformed of the history of their Father's confinement, she recoiled from giving her such a shock: yet having gone too far entirely to recede, she rested her account upon the debts, and the dealings with a usurer; both sufficiently repugnant to the strictness and nobleness of Mrs. Tyrol, to seem ample justification of her displeasure.

Eugenia entered into the distresses of her sister as if exempt herself from all suffering: and Camilla, thus commiserating and commiserated, knew not how to tear herself away; for though Eugenia pressed not her stay, she turned pale, when a door opened, a clock struck, or any thing seemed to prognosticate a separation.

At length, however, the lateness of the day forced more resolution. But when Camilla then rang to give orders for the carriage, the footman said it had been gone more than two hours. The postillion, being left without any directions, thought it



convenient to suppose, he was done with; and knowing Camilla had no authority, and his lady no inclination to chide him, had given in her little packet, and driven off.

Far from repining at this mixture of impertinence and carelessness, Camilla would have rejoiced in an accident that seemed to invite her stay, had not her sister seemed more startled than pleased by it. She begged, therefore, that a post chaise might be ordered; and Molly Mill, the only servant to whom the mistress of the house appeared willing to speak, received the commission. At sight of Camilla, Molly had cried bitterly, and beginning "O Miss!—" seemed entering into some lamentation and detail; but Eugenia, checking her, half whispered: "Good Molly, remember what you promised!"

When Molly came back, she said that there were no horses at Belfont, and would be none till the next morning.

The sisters involuntarily congratulated one another upon this accident, though they reciprocated a sigh, that to necessity alone they should owe their lengthened intercourse.

"But, my dear mistress," cried Molly, "there's a lad that I know very well, for I always see him when I go of an errand, that's

that's going to Salisbury; and he says he must go through Etherington, and if you've any thing you want to send he'll take it for you; and he can bring any thing back, for he shall be here again to-morrow, for he goes post."

Eugenia, sending away Molly, said, "Why should you not seize such an opportunity to address a few lines to our dear Mother? I may then have the satisfaction to see her answer; and if, - - - as I cannot doubt, she tells you to return home with Miss Margland;—for she will not, I am sure, let you travel about alone;—what a relief will it be to me to know the distresses of my beloved sister are terminated! I shall paint your meeting in my "mind's eye," see you again restored to the sunshine of her fondness, and wils away my solitary langour with reveries far more soothing than any that I have yet experienced at Belfont."

Camilla embraced her generous Sister; and always readiest for what was speediest, wrote and sent off these lines, directed

To Miss TYRONE

I cannot continue silent, yet to whom may I address myself? I dare not apply to

my Father—Encompassed with all the guilt with which imprudence could ensnare me; my courage is gone with my happiness! which way may I then turn? In pity to a wretched sister, O drop at the feet of HER I durst not name, but whom I revere, if possible, even more than I have offended, this small and humble memorial of my unhappy existence—my penitence, my supplication, my indescribable, though merited anguish!

CAMILLA.

Could the two sisters, even in this melancholy state, have continued together, they felt that yet from tender sympathy, consolation might revisit their bosoms. The day closed in; but they could not bear to part; and though, from hour to hour, they pronounced an adieu, they still sat on, talked on, and found a balm in their restored intercourse, so healing and so sweet, that the sun, though they hailed not its beams, rose while they were yet repeating Good Night!

They then thought it too late to retire, mutually agreeing with how much greater facility they might recover their lost rest, than an opportunity such as this for undisturbed conversation.

Every

Every minute of this endearing commerce made separation seem harder; and the answer for which they waited from Etherington, anxiously and fearfully as it was expected, so wiled away the minutes, that it was noon, and no chaise had been ordered, when they heard one driving up to the house.

Alarmed, they listened to know what it portended. "Mr. Bellamy," said Eugenia, in a low voice, "hardly ever comes home at this hour."

"Can it be my Mother herself?" cried Camilla.

In a few minutes, however, Eugenia looked pale, "'Tis his step!" she whispered; and presently Bellamy opened the door.

Obliged to acknowledge his entrance, Camilla arose; but her parched lips and clammy mouth made her feel as if his sight had given her a fever, and she attempted not to force any speech.

He did not seem surpris'd at seeing her, asked how she did, rather cavalierly than civilly; rang the bell, and gave various orders; address'd scarcely a word to his wife, and walked, whistling about the room.

A change so gross and quick from the obsequious Bellamy, Camilla had hitherto

seen, was beyond even her worst expectations, and she conceived as low an opinion of his understanding and his manners as of his morals.

Eugenia kept her eyes rivetted to the ground; and though she tried, from time to time, to say something to them both; evidently required her utmost fortitude to remain in the room.

At length; "Miss Camilla," he said, "I suppose you know Miss Margland is gone?"

"Gone! whither?—how gone?"

"Why home. That is to her home, as she thinks it, Cleves. She set off this morning with the light."

Camilla, astonished, was now called forth from her taciturnity; "What possibly," she cried, "can have induced this sudden journey? Has my uncle sent for her?"

"No; your uncle has nothing to do with it. She had a letter last night from Mrs. Macdersey, with one enclosed for Sir Hugh, to beg pardon and so forth; and this morning she set off to carry it."

Camilla was confounded: Why Miss Margland had not, at least, called at Belmont to enquire if she would proceed with her, was beyond all her conjecture.

Soon after, Bellamy's servant came in with a letter for Camilla, which had arrived

rived after she left town, and was given to  
 him by Mrs. Berlinton's butler. She re-  
 tired into the next room to read it, where,  
 to her great consternation, she found it was  
 from Jacob, and had been written the day  
 of Mr. Tyrold's arrest, though, as it was  
 sent by a private hand, it had only now ar-  
 rived. "Things going," he said, "so bad  
 at Cleves, on account of so many misfor-  
 tunes, his master was denying himself all  
 his natural comforts, and in particular he  
 had sent to un-order a new pipe of Ma-  
 deira, saying, he would go without;  
 though, as Miss might remember, it was  
 the very wine the doctors had ordered  
 for his stomach. This all the servants  
 had taken so to heart, that they had re-  
 solved to buy it among 'em, and get it  
 privately laid in, and not let his honour  
 know but what it was always the same,  
 till he had drunk so much he could not  
 help himself. For this, they were to  
 join, according to their wages or savings.  
 Now I," says Jacob, "being, by his gud  
 honnur's generosity, the ritchist ammong  
 us, fur my kalling, wants to do the most,  
 after nixt to the buttlur and huskippir;  
 so, der Miss, awl I've gut beng in the  
 furs, witch I cant fil out withowt los, if  
 you can lit me hav the munny fur the  
 hurs, without ullconvenience, til Miss Geny

“ that was can pay it, I shul be mutch  
 “ obblegged, poor Miss Geny nut-havving of  
 “ a fardin, witch wil be a gret fevur to,  
 “ Madm,

Yur humbbel survent til deth

JACCOB MORD.”

So touching a mark of the fond gratitude of the Cleves' servants to their kind master, mingled tenderness, in defiance of all horror, in the tears of Camilla; but her total inability to satisfy the just claims of Jacob, since now her resource even in Eugenia failed, with the grief of either defeating his worthy project, or making it lastingly hurtful to him, was amongst the severest strokes which had followed her ill advised schemes. To proclaim such an additional debt, was a shame from which she shrunk; yet to fly immediately to Cleves, and try to soothe her oppressed uncle, was an idea that still seemed gifted with some power to soothe herself. — Whither indeed else could she now go? she had no longer either carriage or protectors in town; and what she gathered of the re-admission of Bellamy to Grosvenor-square, from his account of Miss Margland, made the cautions and opinions of Edgar burst forcibly upon her mind, to im-

pede,

pede, though most mournfully, all future return to Mrs. Berlington.

“ Ah Edgar !” she cried, “ had I trusted you as I ought, from the moment of your generous declaration—had my confidence been as firm in your kindness as in your honour, what misery had I been saved !”

These regrets were, as usual, resuming their absorbing powers ;—for all other evils seemed fluctuating, but here misery was stationary ; when the voice of Bellamy, speaking harshly to his unhappy wife, made her conclude him not aware he was overheard, and force herself back to the parlour. But his inattention upon her return was so near rudeness, that she soon felt convinced Mrs. Berlington had acquainted him with her remonstrances and ill opinion : he seemed in guilty fear of letting her converse even a moment with Eugenia ; and presently, though with an air of pretended unconcern, said : “ You have no commands for the chaise I came in, Miss Camilla ?”

“ No, Sir, - - - What chaise ? - - - Why ? - - -” She stammered.

“ It’s difficult sometimes to get one at this place ; and these horses are very fresh. I bid them stay till they asked you.”

This was so palpable a hint for her to depart, that she could not but answer she would make use of it, when she had taken



leave of her sister; whom she now looked at with emotions near despair at her fate, and with difficulty restrained even its most unbridled expressions. But Bellamy kept close, and no private conference could take place. Eugenia merely said: "Which way, my dear sister, shall you go?"

"I - - - I am not fixed—to - - - to Cleves, I believe," answered she, not knowing herself what to determine.

"I am very glad of it," she replied, "for the sake of my poor—" she found her voice falter, and did not pronounce "uncle;" but added, "as Miss Mangland has already left London, I think you right to go thither at once."

They then embraced tenderly, but parted without any further speech, and she set off, rather mechanically than designedly, for Cleves:

## CHAP. III.

*A new View of an old Mansion.*

CAMILLA, for some time, bestowed no thought upon what she was doing, nor whither she was going. A scene so dreadful as that she now quitted, and a character of such utter unworthiness, as that with which her sister for life was tied, absorbed her faculties, and nearly broke her heart.

When she stopt, however, at Bagshot, for fresh horses, the obligation of giving directions to others, made her think of herself; and, bewildered with uncertainty whether the step she took were right or wrong, she regretted she had not, at least, desired to stay till the answer arrived from Etherington. Yet her journey had the sanction of Eugenia's concurrence; and Eugenia seemed to her oracular.

When she came upon the cross road leading from Winchester to Cleves, and felt her quick approach to the spot so loved yet dreaded, the horses seemed to her to fly. Twenty times she called out to the driver not to hurry; who as often assured her the bad roads prevented any haste; she wanted to form some appropriate plan and speech

for every emergence; but she could suggest none for any. She was now at the feet of her Mother, now kissing the hands of her Father, now embraced again by her fond uncle;—and now rejected by them all. But while her fancy was at work alternately to soothe and to torture her, the park lodge met her eyes, with still no resolution taken.

Vehemently she stopt the chaise. To drive in through the park would call a general attention, and she wished, ere her arrival were announced, to consult alone with Lavinia. She resolved, therefore, to get out of the carriage, and run by a private path, to a small door at the back of the house, whence she could glide to the chamber commonly appropriated to her sister.

She told the postillion to wait, and alighting, walked quick and fearfully towards the lodge.

She passed through the park gate for foot passengers without notice from the porter. It was twilight. She saw no one; and rejoiced in the general vacancy. Trembling, but with celerity, she, "*skipped*," like her celebrated name-sake, the turf; and annoyed only by the shadows of the trees, which all, as first they caught her eye, seemed the precursors of the approach  
of

of Mrs. Tyrold, speedily reached the mansion: but when she came to the little door by which she meant to enter, she found it fastened.

To the front door she durst not go, from the numerous chances by which she might surprise some of the family in the hall: and to present herself at the servant's gate would have an appearance degrading, and clandestine.

She recollected, at last, the sash-door of a bow-window belonging to a room that was never occupied but in summer. Thither she went, and knowing the spring by which it could be opened on the outside, let herself into the house.

With steps not to be heard, and scarcely breathing, she got thence into a long stone passage, whence she meant to mount the back stairs.

She was relieved by not meeting any one in the way, though surprised to hear no foot-steps about the house, and no voices from any of the apartments.

Cautiously she went on, looking round at every step, to avoid any sudden encounter; but when she came to the bed-chamber gallery, she saw that the door of the room of Sir Hugh was wide open.

It was possible he might be in it: she had not courage to pass; her sight, thus unprepared,

unprepared, after so many heavy evils, might be too affecting for his weak frame. She turned short round, and entered a large apartment at the head of the stairs, called the billiard room; where she resolved to wait and watch ere she ventured any further.

Its aspect was to the front of the house; she stole gently to a window, whence she thought the melancholy of her own mind pervaded the park. None of her uncle's horses were in sight; no one was passing to and fro; and she looked vainly even for the house-dog who ordinarily patrolled before the mansion.

She ventured to bend forward, to take a view of the side wings; these, however, presented not any sight more exhilarating. Nothing was in motion, no one was visible, not even a fire blazed cheerfulness.

She next strove to catch a glance of the windows belonging to the chamber of Eugenia; but her sigh, though sad, was without surprise to see their shutters shut. Those of Indiana too, were closed. But deeper still was her sigh, since mingled with self-reproach, to perceive her own chamber also shut up. "Alas!" she cried, "my poor uncle considers us all as dead to him!" she durst not lean sufficiently forward to examine the drawing-room, in  
which

which she concluded the family assembled; but she observed, with wonder, that even the library was not open, though it was still too light for candles; and Dr. Orkborne, who usually sat there, from the forgetfulness of application, was the last to demand them.

The fear of discovery was now combated by an anxiety to see some one,—any one,—and she returned to the passage. All there was still quiet, and she hazarded gliding past the open door, though without daring to look into the room; but when she came to the chamber of Lavinia, which she softly entered, all was dark, and it was evidently not in present use.

This was truly distressful. She concluded her sister was returned to Etherington, and knew not to whom to apply for counsel or mediation. She no longer, however, feared meeting her parents, who certainly had not made her sister quit Cleves without themselves; and, after a little hesitation, relying upon the ever sure lenity of her uncle, she determined to cast herself upon his kindness; but first to send in a short note, to avoid giving him any surprise.

She returned down the gallery, meaning to apply for pen and ink to the first person she could find; no longer, however, quite so cautious, she stood near the chamber  
of

of Sir Hugh, and convinced by the stillness it was empty, could not resist stepping into the apartment.

It looked despoiled and forsaken. Nothing was in its wonted order; his favourite guns hung not over the chimney-piece; the corners of the room were emptied of his sticks; his great chair was in a new place; no cushions for his dogs were near the fire; the bedstead was naked.

She now felt petrified; she sunk on the floor, to ejaculate a prayer for his safety, but knew not how to rise again for terror; nor which way next to turn, nor what even to conjecture.

Thus she remained, till suspense grew worse than certainty, and she forced herself from the room to seek some explanation. She descended the stairs with almost equal apprehension of meeting any one or seeing no one. The stone passage was now nearly dark. It was always the first part of the house that had been lighted, as its windows were small and high; but no preparations were now making for that purpose. She went to the house-keeper's room, which was at the foot of the stairs she had descended. The door was shut, and she could not open it. She tried repeatedly, but vainly, to be heard by soft taps and whisperings; no one answered.

Amazed,

Amazed, confounded, she turned slowly another way; not a soul was in sight, not a sound within hearing. Every thing looked desolate, all the family seemed to be vanished.

Insensibly, yet irresistibly, she now moved on towards the drawing-room. She hesitated whether or not to enter. She listened. She hoped to catch the voice of her uncle: but all was inviolably still.

This was the only place of assembling in the evening; but her uncle might have dropt asleep, and she would not hazard startling him with her presence. She would sooner go to the hall at once, and be announced in the common way by a servant.

But what was her astonishment in coming to the hall, to find neither servant, light, nor fire? and the marble pavement covered with trunks, packing mats, straw, ropes, and boxes? Terrified and astonished, she thought herself walking in her sleep. She could combine no ideas, either good or bad, to account for such a scene, and she looked at it bewildered and incredulous.

After a long hesitation, spent in wonder rather than thought, she at length determined to enter the breakfast-parlour, and ring the bell: when the distant sound of a carriage,



carriage, that was just entering the park, made her shut herself into the room, hastily, but silently.

It advanced rapidly; she trembled; it was surely, she thought, her Mother.

When it drove up to the portico, and she heard the house-bell ring, she instinctively barred her door; but finding no one approach to the call, while the bell was impatiently re-rung, her strong emotions of expectation were taking her again into the hall, when as her hand was upon the lock of the door, a light glimmered through the key hole. She heard some step advancing, and precipitately drew back.

The hall door was now opened, and a man enquired for a young lady just come from Alresford.

"There's no young lady here at all," was the answer, in the voice of Jacob.

Finding it only her own driver, she vented out; crying, "O Jacob! where is my dear uncle?"

Jacob was, at first, incapable of all answer through surprise at her strange appearance; but then said, "O Miss Camilla! you'll go nigh to break your good heart when you knows it all! But how you've got into the house is what I can't guess; but I wish, for my poor master's sake, it had been before now!"

Horror

Horror crept through every vein of Camilla, in the explanation she awaited of this fearful mystery. She made a motion to the driver to stay, returned back to the parlour, and beckoned, for she could not speak, to Jacob to follow her.

When he came, and shutting the door, was beginning a diffuse lamentation, eagerness to avert lengthened suspense recovered her voice, and she passionately exclaimed: "Jacob! in two words, where is my uncle!—Is he well?"

"Why, yes, Miss Camilla, considering —" he began; but Camilla, whose fears had been fatal, interrupted him with fervent thanksgiving, till she was called back from joy by the following words:

"He's gone away, Miss Camilla! gone Lord knows where! given up all his grand house-keeping, turned off almost all his poor servants, and is going to live, he says, in some little lodging, till he can scrape together wherewithal to pay off every thing for your papa!"

A thunder-bolt that had instantly destroyed her, would gratefully have been received, in preference to this speech, by Camilla, who, casting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed: "Then am I the most detestable, as well as the most wretched of human beings! My father I have imprisoned!—

my

my Uncle I have turned from his house and home!—and for thee; O my Mother!—this is the reception I have prepared!”

Jacob tried to console her; but his account was only added torture.

The very instant he told her, that his master had received the news of the arrest of Mr. Tyrold, he determined upon this violent plan; and though the so speedy release, through the generosity of Mr. Westwyn, had exceedingly calmed his first emotions, he would not change his purpose, and protested he would never indulge himself in peace nor comfort more, till he had cleared off their joint debts; of which he attributed the whole fault to himself, from having lived up to the very verge of his yearly income, when he ought, he said, considering there were so many young people, to have always kept a few odd lums at hand for accidents. “We all did what we could,” continued Jacob, “to put him off from such a thing, but all to no purpose; but if you’d been here, Miss Camilla, you’d have done more with him than all of us put together: but he called Miss Lavinia and all of us up to him, and said to us, I won’t have nobody tell this to my poor little girl, meaning you, Miss Camilla, till  
I’ve

I've got somewhere settled and comfortable; because of her kind heart, says he."

Tenderness so partial, at so suffering an instant, almost killed Camilla. "O Jacob," she cried, "where is now my dear generous uncle? I will follow him in this chaise (rushing out as she spoke). I will be his servant, his nurse, and attend him from morning to night!"

She hurried into the carriage as she spoke, and bade him give directions to the postillion. But when she heard he was, at present, only at Etlington, whence he was seeking a new abode, her head drooped, and she burst into tears.

Jacob remained, he said, alone, to take care of all the things, and to show the place to such as might come.

Miss Margland had been at the house about three hours ago; and had met Sir Hugh, who had come over, to give directions about what he would have packed up; and he had read a letter from Miss Indy that was, and had forgiven her; but he was sore vexed Miss Margland had come without Miss Camilla; only she said Miss Camilla was at Mrs. Bellamy's, and she did not call, because she thought it would be better to go back again, and see more about Miss Indy, and so bring Miss Camilla next time; so she wheedled his master

ter to spare the chaise again, and let her go off directly to settle every thing to Miss Indy's mind.

Camilla now repented she had not returned to Mrs. Berinton's, there, notwithstanding all objections, to have waited her recall; since there her parents still believed her, and thence, under the protection of Miss Margland, they would in all probability summon her. To present herself, after this barbarous aggravation of the calamities she had caused, undemanded and unforgiven at Etherington, she thought impossible, and she resolved to return to Belfont, to see there if her answer from Lavinia contained any new directions; if not, to again go to London, and await final commands; without listening ever more to any hopes, projects, or judgments of her own.

Beseeching the worthy Jacob to pardon her non-payment, with every kind assurance that her uncle should know all his goodness, she told the postillion to take her to Belfont.

He could go no further, he said, and that but a foot pace, than to Alresford. Jacob marvelled, but blessed her, and Camilla, ejaculating, "Adieu, dear happy Cleves!" was driven out of the park.

## CHAP. IV.

*A Last Resource.*

To leave thus a spot where she had experienced such felicity; to see it naked and forlorn, despoiled of its hospitality, bereft of its master,—all its faithful old servants unrewarded dismissed; in disgrace to have re-entered its pales, and in terrour to quit them;—to fly even the indulgent Father, whose tenderness had withstood every evil with which error and imprudence could assail him; set her now all at war with herself, and gave her sensations almost maddening. She reviewed her own conduct without mercy; and though misery after misery had followed every failing, all her sufferings appeared light to her repentant sense of her criminality; for as criminal alone, she could consider what had inflicted misfortunes upon persons so exemplary.

She arrived at Alresford so late, with the return horses, that she was forced to order a room there for the night.

Though too much occupied to weigh well her lonely and improper situation, at an inn, and at such hours, she was too uneasy

uneasy to go to bed, and too miserable for sleep. She sat up, without attempting to read, write, or employ herself, patrolling her chamber in mournful rumination.

Nearly as soon as it was light, she proceeded, and arrived at the house of Bellamy as the servants were opening the window-shutters:

Fearfully she asked who was at home; and hearing only their mistress, sent for Molly Mill, and enquired for the answer from Etherington; but the lad had not yet brought any. She begged her to run to the inn, to know what had detained him; and then, ordering the chaise to wait, went to her sister.

Eugenia was gently rejoiced to see her, though evidently with increased personal unhappiness. Camilla would fain have spared her the history of the desertion of Cleves; but it was an act that in its own nature must be public; and she had no other way to account for her so speedy return.

Eugenia heard it with the most piercing affliction; and, in the fulness of her heart, from this new blow, acknowledged the rapacity of Bellamy, and the barbarity with which he now scrupled not to avow the sordid motives of his marriage; cruelly lamenting the extreme simplicity with which she

she had been beguiled into a belief of the sincerity and violence of his attachment. "For myself, however," she continued, "I now cease to murmur. How can misfortune, personally, cut me deeper? But with pity, indeed, I think of a new victim!"

She then put into her sister's hand a written paper she had picked up the preceding evening in her room, and which, having no direction, and being in the handwriting of Mrs. Berlinton, she had thought was a former note to herself, accidentally dropt: but the first line undeceived her.

"I yield, at length, O Bellamy, to the eloquence of your friendship! on Friday, —at one o'clock, I will be there—as you appoint!"

Camilla, almost petrified, read the lines. She knew better than her sister the plan to which this was the consent; which to have been given after her representations and urgency, appeared so utterly unjustifiable, that, with equal grief and indignation, she gave up this unhappy friend as wilfully lost; and her whole heart recoiled from ever again entering her doors.

Retracing, nevertheless, her many amiable qualities, she knew not how, without further effort, to leave her to her threatening fate; and determined, at all risks, to put



her into the hands of her brother, whose timely knowledge of her danger might rescue her from public exposure. She wrote therefore the following note:

To FREDERICK MELMOND, *Esq.*

“ Watch and save,—or you will lose your sister.

“ C. T.”

His address, from frequently hearing it, was familiar to her; and to give force to her warning, she risked the initials of her own name:

The repugnance, nevertheless, to going again to Mrs. Berlinton, pointed out no new refuge; and she waited, with added impatience, for the answer from Etherington, in hopes some positive direction might relieve her cruel perplexity.

The answer, however, came not, and yet greater grew her distress. Molly Mill brought word that when the messenger, who was a post-boy, returned, he was immediately employed to drive a chaise to London. The people at the inn heard him say something of wanting to go to 'Squire Bellamy's with a letter; but he had not time. He was to come back however at night.

To

To wait till he arrived seemed now to them both indispensable; but while considering at what hour to order the chaise, they heard a horseman gallop up to the house-door. "Is it possible it should already be Mr. Bellamy?" cried Eugenia, changing colour.

His voice, loud and angry, presently confirmed the suggestion. Eugenia went into the next room to him, where, as she entered, he roughly exclaimed, "What have you done with what I dropt out of my pocket-book?"

"There, Sir," she answered, in the tone of firmness given by the ascendance of innocence over guilt, "There it is: but how you can reconcile to yourself the delusions by which you must have obtained it I know not. I hope only, for her sake, and for yours, such words will never more meet my eyes."

He was beginning a violent answer in a raised voice, when Eugenia told him her sister was in the next room.

He then, in a lowered tone, said, "I warrant, you have shewn her my letter?"

The veracious Eugenia was incapable of saying no; and Bellamy, unable to restrain his rage, though smothering his voice through

his shut teeth, said, "I shall remember this, I promise you! However, if she dare ever speak of it, you may tell her, from me, I shall lock you up upon bread and water for the rest of you life, and lay it at her door. What has brought her back again?"

"She is returning to Grosvenor-square, to Miss Margland."

"Miss Margland? There's no Miss Margland in Grosvenor-square; nor any body else, that desires her company, I can tell her. However, go, and get her off, for I have other business for you."

Eugenia then, opening the door, found her sister almost demolished with terrour and dismay. Silently, for some seconds, they sunk on the breast of each other; horror closing all speech, drying up even their tears.

"You have no message to give me!" Camilla at length whispered; "I have, perforce, heard all; and I will go;—though whither—"

She stopt, with a look of distress so poignant, that Eugenia, bursting into tears, while tenderly she clung around her, said, "My sister! my Camilla! from me—from my house must you wander in search of an asylum!"

Bellamy

Bellamy here called her back. Camilla entreated she would inquire if he knew whether Miss Margland was gone.

He now came in himself, bowing civilly, though with constraint, and told her that Miss Margland was with Mrs. Macderfey, at Macderfey's own lodgings. She could make no answer.

She looked down, to save her eyes the sight of an object they abhorred; embraced Eugenia, who seemed a picture of death; and after saying adieu! added, "If I knew whither you thought I should go—that should be my guide?"

"Home, my dearest sister!"

"Drive then," she cried, hurrying to the chaise, "to Etherington!"

Bellamy advancing, said, with a smile, "I see you are not much used to travelling, Miss Camilla," and gave the man a direction to Bagshot.

She began, now, to feel nearly careless what became of her; and when she turned from the high road, and stopt at a small inn, called the half-way-house, about nine miles from Etherington, resolved to remain there while she sent for her expected answer; ardently praying, if it were not yielding and favourable, that the spot upon which she should read it, might be that upon which her existence would close.

Alighting at the inn, which, from being upon a cross road, had little custom, and was scarcely more than a large cottage, she entered a small parlour, discharged her chaise, and ordered a man and horse to go immediately to Belfont.

Presently two or three gentle tappings at the door made her, though fearfully, say, "Come in!" A little girl then, with incessant low curtesies, appeared, and looking smilingly in her face, said, "Pray, ma'am, a'n't you the Lady that was so good to us? and that would not let my dad be took up?"

Camilla now recollected the eldest little Higden, the washerwoman's niece, and kindly enquired after her father, her aunt, and family.

"O, they all does pure now. My dad's had no more mishaps, and he hopes, please God, to get on pretty well."

"Sweet hearing!" cried Camilla, "all my purposes have not, then, been frustrated!"

With added satisfaction she learnt also that the little girl had a good place, and a kind mistress. She begged her to hasten the Belfont messenger, giving her in charge a short note for Eugenia, with a request for the Etherington letter. She had spent nothing in London, save in some small remembrances

membrances to one or two of Mrs. Berlin-ton's servants; and though her chaise-hire had now almost emptied her purse, she thought every expence preferable to lengthening her suspense, or to continuing on the road.

In answer to the demand of what she would be pleased to have, she then ordered tea. She had taken no regular meal for two days; and for two nights had not even been in bed. But the wretchedness of her mind seemed to render her invulnerable to fatigue.

The shaken state of her nerves warped all just consideration of the impropriety of her present sojourn. Her judgment had no chance, where it had her feelings to combat, and in the despondence of believing herself parentally rejected, she was indifferent to appearances, and desperate upon all other events: nor was she brought to any recollection, till she was informed that the messenger, who she had concluded was half way to Belfont, could not set out till the next morning; this small and private inn not being able to furnish a man and horse at shorter warning.

To pass a second night at an inn, seemed, even in the calculations of her own harrassed faculties, utterly improper; and thus, driven to extremity, she forced her-

self to order a chaise for home; though with a repugnance to so compulsory a meeting, that made her wish to be carried in it a corpse.

The tardy prudence of a character naturally rash, commonly arrives but to point repentance that it came not before. The only pair of horses the little inn afforded, were now out upon other duty, and would not return till the next day.

Almost to herself incredible, seemed now her situation. She was compelled to order a bed, and to go up stairs to a small chamber: but she could not even wish to take any rest. "I am an outcast," she cried, "to my family; my Mother would *rather not see me*; my Father forbears to demand me; and he—dearer to me than life—by whom I was once chosen, has forgotten me!—How may I support my heavy existence?—and when will it end?"

Overpowered, nevertheless, by fatigue, in the middle of the night, she lay down in her clothes: but her slumbers were so broken by visions of reproach, conveyed through hideous forms, and in menaces the most terrific, that she gladly got up; preferring certain affliction to wild and fantastic horrors.

Nearly as soon as it was light, she rang for little Peggy, whose Southampton anecdotes

notes had secured her the utmost respect from the mistress of the inn, and heard that the express was set off.

Dreadful and dreary, in slow and lingering misery, passed the long interval of his absence, though his rapid manner of travelling made it short for the ground he traversed. She had now, however, bought sufficient experience to bespeak a chaise against his return. The only employment in which she could engage herself, was conversing with Peggy Higden, who, she was glad to find, could not remember her name well enough to make it known through her pronunciation.

From the window, at length, she perceived a man and horse gallop up to the house. She darted forth, exclaiming, "Have you brought me any answer?" And seizing the letter he held out, saw the hand-writing of Lavinia, and shut herself into her room.

She opened it upon her knees, expecting to find within some lines from her Mother; none, however, appeared, and sad and mortified, she laid down the letter, and wept. "So utterly, then," she cried, "have I lost her? Even with her pen will she not speak to me? How early is my life too long!"



Taking up again, then, the letter, she read what follows :

“ *To Miss CAMILLA TYROLD.*

“ Alas, my dear sister, why can I not answer you according to our mutual wishes ? My Father is at Winchester, with a lawyer, upon the affairs of Indiana ; and my Mother is abroad with my uncle, upon business which he has asked her to transact : but that you may not think I have been hitherto neglectful, I am painfully reduced to own to you what already has passed. Yet let it not depress you ; you know when she is hurt, it is not lightly ; but you know, also, where she loves, her displeasure, once passed, is never allowed to rise again.

“ Yesterday I saw her looking at your picture ; the moment seemed to be happy, and I ventured to say ; “ Ah, poor Camilla ! ” but she turned to me with quickness, and cried ; “ Lament, rather, Lavinia, your Father ! Did he merit so little trust from his child, that her affairs should be withheld from him till they cast him—where I found him !—Dread, memorable fight !—when may I forget it ! ”

“ Even after this, my dear Camilla, I hazarded another word, she will be miserable,

nable, I said, my dear Mother, till she returns." "She will return, she answered; with Miss Margland. This is no season for any expence that may be avoided; and Camilla, most of all, must now see the duties of œconomy. Were her understanding less good, I should less heavily weigh her errors; but she sets it apart, to abandon herself to her feelings. Alas! poor thing! they will now themselves be her punishers! Let her not however despond; tell her, when you write, her angelic Father forgives her; and tell her she has always had my prayers, and will ever have my blessing;—though I am not eager, as yet, to add to her own reproaches, those she may experience from my presence."

"I knew not how to introduce this to my dearest Camilla, but your messenger, and his haste, now forces me to say all, and say it quick. He brings, I find, the letter from Belfort, where already, through Miss Margland, we had heard you were removed; much to the approbation of my Father and my Mother, who hope your sojourn there is a solace to you both. Adieu, my dearest sister—your messenger cannot wait."

"LAVINIA TYROLD."

"She will not see me then!" cried Camilla, "she cannot bear my sight! O

Death! let me not pray to Thee (also in vain!

Weak from inanition, confused from want of sleep, harassed with fatigue, and exhausted by perturbation, she felt now so ill, that she solemnly believed her fatal wish quick approaching.

The landlord of the inn entered to say that the chaise she had ordered was at the door; and put down upon the table the bill of what she had to pay.

She begged him to wait; and again read her letter: when startled by what was said of abandoning herself to her feelings, she thought it her immediate duty to state her situation to her parents. She desired, therefore, the chaise might be put up, and wrote these lines:

“ I could not, unhappily, stay at Eugenia's; nor can I return to Mrs. Berlin-ton; I am now at the half-way house, where I shall wait for commands. My Lavinia will tell me what I may be ordered to do. I am ill,—and earnestly I pray with an illness from which I may rise no more. When my Father—my Mother, hear this, they will perhaps accord me to be blest again with their sight; the brevity of my career may, to their kindness, expiate its faults; they may pray for me where my own prayers may be too unsanctified to be heard;

heard; they may forgive me—though my own forgiveness never more will quiet this breast! Heaven bless and preserve them; their unoffending daughters; and my ever loved uncle!

“CAMILLA TYROLD.”

She then rang the bell, and desired this note might go by express to Etherington.

But this, the waiter answered, was impossible; the horse on which the messenger had set out to Belfont, though it had only carried him the first stage, and brought him back the last, had galloped so hard, that his master would not send it out again the same day; and they had but that one.

She begged he would see instantly for some other conveyance.

The man who was come back from Belfont, he answered, would be glad to be discharged, as he wanted to go to rest.

She then took up the bill, and upon examining the sum total, found, with the express, the chaise in which she came the last stage, that which she ordered to take her to Etherington, and the expence of her residence, it amounted to half a crown beyond what she possessed.

She

She had only, she knew, to make herself known as the niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold, to be trusted by all the environs; but to expose herself in this helpless, and even penniless state, appeared to her to be a degradation to every part of her family.

To enclose the bill to Etherington was to secure its being paid; but the sentence *Camilla most of all must now see the duties of economy*, made her revolt from such a step.

All she still possessed of pecuniary value she had in her pocket: the seal of her Father, the ring of her Mother, the wrath of her Uncle, and the locket of Edgar Mandlebert. With one of these she now determined to part, in preference to any new exposure at Etherington, or to incurring the smallest debt. She desired to be left alone, and took them from her pocket, one by one, painfully ruminating upon which she could bear to lose. "It may not, she thought, be for long; for quick, I hope, my course will end!—yet even for an hour, —even for the last final moment—to give up such dear symbols of all that has made my happiness in life!"

She looked at them, kissed and pressed them to her heart; spoke to them as if living and understanding representatives of their donors, and bestowed so much time in  
in

in lamenting caresses and hesitation, that the waiter came again, while yet she was undetermined.

She desired to speak with the mistress of the house.

Instinctively she now put away the gifts of her parents; but between her uncle and Edgar she wavered. She blushed, however, at her demur, and the modesty of duty made her put up the watch. Taking, then, an agitating last view of a locket which circumstances had rendered inappreciable to her, "Ah! not in vain," she cried, "even now shall I lose what once was a token so bewitching—Dear precious locket! Edgar even yet would be happy you should do me one last kind office! generously, benevolently, he would rejoice you should spare me still one last menacing shame!—"

When Mrs. Marl, the landlady, came in, deeply colouring, she put it into her hand, turning her eyes another way, while she said; "Mrs. Marl, I have not quite money enough to pay the bill; but if you will keep this locket for a security, you will be sure to be paid by and by".

Mrs. Marl looked at it with great admiration, and then, with yet greater wonder,

der, at Camilla, who now begged her note might be sent without delay.

A labourer, after some search, was found, who undertook, for handsome pay, to carry it on foot to the rectory.

## CHAP. V.

*A Spectacle.*

THE messenger returned not till midnight; what, then, was the consternation of Camilla that he brought no answer! She suspected he had not found the house; she doubted if the letter had been delivered; but he affirmed he had put it into the hands of a maid-servant, though, as it was late, he had come away directly, and not thought of waiting for any answer.

It is not very early in life we learn how little is performed, for which no precaution is taken. Care is the offspring of disappointment; and sorrow and repentance commonly hang upon its first lessons. Unused to transact any sort of business for herself, she had expected, in sending a letter, an answer as a thing of course, and had now only herself to blame for not having ordered him to stay. She consoled herself, however, that she was known to be but nine miles distant from the rectory, and that any commands could be conveyed to her nearly in an hour.

What



What they might be, became now, therefore, her sole anxiety. Would not her Mother write? After an avowal such as she had made of her desolate, if not dying condition, would she not pardon and bless her? Was it not even possible she might come herself?

This idea mingled emotions of a contrariety scarcely supportable. "O how," she cried, "shall I see her? Can joy blend with such terror? Can I wish her approach, yet not dare meet her eyes?—those eyes which never yet have looked at me but to beam with bright kindness!—though a kindness that, even from my childhood, seemed to say, Camilla, be blameless—or you break your Mother's heart! - - - my poor unhappy Mother! she has always seemed to have a presentiment, I was born to bring her to sorrow!"

Expectation being now, for this night, wholly dead, the excess of her bodily fatigue urged her to take some repose: but her ever eager imagination made her apprehensive her friends might find her too well, and suspect her representation was but to alarm them into returning kindness. A fourth night, therefore, passed without sleep, or the refreshment of taking off her clothes;

clothes; and by the time the morning sun shone in upon her apartment, she was too seriously disordered to make her illness require the aid of fancy. She was full of fever, faint, pallid, weak, and shaken by nervous tremors. "I think," she cried, "I am now certainly going; and never was death so welcomed by one so young! It will end in soft peace my brief but stormy passage, and I shall owe to its solemn call the sacred blessing of my offended Mother!"

Tranquillised by this hope, and this idea, she had now no longer any sufferings but those of disease; her mind grew calm, her spirits serene; all fears gave way to the certainty of soothing kindness, all grief was buried in the solemnity of expected dissolution.

But this composure outlived not the first hours of the morning; as they vainly advanced, produced no loved presence, no letter, no summons; solicitude revived, disappointment sunk her heart, and dread preyed again upon her nerves. She started at every sound; every breath of wind seemed portentous; she listened upon the stairs; she dragged her feeble limbs to the parlour, to be nearer at hand; she forced them back again to her bed-room, to strain her aching eyes out of the window; but still no  
voice

voice demanded her, and no person approached.

Peggy, who repeatedly came to tell her the hour, now assured her it was dinner time: unable to eat, she was heedless of the hint this conveyed, and it obtained from her no orders, till Peggy gave her innocently to understand the expectations of her host and hostess; but when, at five o'clock, the table was served, all force and courage forsook her. To be left thus to herself, when her situation was known; to be abandoned at an inn where she had confessed she thought herself dying;—"My Mother, she cried, cannot forgive me! my Father himself deserts me! O Edgar! you did well to fly: so unhallowed a connexion!"

She left her dinner for Peggy, and crawling up stairs, cast herself upon the bed, with a desperate supplication she might rise from it no more. "The time," cried she, "is past for consolation, and dead for hope! my parents' own prayers have been averted, and their prognostics fulfilled. *May the dread forfeiture,* said my dearest Father, *not extend through my daughters!*—Alas! Lionel himself has not brought upon him a disgrace such as I have done!—*May heaven,* said my honoured Mother, *spare me evil under your shape at least!*—but  
under

under that it has come to her the most heavily !”

Dissolving, then, in sorrowing regret, recollections of maternal tenderness bathed her pillow with her tears, and reversing all the inducements to her sad resignation, abolished every wish but to fall again at the parental feet. “ To see,” cried she, “ once more, the dear authors of my being ! to receive their forgiveness, their blessing - - - to view again their honoured countenances !— to hear once more their loved speech - - - Alas ! was it I that fled the voice of my Mother ? That voice which, till that moment, had never reached my ear, but as the precursor of all kindness ! why did I not at once kneel at her feet, and seek my lost path under my first and best guide ?”

Shocked and contrite in this tardy view of the step she ought to have taken, she now languished to petition for pardon even for an offence unknown ; and, rising, took up a pen to relate the whole transaction. But her head was confused, and the attempt shewed her she was more ill than she had even herself suspected. She thought all rapidly advancing, and enthusiastically rejoiced.

Yet a second time she took the pen ; but it had not touched the paper, when a buzzing,

zing, confused, stifled sort of noise from without drew her to the window.

There she perceived an immense crowd of people approaching slowly, and from a distance, towards the inn.

As they advanced, she was struck to hear no increase of noise, save from the nearer trampling of feet. No voice was distinguishable; no one spoke louder than the rest; they seemed even to tread the ground with caution. They consisted of labourers, workmen, beggars, women, and children, joined by some accidental passengers: yet the general "hum of many" was all that was heard; they were silent though numerous, solemn though mixt.

As they came near, she thought she perceived something in the midst of them like a bier, and caught a glimpse of a gentleman's habit. Startled, she drew in; but soon, upon another view, discerned clearly a well-dressed man, stretched out his full length, and apparently dead.

Recoiling, shuddering, she hastily shut the window, "Yet, why," she cried, the next moment, "and whence this emotion? Is not death what I am meeting?—seeking?—desiring?—what I court? what I pray for?"

She sighed, walked feebly up and down the room, breathed hard and with effort, and

and then forced herself again to open the window, determined to contemplate steadily the anticipating object of her fervent demand.

Yet not without severe self-compulsion she flung up again the sash; but when she looked out, the crowd alone remained; the bier was gone.

Whether carried on, or brought into the house, she now wished to know, with some particulars, of whom it might be, and what belonged to so strange and horrible an appearance.

She rang for little Peggy; but Peggy came not. She rang again, but no one answered the bell. She opened her door, meaning to descend to her little parlour for information; but the murmuring buz she had before heard upon the road, was now within the house, which seemed filled with people, all busy and occupied, yet speaking low, and appearing to partake of a general awe.

She could not venture to encounter so many spectators; she shut her door, to wait quietly till this first commotion should be passed.

This was not for more than an hour; when observing, from her window, that the crowd was dispersed, she again listened at the door, and found that the general disturbance

disturbance was succeeded by a stillness the most profound.

She then rang again, and little Peggy appeared, but looking pale and much frightened.

Camilla asked what had been the matter. "O ma'am, she answered, crying, "here's been murder! A gentleman has been murdered—and nobody knows who he is, nor who has done it!"

She then related that he had been found dead in a wood hard by, and one person calling another, and another, he had been brought to the inn to be owned.

The tale was shocking, and, though hardly conscious why, Camilla desired Peggy to stay with her.

The little girl was most willing; but she was presently called down stairs; and Camilla, with strong shame of nameless fears and weak horror, strove to meditate to some use upon this scene.

But her mind was disturbed, her composure was gone; her thoughts were broken, abrupt, unfixed, and all upon which she could dwell with any steadiness, was the desire of one more appeal to her family, that yet they would consent to see her, if they received it in time; or that they should know in what frame of mind she expired, should it bring them too late.

With

With infinite difficulty, she then wrote the following lines; every bending down of her head making it ache nearly to distraction.

“ Adieu, my dearest parents, if again it is denied me to see you! Adieu my darling sisters! my tender uncle! I ask not now your forgiveness; I know I shall possess it fully; my Father never withheld it, —and my Mother, if against herself alone I had sinned, would have been equally lenient. O tenderest of united partners! bless, then, the early ashes of your erring, but adoring daughter, who, from the moment she inflicted one wound upon your bosoms, has found existence intolerable, and prays now but for her earthly release!”

“ CAMILLA TYROLD.”

This she gave to Peggy, with a charge that, at any expence, it might be conveyed to the rectory at Etherington immediately.

“ And shall I not, thought she, when she had rested from this exertion, and may I not at such a period, with innocence, with propriety, write one poor word to him who was so near becoming first to me in all things?”

She again took her pen, but had only written “ O Edgar! in this last farewell be-



“ all displeasure forgotten!—from the first  
“ to the final moment of my short life,  
“ dear and sole possessor of my heart!”—  
when the shooting anguish of her head stopt  
her hand, and hastily writing the direction,  
lest she could write no more, she, with dif-  
ficulty added, *Not to be delivered till I am  
dead*; and was forced to lie down, and  
shut all light from her strained and aching  
eyes.

Peggy presently brought her word that  
all the horses were out, and every body was  
engaged, and that the note could not pos-  
sibly go till the next day.

Extremely disappointed, she begged to  
speak with Mrs. Marl; who sent her word  
she was much engaged, but would wait  
upon her as soon as she was able.

Vainly, however, she expected her; it  
grew dusk; she felt herself worse every mo-  
ment; flushed with fever, or shivering with  
cold, and her head nearly split asunder with  
agony. She determined to go once more  
down stairs, and offer to her host himself  
any reward he could claim, so he would  
undertake the immediate delivery of the  
letter.

With difficulty she arose; with slow  
steps, and tottering, she descended; but as  
she approached her little parlour, she heard  
voices in it, and stopt. They spoke low,  
and

and she could not distinguish them. The door of an adjoining room was open, and by its stillness empty; she resolved to ring there, to demand to speak with Mr. Marl. But as she dragged her weak limbs into the apartment, she saw, stretched out upon a large table, the same form, dress, and figure she had seen upon the bier.

Starting, almost fainting, but too much awed to call out, she held trembling by the door.

The bodily feebleness which impeded her immediate retreat, gave force to a little mental reflexion: Do I shrink thus, thought she, from what so earnestly I have prayed to become - - - and so soon I must represent - - - a picture of death?

She now impelled herself towards the table. A cloth covered the face; she stood still, hesitating if she had power to remove it: but she thought it a call to her own self-examination; and though mentally recoiling, advanced. When close to the table, she stood still, violently trembling. Yet she would not allow herself to retreat. She now put forth her hand; but it shook suspended over the linen, without courage to draw it aside. At length, however, with enthusiastic self-compulsion, slightly and fearfully, she lifted it up - - - but instantly, and with instinctive horror, snatched her

hand away, and placed it before her shut eyes.

She felt, now, she had tried herself beyond her courage, and, deeply moved, was fain to retreat; but in letting down her hand, to see her way, she found she had already removed the linen from a part of the face, and the view she unintentionally caught almost petrified her.

For some instants she stood motionless, from want of strength to stir, but with closed eyes, that feared to confirm their first surmise; but when, turning from the ghastly visage, she attempted, without another glance, to glide away, an unavoidable view of the coat, which suddenly she recognized, put her conjecture beyond all doubt, that she now saw dead before her the husband of her sister.

Resentment, in gentle minds, however merited and provoked, survives not the breath of the offender. With the certainty no further evil can be practised, perishes vengeance against the culprit, though not hatred of the guilt: and though, with the first movement of sisterly feelings, she would have said, Is Eugenia then released? the awe was too great, his own change was too solemn. He was now where no human eye could follow, no human judgment overtake him.

Again

Again she endeavoured to escape the dreadful scene, but her shaking limbs were refractory, and would not support her. The mortal being requires use to be reconciled to its own visible mortality; dismal is its view; grim, repulsive, terrific its aspect.

But no sooner was her head turned from the dire object, than alarm for her sister took possession of her soul; and with what recollection she possessed, she determined to go to Belfont.

An idea of any active service invigorates the body as well as the mind. She made another effort to depart, but a glance she knew not how to avoid shewed her, upon the coat of the right arm and right side of this ghastly figure, large splashes of blood.

With horror thus accumulate, she now sunk upon the floor, inwardly exclaiming: He is murdered indeed! - - - and where may be Eugenia?

A woman who had in charge to watch by the corpse, but who had privately stolen out for some refreshment, now returning, saw with affright the new person in the room, and ran to call Mrs. Marl; who, alarmed also at the sight of the young lady; and at her deplorable condition, assisted the woman to remove her from the apartment, and convey her to the chamber,

where she was laid down upon the bed, though she resisted being undressed, and was seized with an agonish shivering fit, while her eyes seemed emitting sparks of fire.

“It is certainly now,” cried she, “over, and hence I move no more!”

The joy with which, a few minutes before, she would have welcomed such a belief, was now converted into an awe unspeakable, undefinable. The wish of death is commonly but disgust of life, and looks forward to nothing further than release from worldly care:—but the something yet beyond - - - the something unknown, untried, yet to come, the *bourne whence no traveller returns* to prepare succeeding passengers for what they may expect, now abruptly presented itself to her consideration, - - - but came to scare, not to soothe. All here, she cried, I have wished to leave - - - but - - - have I fitted myself for what I am to meet?

Conscience now suddenly took the reins from the hands of imagination, and a mist was cleared away that hitherto, obscuring every duty by despondence, had hidden from her own perceptions the faulty basis of her desire. Conscience took the reins—and a mist was cleared away that had concealed

cea'ed from her view the selfishness of this with.

Those friends, it cried, which thus impatiently thou seekest to quit, have they not loved, cherished, reared thee with the most exquisite care and kindness? If they are offended, who has offended them? If thou art now abandoned, may it not be from necessity, or from accident? When thou hast inflicted upon them the severe pain of harbouring anger against what is so dear to them, wouldst thou load them with regret that they manifested any sensibility of thy errors? Hast thou plunged thy house in calamity, and will no worthier wish occur to thee, than to leave it to its sorrows and distress, with the aggravating pangs of causing thy afflicting, however blamable self-desertion? of coming to thee - - - perhaps even now! - - - with mild forgiveness, and finding thee a self-devoted corpse—not fallen, indeed, by the profane hand of daring suicide, but equally self-murdered through wilful self-neglect?

Had the voice been allowed sound which spoke this dire admonition, it could scarcely with more horror, or keener repentance have struck her. “That poor man,” she cried, “now delivering up his account, by whatever hand he perished, since less principled, less instructed than myself,

self, may be criminal, perhaps, with less guilt !”

The thought now of her Father—the piety he had endeavoured to inculcate into her mind ; his resignation to misfortune, and his trust through every suffering, all came home to her heart with religious veneration ; and making prayer succeed to remorse, guided her to what she knew would be his guidance if present, and she desired to hear the service for the sick.

Peggy could not read ; Mrs. Marl was too much engaged ; the whole house had ample employment, and her request was unattainable.

She then begged they would procure her a prayer-book, that she might try to read herself ; but her eyes, heavy, aching, and dim, glared upon the paper, without distinguishing the print from the margin.

“ I am worse,” she cried faintly, “ my wish comes fast upon me ! Ah ! not for my punishment let it finally arrive !”

With terror, however, even more than with malady, she now trembled. The horrible sight she had witnessed, brought death before her in a new view. She feared she had been presumptuous ; she felt that her preparations had all been world-

ly, her impatience wholly selfish. She called back her wish, with penitence and affright : her agitation became torture, her regret was aggravated to remorse, her grief to despair.



## CHAP. VI.

*A Vision.*

WHEN the first violence of this paroxysm of sorrow abated, Camilla again strove to pray, and found that nothing so much stilled her. Yet, her faculties confused, hurried, and in anguish, permitted little more than incoherent ejaculations. Again she sighed for her Father; again the spirit of his instructions recurred, and she enquired who was the clergyman of the parish, and if he would be humane enough to come and pray by one who had no claim upon him as a parishioner.

Peggy said he was a very good gentleman, and never refused even the poorest person, that begged his attendance.

“O go to him, then,” cried she, “directly! Tell him a sick and helpless stranger implores that he will read to her the prayers for the dying! - - - Should I yet live - - - they will compose and make me better;—if not - - - they will give me courage for my quick exit.”

Peggy went forth, and she laid her beating head upon the pillow, and endeavoured  
to

to quiet her nerves for the sacred ceremony she demanded.

It was dark, and she was alone; the corpse she had just quitted seemed still bleeding in full view. She closed her eyes, but still saw it; she opened them, but it was always there. She felt nearly stiff with horror, chilled, frozen, with speechless apprehension.

A slumber, feverish nearly to delirium, at length surprised her harassed faculties; but not to afford them rest. Death, in a visible figure, ghastly, pallid, severe, appeared before her, and with its hand, sharp and forked, struck abruptly upon her breast. She screamed—but it was heavy as cold, and she could not remove it. She trembled; she shrunk from its touch; but it had iced her heart-strings. Every vein was congealed; every stiffened limb, stretched to its full length, was hard as marble: and when again she made a feeble effort to rid her oppressed lungs of the dire weight that had fallen upon them, a voice hollow, deep, and distant, dreadfully pierced her ears, calling out: “Thou hast but thy own wish! Rejoice, thou murmurer, for thou diest!” Clearer, shriller, another sound quick vibrated in the air: “Whither goest thou,” it cried, “and whence comest thou?”

A voice from within, over which she thought she had no controul, though it seemed issuing from her vitals, low, hoarse, and tremulous, answered, "Whither I go, let me rest! Whence I come let me not look back! those who gave me birth, I have deserted; my life, my vital powers I have rejected." Quick then another voice assailed her, so near, so loud, so terrible - - - she shrieked at its horrible sound. "Prematurely," it cried, "thou art come, uncalled, unbidden; thy task unfulfilled, thy peace unearned. Follow, follow me! the Records of Eternity are opened. Come! write with thy own hand thy merits, and thy claims to mercy!" A repelling self-accusation instantaneously overwhelmed her. "O, no! no! no!" she exclaimed, "let me not sign my own miserable insufficiency!" In vain was her appeal. A force unseen, yet irresistible, impelled her forward. She saw the immense volumes of Eternity, and her own hand involuntarily grasped a pen of iron, and with a velocity uncontrollable wrote these words: "Without resignation, I have prayed for death: from impatience of displeasure, I have desired annihilation: to dry my own eyes, I have left - - - pitiless, selfish, unnatural! - - - a Father  
" the

“ the most indulgent, a Mother almost  
“ idolizing, to weep out their’s !” Her  
head would have sunk upon the guilty cha-  
racters ; but her eyelids refused to close,  
and kept them glaring before her. They  
became, then, illuminated with burning  
sulphur. She looked another way ; but  
they partook of the same motion ; she cast  
her eyes upwards, but she saw the charac-  
ters still ; she turned from side to side ; but  
they were always her object. Loud again  
founded the same direful voice : “ These  
are thy deserts ; write now thy claims :—  
and next,—and quick,—turn over the im-  
mortal leaves, and read thy doom.” —“ O,  
“ no !” she cried, “ Oh, no ! — O, let  
“ me yet return ! O, Earth, with all thy  
“ sorrows, take, take me once again, that  
“ better I may learn to work my way to  
“ that last harbour, which, rejecting the  
“ criminal repiner, opens its soft bosom to  
“ the firm, though supplicating sufferer !”  
In vain again she called ;—pleaded, knelt,  
wept in vain. The time, she found, was  
past ; she had slighted it while in her  
power ; it would return to her no more ;  
and a thousand voices at once, with awful  
vibration, answered aloud to every prayer,  
“ Death was thy own desire !” Again, un-  
licensed by her will, her hand seized the iron  
instrument. The book was open that de-  
manded

manded her claims. She wrote with difficulty - - - but saw that her pen made no mark! She looked upon the page, when she thought she had finished, - - - but the paper was blank! - - - Voices then, by hundreds, by thousands, by millions, from side to side, above, below, around, called out, echoed and re-echoed, "Turn over, turn over - - - and read thy eternal doom!" In the same instant, the leaf, untouched, burst open - - - and - - - she awoke. But in a trepidation so violent, the bed shook under her, the cold sweat, in large drops, fell from her forehead, and her heart still seemed labouring under the adamantine pressure of the inflexibly cold grasp of death. So raised was her imagination, so confused were all her thinking faculties, that she stared with wild doubt whether then, or whether now, what she experienced were a dream.

In this suspensive state, fearing to call, to move, or almost to breathe, she remained, in perfect stillness, and in the dark, till little Peggy crept softly into the chamber.

Certain then of her situation, "This has been," she cried, "only a vision—but my conscience has abetted it; and I cannot shake it off."

When she became calmer, and further recollected.

recollected herself, she anxiously enquired if the clergyman would not come.

Peggy, hesitatingly, acknowledged he had not been sent for; her mistress had imagined the request proceed from a disturbance of mind, owing to the sight of the corpse, and said she was sure, after a little sleep, it would be forgotten.

“Alas!” said Camilla, disappointed, “it is more necessary than ever! my senses are wandering; I seem hovering between life and death.—Ah! let not my own fearful fancies absorb this hour, of change, which religious rights should consecrate!”

She then told Peggy to plead for her to her mistress, and assure her that nothing else, after the dreadful shock she had received, could still her mind.

Mrs. Marl, not long after, came into the room herself; and enquiring how she did, said, if she was really bent upon such a melancholy thing, the clergyman had luckily just called, and would read the service to her directly, if it would give her any comfort.

“O, great and infinite comfort!” she cried, and begged he might come immediately, and read to her the prayer for those of whom there is but small hope of recovery. She would have risen, that she might kneel; but her limbs would not second

second her desire, and she was obliged to lie still upon the outside of the bed. Peggy drew the curtains, to shade her eyes, as a candle was brought into the room; but when she heard Mrs. Marl say: "Come in, Sir,"—and "here's the prayer-book;" overpowered with tender recollection of her Father, to whom such offices were frequent, she burst into an agony of tears, and hid her face upon the pillow.

She soon, however, recovered, and the solemnity of the preparation overawed her sorrow. Mrs. Marl placed the light as far as possible from the bed, and when Camilla waved her hand in token of being ready, said, "Now, Sir, if you please."

He complied; though not immediately; but no sooner had he begun, no sooner, devoutly, yet tremblingly, pronounced, *O Father of Mercies!* than a faint scream issued from the bed.—

He stopt; but she did not speak; and after a short pause, he resumed: but not a second sentence was pronounced, when she feebly ejaculated, "Ah heaven!" and the book fell from his hands.

She strove to raise her head; but could not; she opened, however, the side curtain, to look out; he advanced, at the same moment, to the foot of the bed—fixed his eyes upon her face, and in a voice that seemed

seemed to come from his soul, exclaimed, "Camilla!"

With a mental emotion that, for an instant, restored her strength, she drew again the curtain, covered up her face, and sobbed even audibly, while she said, "O Edgar!" vainly sought vent.

He attempted not to unclose the curtain she had drawn, but with a deep groan, dropping upon his knees on the outside, cried, "Great God!" but checking himself, hastily arose, and motioning to Mrs. Marl, and to Peggy, to move out of hearing, said, through the curtain; "What dire calamity has brought this about?—speak, I implore?—why are you here?—why alone? speak! speak!"

He heard she was weeping, but received no answer, and with energy next to torture, exclaimed; "Refuse not to trust me!—recollect our long friendship—forgive—forget its alienation!—By all you have ever valued—by all your wonted generosity—I call—I appeal—Camilla!—Camilla!—your silence rends my soul!"

Camilla had no utterance, yet could not resist this urgency, and gently through the opening of the curtain, put forth her feeble hand.

He seemed affected to agony; he held it between each of his own, and while softly he

he



he uttered, "O ever—unchangeably generous Camilla!" she felt it moistened with his tears.

Too weak for the new sensation this excited, she drew it away, and the violence of her emotion menacing an hysterical fit, Mrs. Marl came back to her, and wringing his hands as he looked around the room, he tore himself away.

## CHAP. VII.

*Means to still Agitation.*

**D**ECLINING all aid, Camilla continued in the same position, wrapt up, coveting the dark, and stifling sighs that were rising into sobs, till she heard a gentle tap at the door.

She started, but still hid herself: Mrs. Marl was already gone; Peggy answered the summons, and returned to the bedside, with a note in her hand, begging Camilla to take it, as it came from the gentleman who was to have read the prayers.

“Is he then gone?” cried she, in a voice announcing deep disappointment.

“Yes, he went directly, my dear Lady.”

She threw the covering from her face, and with uplifted hands, exclaimed; “O Edgar! could you see me thus—and leave me?”—Yet eagerly seizing the letter, called for a candle, and strove to read it. But the characters seemed double to her weak and dazzled eyes, and she was forced to relinquish the attempt. She pressed it to her bosom, and again covered herself up.

Some-

Something, nevertheless, like internal revival, once more, to her own unspeakable amazement, began fluttering at her breast. She had seen the beloved of her heart—dearer to her far than the life she thought herself resigning; seen him penetrated to anguish by her situation, awakened to the tenderest recollections, and upon her hand had dropt a testimony of his sensibility, that, dead as she had thought herself to the world, its views, its hopes, its cares passed straight to her heart—that wonderful repository of successive emotions, whence the expulsion of one species of interest but makes way for the entrance of another; and which vainly, while yet in mortal life, builds, even from hour to hour, upon any chasm of mortal solicitude.

While wrapt up in this reverie, poignantly agitating, yet undefinably soothing, upon the return of Edgar to England, and his astonishing appearance in her room, her attention was again aroused by another gentle tap at the door.

Peggy opened it, and left the room; but soon came back, to beg an answer to the note, for which the gentleman was waiting upon the stairs.

“Waiting?” she repeated, in extreme trepidation, “is he not then gone?”

“No

“ No ma'am, only out of the room; he can't go away without the answer, he says.”

A sensation of pleasure was now so new to Camilla, as almost to be too potent, either for her strength or her intellects. She doubted all around her, doubted what she heard, doubted even her existence. Edgar, could it be Edgar who was waiting for an answer?—who was under the same roof—who had been in the same room—who was now separated from her but by a thin wainscot?—“ O no, no, no!” she cried, “ my senses all delude me! one vision after another beguiles my deranged imagination!” Yet she called Peggy to her again, again asked her if it were indeed true, and, bidding her once more bring the candle, the new spirit with which she was invigorated, enabled her to persevere in her efforts, till she made out the following lines; which were sealed, but not directed.

“ The sorrow, the tumult of my soul, I attempt not to paint.—Forgive, O Camilla! an intrusion which circumstances made resistless. Deign to bury in kind oblivion all remembrance but of our early friendship—our intuitive attachment, our confidence, esteem, and happy juvenile intercourse:

tercourse: and under such auspices—animated as they are innocent—permit me to hasten Mrs. Tyrold to this spot, or trust me—I conjure—with the mystery of this dreadful desolation.—O Camilla!—by all the scenes that have passed between us—by the impression indelible they have engraved upon my heart, wound not the most faithful of your friends by rejecting his services!

“ E. M.”

Diffolved in tears of tenderness, relieving, nay delightful, she immediately sent him word that she accepted his kind-office, and should feel eternal gratitude if he would acquaint her friends with her situation.

Peggy soon informed her the gentleman was gone; and she then inquired why he had been brought to her as a clergyman.

The little Girl gave the account with the utmost simplicity. Her mistress, she said, knew the gentleman very well, who was Squire Mandlebert, and lived at a great house not many miles off; and had just alighted to bait his horses, as she was asking her to send for the clergyman. He inquired who was ill; and her Mistress said it was a Lady who had gone out of her mind,

mind, by seeing a dead body, and raved of nothing but having prayers read to her; which her husband would do, when his house was clear, if the humour lasted; for they had nobody to send three miles off; and by drawing the curtains, she would not know if it was a clergyman or not. The young 'Squire then asked if she was a lodger or a traveller, and her mistress answered: "She's a traveller, Sir; and if it had not been for Peggy's knowing her, we should have been afraid who she might be; for she stays here, and never pays us; only she has given us a watch and a locket for pledges." Then he asked on some more questions, continued Peggy, and presently desired to see the locket; and when he had looked at it, he turned as white as a sheet, and said he must see the lady. Her mistress said she could not send in a gentleman; unless it was her husband, just to quiet her poor head by reading her a prayer or two. So then the 'Squire said he'd take the prayer-book and read to her himself, if she'd spare time to go in the room first, and shut up the curtains. So her mistress said no, at first; but presently up they came together.

Ah! dear darling locket! internally cried Camilla, how from the first have I loved—how to the last will I prize it!

A calm

A calm now took place of her agonies, that made her seem in a renovated existence, till sleep, by gentle approaches, stole upon her again: not to bring to her the dread vision which accompanied its first return; nor yet to allow her tranquil repose. A softer form appeared before her; more afflictive, though not so horrible; it was the form of her mother; all displeasure removed from her penetrating countenance; no longer in her dying child viewing the child that had offended her; yet while forgiving and embracing, seeing her expire in her arms.

She awaked, affrighted,—she started, she sat upright; she called aloud upon her mother, and wildly looking round, thought she saw her at the foot of the bed.

She crossed her eyes with her hands, to endeavour to clear her sight: but the object only seemed more distinct. She bent forward, seeking conviction, yet incredulous, though still meeting the same form.

Sighing, at last, from fruitless fatigue; “’Tis wonderous odd,” she cried, but I now never know when I wake or when I sleep!”

The form glided away; but with motion so palpable, she could no longer believe herself played upon by imagination. Awe-  
 imprest,

impress, and wonder-struck, she softly opened her side curtain to look after it. It had stopt by a large chest of drawers, against which, leaning its head upon its arm, it stood erect, but seemed weeping. She could not discern the face; but the whole figure had the same sacred resemblance.

The pulses of her head beat now with so much violence, she was forced to hold her temples. Doubt, dread, and hope seized every faculty at once; till, at length, the upraised arm of the form before her dropt, and she distinctly saw the profile: "It is herself! it is my Mother!" she screamed, rather than pronounced, and threw herself from the bed to the floor.

"Yes! it is your Mother!" was repeated, in a tone solemn and penetrating;—"to what a scene, O Camilla, returned! child of my bosom!—the constant terror, yet constant darling of my soul—where, and how, do I see, do I meet thee, again—my Camilla!"

Then tenderly, though with anguish, bending over her, she would have raised, and helped her to return to the bed: but Camilla would not be aided; she would not lift up her eyes; her face sought the ground, where leaning it upon her hands, without desiring to speak, without wishing



to stir, torn by self-reproaches, that made her deem herself unworthy to live, she remained speechless, immoveable.

“ Repress, repress,” said Mrs. Tyrold, gently, yet firmly, “ these strong feelings, uselessly torturing to us both. Raise your head, my poor child—raise—and repose it upon the breast of your Mother.”

“ Of my Mother!” repeated Camilla, in a voice hardly audible; “ have I a Mother—who again will own the blast of her hopes and happiness?—the disgrace, the shame of the best and most injured of Fathers!”

“ Let us pray,” said Mrs. Tyrold, with a sigh, “ that these evils may pass away, and by salutary exertions, not desponding repinings, earn back our fugitive peace.”

Again she then would have raised her; but Camilla sunk from all assistance: “ No,” she cried, “ I am unworthy your lenity—I am unable even to bear it.—”

“ Camilla,” said Mrs. Tyrold, steadily, “ it is time to conquer this impetuous sensibility, which already, in its effects, has nearly broken all our hearts. With what horror have we missed—with what agony sought you! Now then, that at length, we find you, excite not new terror, by consigning yourself to willing despair.”

Struck

Struck with extreme dread of committing yet further wrong, she lifted up her head, with intention to have risen; but the weak state of her body, forgotten by herself, and by Mrs. Tyrold unsuspected, took its turn for demanding attention.

“ Alas! my poor child,” cried she, “ what horrible havock has this short absence produced! O Camilla! with a soul of feeling like yours,—strong, tender, generous, and but too much alive, how is it you can thus have forgotten the first ties of your duty and your heart, and have been wrought upon by your own sorrows to forget the sorrows you inflict? Why have you thus fled us? thus abandoned yourself to destruction? Was our anger to be set in competition with our misery? Was the fear of displeasure, from parents who so tenderly love you, to be indulged at the risk of never ending regret to the most lenient of Fathers? and nearly the loss of senses to a Mother who, from your birth, has idolized you in her inmost soul?”

Bending then over her, she folded her in her arms; where Camilla, overpowered with the struggles of joy and contrition, sunk nearly lifeless.

Mrs. Tyrold, seeing now her bodily feebleness, put her to bed, with words of soothing tenderness, no longer blended with

retrospective investigation ; conjuring her to be calm, to remember whose peace and happiness were encircled in her life and health, and to remit to her fuller strength all further interesting discourse.

“ Ah ! my Mother !” cried Camilla, “ tell me first—if the time may ever come when with truth you can forgive me ?”

“ Alas, my darling Child !” answered the generous Mother, “ I have myself now to pardon that I forgave thee not at first !”

Camilla seemed transported to another region ; with difficulty Mrs. Tyrold could hold her in her bed, though hovering over her pillow with incessant caresses : but to raise her eye only to meet that of her Mother—not as her fertile terror had prophesied, darting unrelenting ire, but softly solicitous, and exquisitely kind ; to feel one loved hand anxiously upon her forehead, and to glue her own lips upon the other ; to find fears that had made existence insupportable, transformed into security that rendered it delicious ; — with a floating, uncertain, yet irrepressible hope, that to Edgar she owed this restoration, caused a revulsion in all her feelings, that soon operated upon her frame—not, indeed, with tranquillity, but with rapture approaching to delirium : — when suddenly, a heavy, lumbering noise, appalled her. “ Ah, my Mother !”

Mother!" she faintly cried, "our beloved Eugenia!—that noise—where—and how—is Eugenia?—The wretched Mr. Bellamy is no more!"

Mrs. Tyrold answered, she was acquainted with the whole dreadful business, and would relate it in a season of more serenity; but meanwhile, as repose, she well knew, never associated with suspense, she satisfied immediate anxiety, by assurances that Eugenia was safe, and at Etherington.

This was a joy scarcely inferior to that which so recently had transported her: but Mrs. Tyrold, gathering from the good Peggy, that she had not been in bed, nor hardly tasted food, since she had been at the half-way house, refused all particulars, till she had been refreshed with nourishment and rest. The first immediately was ordered, and immediately taken; and Mrs. Tyrold, to propitiate the second, insisted upon total silence, and prepared to sit up with her all night.

Long as the extreme agitation of her spirits distanced

*Tir'd Nature's sweetest restorer, balmy sleep,\**

the change from so much misery to heart-felt peace and joy, with the judicious nurs-

\* Young.

ing and restoratives devised by Mrs. Tyrold, for her weak and half-famished frame, made her slumber, when at length it arrived, last so long, that, though broken by frequent starts, she awoke not till late the next morning.

Her eyes then opened upon a felicity that again made her think herself in a new world. Her Mother, leaning over her, was watching her breath, with hands uplifted for her preservation, and looks of fondness which seemed to mark that her happiness depended upon its being granted; and as she raised herself, to throw her arms around the loved maternal neck, the shadow of another form, quickly, yet gently receding, struck her sight;—“ Ah, Heaven!” she exclaimed, “ who is that?”

“ Will you be good,” said Mrs. Tyrold, gently, “ be tranquil, be composed, and earn that I should tell you who has been watching by you this hour?”

Camilla could not answer; certain, now, who it must be, her emotions became again uncontrollable; her horror, her remorse, her self-abhorrence revived, and agonizingly exclaiming, “ ’Tis my Father!—O, where can I hide my head?” She strove again to envelop herself with the bed-curtain from all view.

“ Here—

“ Here—in his own arms—upon his own breast you shall hide it,” said Mr. Tyrold, returning to the bed-side, “ and all now shall be forgotten, but thankfulness that our afflictions seem finding their period.”

“ O my Father! my Father!” cried Camilla, forgetting her situation, in her desire to throw herself at his feet, “ can you speak to me thus, after the woe—the disgrace I have brought upon you?—I deserve your malediction!—I expected to be shut out from your heart,—I thought myself abandoned—I looked forward only in death to receiving your forgiveness!—”

Mrs. Tyrold held her still, while her Father now blessed and embraced her, each uttering, in the same moment, whatever was softest to console her: but all her quick feelings were re-awakened beyond their power to appease them; her penitence tortured, her very gratitude tore her to pieces: “ O my mother,” she cried, “ Can you think of what is passed, and still pronounce your pardon? Will you not draw it back at the sight of my injured Father? Are you not-tempted to think I deserve eternal banishment from you both?”

“ No, my dearest child, no! I lament only that I took you not at once to your proper security—to these arms, my Camilla,

that now so fondly infold you! to this bosom—my darling girl!—where my heart beats your welcome!”

“ You make me too—too happy! the change is almost killing! my Mother—my dearest Mother!—I did not think you would permit me to ever call you so again! My Father I knew would pardon me, for the chief suffering was his own; but even he; I never expected, could look at me thus benignly again!”

Mr. Tyrold exhorted her to silent composure; but finding her agitation overpower even her own efforts, he summoned her to join him in solemn thanks for her restoration.

Awfully, though most gratefully impressed by such a call, she checked her emotion, and devoutly obeyed: and the short but pious ceremony quieted her nerves, and calmed her mind.

The gentlest tranquillity then took place in her breast, of the tumultuous joy which had first chased her deadly affliction. The soothing, however serious turn, given by devotion to her changed sensations, softened the acute excess of rapture which amounted to felicity nearly to agony. More eloquent, as well as safer than any speech, was the pause of deep gratitude, the silence of humble praise, which ensued. Camilla, in each  
hand

hand held one of each beloved parent; alternately she pressed them with grateful reverence to her lips, alternately her eyes sought each revered countenance, and received, in the beaming fondness they emitted, a benediction that was balm to every woe.



## CHAP. VIII.

*Means to obtain a Boon.*

MR. Tyrold was soon, by urgent claims, forced to leave them; and Camilla, with strong secret anxiety to know if Edgar had caused this blest meeting, led to a general explanation upon past events.

And now, to her utter amazement, she found that her letter sent by the labourer had never been received.

Mrs. Tyrold related, that she had no sooner read the first letter addressed to her through Lavinia, than, softened and affected, she wrote an answer of the utmost kindness to Belfont; desiring Camilla to continue with her sister till called for by Miss Margland, in her return home from Mrs. Macdersey. The visit, meanwhile to Cleves, had transpired through Jacob; and, much touched by, yet much blaming her travelling thus alone, she wrote to her a second time, charging her to remove no more from Belfont without Miss Margland. But, on the preceding morning, the first letter had been returned with a note from Eugenia, that her sister had set out two days before for Etherington.

The

The moment of this intelligence, was the most dreadful to Mr. Tyrold and herself of their lives. Every species of conjecture was horrible. He set out instantly for Belfont, determining to make enquiries at every inn, house, and cottage, by the way; but by taking, unfortunately, the road through Alton, he had missed the half-way house. In the evening, while, with apprehensions surpassing all description, she was waiting some news, a chaise drove up to the door. She flew out, but saw in it - - - alone, cold, trembling, and scarcely in her senses, Eugenia. Instantly imagining she came with tidings of fatal tendency concerning Camilla, she started back, exclaiming, "All then, is over?" The chaise-door had been opened; but Eugenia, shaking too violently to get out; only, and faintly, answered, "Yes!" my Mother—all is over!—" The mistake was almost instantaneous death to her—though the next words of Eugenia cleared it up, and led to her own dreadful narrative.

Bellamy, as soon as Camilla had left Belfont, had made a peremptory demand that his wife should claim, as if for some purpose of her own, a large sum of Sir Hugh. Her steady resistance sent him from the house in a rage; and she saw no more of him till that day at noon, when he returned

in deeper, blacker wrath than she had ever yet seen; and vowed that nothing less than her going in person to her uncle with his request, should induce him ever to forgive her. When he found her resolute in refusal, he ordered a chaise, and made her get into it, without saying for what purpose. She saw they were travelling towards Cleves, but he did not once speak, except where they changed horses, till they came upon the cross-road, leading to the half-way house. Suddenly then, bidding the postillion stop at the end of a lane, he told him he was going to look at a little farm, and, ordering him to wait, made her alight and walk down it till they were out of sight of the man and the carriage. Fiercely, then stopping short, "Will you give me," he cried, "your promise upon oath, that you will ask your uncle for the money?" "Indeed, Mr. Bellamy, I cannot!" she answered. "Enough!" he cried, and took from his pocket a pistol. "Good Heaven," she said, "you will not murder me?" "I cannot live without the money myself," he answered, "and why should I let you?" He then felt in his waistcoat pocket, whence he took two bullets, telling her, she should have the pleasure of seeing him load the pistol; and that when one bullet had dispatched her, the other should disappoint the

the

the executioner. Horror now conquered her, and she solemnly promised to ask whatever he dictated. "I must hold the pistol to your ear," cried he, "while you take your oath. See! 'tis loaded——This is no child's play." He then lifted it up; but, at the same moment, a distant voice exclaimed, "Hold villain! or you are a dead man!" Startling, and meaning to hide it within his waistcoat, his hand shook—the pistol went off—it shot him through the body, and he dropped down dead. Without sense or motion, she fell by his side; and, upon recovering, found herself again in the chaise. The postillion, who knew her, had carried her thither, and brought her on to Etherington. She then conjured that proper persons might go back with the driver, and that her Father would have the benevolence to superintend all that could be done that would be most respectfully decent.

The postillion acknowledged that it was himself who had cried, Hold villain! A suspicion of some mischief had occurred to him, from seeing the end of a pistol jerk from the pocket of the gentleman, as he got out of the chaise; and begging a man, who accidentally passed while he waited, to watch his horses, he ran down a field by the side of the lane, whence he heard the  
words:

words: "The pistol is loaded, and for no child's play!" upon which, seeing it raised, and the young Lady shrink, he called out. Yet Eugenia protested herself convinced that Bellamy had no real design against either his own life or her's, though terror, at the moment, had conquered her: he had meant but to affright her into consent, knowing well her word once given, with whatever violence torn from her, would be held sacred. The rest was dreadful accident, or Providence in that form playing upon himself his own toils. The pious young widow was so miserable at this shocking exit, and the shocking manner in which the remains were left exposed, that her Mother had set out herself to give orders in person, from the half-way house, for bringing thither the body, till Mr. Tyrold could give his own directions. She found, however, that business already done. The man called by the postillion had been joined by a party of labourers, just leaving off work; those had gathered others; they had procured some broad planks which served for a bier, and had humanely conveyed the body to the inn, where the landlord was assured the postillion would come back with some account of him, though little Peggy had only learnt in general that he had been found murdered near a wood.

“Eugenia is just now,” said Mrs. Tyrold, in conclusion, “plunged into an abyss of ideas, frightful to her humanity and oppressive to the tenderness of her heart. Her nature is too noble to rejoice in a release to herself, worked by means so horrible, and big with notions of retribution for the wretched culprit, and which even vengeance the most implacable might shudder. Nevertheless, all will imperceptibly pass away, save the pity inherent in all good minds for vice and its penalties. To know his abrupt punishment, and not to be shocked, would be inhuman; but to grieve with any regard for a man of such principles and conduct, would be an outrage to all that they have injured and offended.”

This view of the transaction, by better reconciling Camilla to the ultimate lot of her sister, brought her back to reflect upon her own. Still she had not gathered with precision how she had been discovered. To pronounce the name of Edgar was impossible; but after a long pause, which Mrs. Tyrold had hoped was given again to repose, she ventured to say, “I have not yet heard, my dearest Mother, to what benign chance I immediately owe my present unspeakable, unmerited happiness?”

Mrs.

Mrs. Tyrold looked at her a moment in silence, as if to read what her question offered beyond its mere words: but she saw her eyes hastily withdrawn from the examination, and her cheeks suddenly enveloped with the bed clothes.

Quietly, and without turning towards her again, she resumed her narrative.

“ I engaged the worthy postillion of my poor Eugenia to drive me, purposing to send Ambrose on with him, while I waited at the half-way house: but, about two miles off, Ambrose, who rode before, was stopt by a gentleman, whom he met in a post-chaise; when I came up to him, I stopt also. It was Mr. Mandlebert.”

Camilla, who had looked up, now again hastily drew back, and Mrs. Tyrold, after a short pause, went on.

“ His intelligence, of course, finished my search. My first idea was to convey you instantly home; but the particulars I gathered made me fear removing you. When I entered your room, you were asleep;—I dreaded to surprise, yet could not refrain taking a view of you, and while I looked, you suddenly awoke.

Ah! thought Camilla, 'tis to Edgar, then, that ultimately I owe this blest moment!

“ But

“But my Father,” she cried, “my dearest Mother,—how came my dear Father to know where you had found me?”

“At Belfont he learnt the way you had set out, and that Eugenia and Bellamy were from home; and, without loss of time—regardless of the night and of fasting,—he returned by a route through which he traced you at every inn where you had changed horses. He also entered as you were sleeping—and we watched together by your side.”

Again filial gratitude silenced all but itself, and sleep; the softest she had known for many months, soon gave to oblivion every care in Camilla.

The changeful tide of mental spirits from misery to enjoyment, is not more rapid than the transition from personal danger to safety, in the elastic period of youth. 'Tis the epoch of extremes; and moderation, by which alone we learn the true use of our blessings, is a wisdom we are frequently only taught to appreciate when redundancy no longer requires its practice.

Camilla, from sorrow the most desolate, bounded to joy that refused a solicitude; and from an illness that held her suspended between delirium and dissolution, to ease that had no complaint. The sufferings which had deprived her of the benefit of  
rest



rest and nourishment were no sooner removed, than she appeared to be at once restored to health; though to repair the wastes of strength some time yet was necessary.

Mrs. Tyrold determined to carry her this afternoon to Etherington. The remains of the wretched Bellamy, in a coffin and hearse brought from Winchester, had been sent to Belfont in the morning: and Mr. Tyrold had followed, to give every direction that he should be buried as the master of the house, without reference to the conduct which had forfeited all such respect.

Though the evil committed by the non-deliverance of Camilla's letter was now past all remedy, Mrs. Tyrold thought it every way right to endeavour to discover where lay the blame: and by the two usual modes of menace and promises, she learnt that the countryman, when he stopt to drink by the way, had, in lighting his pipe, let the letter take fire; and fearing to lose the recompense he had expected, had set his conscience apart for a crown, and returned with the eventful falsehood, which had made Camilla think herself abandoned, and her friends deplore her as lost.

Camilla

Camilla found, with extreme satisfaction, that Mrs. Tyrold meant liberally to recompense Mrs. Marl, for the trouble and patience with which she had attended to a guest so little profitable: while Peggy, to whose grateful remembrance she owed the consideration she had met with in her deserted condition, was rewarded by a much larger sum than she had ever before possessed. Camilla was obliged to confess she had parted with a pledge for future payment: but she shewed so much distress upon the subject, that Mrs. Tyrold, though she looked anxiously surprised, demanded it without enquiring into its history.

The excess of delight to Camilla in preparing to return to Etherington, rendered her insensible to all fatigue, till she was descending the stairs; when the recollection of the shock she had received from the corpse of Bellamy, made her tremble so exceedingly, that she could scarcely walk past the door of the room in which it had been lain.

\* \* \* \*

Ambrose had announced their intended arrival, and at the gate of the garden, the timid,

timid, but affectionate Lavinia, was waiting to receive them; and as Camilla, in alighting at the house door, met her tender embraces, a well-known voice reached her ears, calling out in hurried accents, "Where is she? Is she come indeed? Are you quite sure? And Sir Hugh, hobbling rather than walking into the hall, folded her in his feeble arms, sobbing over her: "I can't believe it for joy! Poor sinner that I am, and the cause of all our bad doings! how can I have deserved such a thing as this, to have my own little girl come back to me? which could not have made my heart gladder, if I had had no share in all this bad mischief! which God knows I've had enough, owing to my poor head doing always for the worst, for all my being the oldest of us all; which is a thing I've often thought remarkable enough, in the point of my knowing no better; which, however, I hope my dear little darling will excuse for the sake of my love, which is never happy but in seeing her."

The heart of Camilla bounded with grateful joy at sight of this dear Uncle, and at so tender a reception: and while with equal emotion, and equal weakness, they were unable to support either each other or themselves, the worthy old Jacob, his eyes running over, came to help his Master back to the  
parlour,

parlour, and Mrs. Tyrold and Lavinia conveyed thither Camilla; who was but just placed upon a sofa, by the side of her fond Uncle, when the door of an inner apartment was softly opened, and pale, wan, and meagre, Eugenia appeared at it, saying, as faintly, yet with open arms, she advanced to Camilla; “ Let me too—your poor harrassed, and but half-alive Eugenia, make one in this precious scene! Let me see the joy of my kind Uncle—the revival of my honoured Mother, the happiness of my dear Lavinia—and feel even my own heart beat once more with delight in the bosom of its darling sister!—my so mourned—but now for ever, I trust, restored to me, most dear Camilla!”

Camilla, thus encircled in her Mother's, Uncle's, Sister's, arms at once, gasped, sighed, smiled, and shed tears in the same grateful minute, while fondly she strove to articulate, “ Am I again at Etherington and at Cleves in one? And thus indulgently received? thus more than forgiven? My heart wants room for its joy! my Mother! my Sisters! if you knew what despair has been my portion! I feared even the sight of my dear Uncle himself, lest the sorrows and the errors of a creature he so kindly loved, should have demolished his generous heart!

“ Mine,

“ Mine, my dearest little girl ?” cried the Baronet, “ why what would that have signified, in comparison to such a young one as yours, that ought to know no sorrow yet a while ? God knows, it being time enough to begin ; for it is but melancholy at best, the cares of the world ; which if you can’t keep off now, will be overtaking you at every turn.”

Mrs. Tyrold entreated Camilla might be spared further conversation. Eugenia had already glided back to her chamber, and begged, this one solacing interview over, to be dispensed with from joining the family at present ; Camilla was removed also to her chamber ; and the tender mother divided her time and her cares between these two recovered treasures of her fondest affection.

## CHAP. IX.

*Questions and Answers.*

MR. Tyrold did not return till the next day from Belfont, where through the account he gave from his daughter, the violent exit of the miserable Bellamy was called accidental death. Various circumstances had now acquainted him with the history of that wretched man, who was the younger son of the master of a great gaming-house. In his first youth, he had been utterly neglected, and left to run wild whither he chose; but his father afterwards becoming very rich, had bestowed upon him as good an education as the late period at which it was begun could allow. He was intended for a lucrative business; but he had no application, and could retain no post: he went into the army; but he had no courage, and was speedily cashiered. Inheriting a passion for the means by which the parental fortune had been raised, he devoted himself next to its pursuit, and won very largely. But as extravagance and good luck, by long custom, go hand in hand, he spent as fast as he acquired; and upon a tide of fortune in his disfavour, was

was tempted to reverse the chances by unfair play, was found out, and as ignominiously chased from the field of hazard as from that of patriotism. His father was no more; his eldest brother would not assist him; he sold therefore his house, and all he possessed but his wardrobe, and, relying upon a very uncommonly handsome face and person, determined to seek a fairer lot, by eloping, if possible, with some heiress. He thought it however prudent not only to retire from London, but to make a little change in his name, which from Nicholas Gwigg he refined into Alphonso Bellamy. He began his career by a tour into Wales; where he insinuated himself into the acquaintance of Mrs. Ecton, just after she had married Miss Melmond to Mr. Berlinton; and though this was not an intercourse that could travel to Gretna Green, the beauty and romantic turn of the bride of so disproportioned a marriage, opened to his unprincipled mind a scheme yet more flagitious. Fortunately, however, for his fair destined prey, soon after the connexion was formed, she left Wales; and the search of new adventures carried him, by various chances, into Hampshire. But he had established with her a correspondence, and when he had caught, or rather forced, an heiress into legal snares, the discovery of  
who.

who and what he was, became less important, and he ventured again to town, and renewed his heinous plan, as well as his inveterate early habits; till surprised by some unpleasant recollectors, debts of honour, which he had found it convenient to elude upon leaving the Capital, were claimed, and he found it impossible to appear without satisfying such demands. Thence his cruel and inordinate persecution of his unhappy wife for money; and thence, ultimately, the brief vengeance which had reverberated upon his own head.

\* \* \* \*

Camilla, whose danger was the result of self-neglect, as her sufferings had all flowed from mental anguish, was already able to go down to the study upon the arrival of Mr. Tyrold; where she received, with grateful rapture, the tender blessings which welcomed her to the paternal arms—to her home—to peace—to safety—and primæval joy.

Mr. Tyrold, sparing to her yet weak nerves any immediate explanations upon the past, called upon his wife to aid him to communicate, in the quietest manner, what had been done at Belfont to Eugenia;



charging Camilla to take no part in a scene inevitably shocking.

Once more in the appropriate apartment of her Father, where all her earliest scenes of gayest felicity had passed, but which, of late, she had only approached with terror, only entered to weep, she experienced a delight the most exquisite in the renovation of pristine confidence, and fearless ease. She took from her bosom—where alone she could ever bear to keep it—her loved locket, delighting to attribute to it this restoration to domestic enjoyment; though feeling at the same time, a renewal of suspense from the return of its donor, and from the affecting interview into which she had been surprised, that broke in upon even her filial happiness, with bitter, tyrannical regret. Yet she pressed to her bosom the cherished symbol of first regard, and was holding it to her lips, when Mrs. Tyrold, unexpectedly, re-entered the room.

In extreme confusion, she shut it into its shagreen case, and was going to restore it to her pocket; but infolding it, with her daughter's hand, between each of her own, Mrs. Tyrold said, "Shall I ever, my dear girl, learn the history of this locket?"

"O yes,

\* O yes, my dearest Mother," said the blushing Camilla, "of that—and of every—and of all things—you have only—you have merely—"

"If it distresses you, my dear child, we will leave it to another day," said Mrs. Tyröld, whose eyes Camilla saw, as she now raised her own, were swimming in tears.

"My Mother! my dearest Mother!" cried she, with the tenderest alarm, "has any thing new happened?—Is Eugenia greatly affected?"

"She is all, every way, and in every respect" said Mrs. Tyröld, "whatever the fondest, or even the proudest Mother could wish. But I do not at this instant most think of her. I am not without some fears for my Camilla's strength, in the immediate demand that may be made upon her fortitude. Tell me, my child, with that sincerity which so long has been mutually endearing between us, tell me if you think you can see here, again, and as usual, without any risk to your health, one long admitted and welcomed as a part of the family?"

She started, changed colour, looked up, cast her eyes on the floor; but soon seeing Mrs. Tyröld hold an handkerchief bathed in tears to her face, lost all dread; and even all consciousness in tender grati-

tude, and throwing her arms round her neck, "O my Mother," she cried, "you who weep not for yourself—scarcely even in the most poignant sorrow—can you weep for me?—I will see—or I will avoid whoever you please—I shall want no fortitude, —I shall fear nothing—no one—not even myself—now again under your protection! I will scarcely even think, my beloved Mother, but by your guidance!"

"Compose yourself, then, my dearest girl: and, if you believe you are equal to behaving with firmness, I will not refuse his request of re-admission."

"His request?" repeated Camilla, with involuntary quickness; but finding Mrs. Tyrold did not notice it, gently adding, "That person that—I believe—you mean—has done nothing, my dear Mother, to merit expulsion!—"

"I am happy to hear you say so; I have been fearfully, I must own, and even piercingly displeased with him."

"Ah, my dear Mother! how kind was the partiality that turned your displeasure so wrong a way! that made you,—even you, my dear Mother, listen to your fondness rather than to your justice!—"

She trembled at the temerity of this vindication the moment it had escaped her, and looking another way, spoke again of  
Eugenia;

Eugenia; but Mrs. Tyrold now, taking both her hands, and seeking, though vainly, to meet her eyes, said, "My dearest child, I grow painfully anxious to end a thousand doubts; to speak and to hear without further ambiguity or reserve. If Edgar—"

Camilla again changed colour, and strove to withdraw her hands.

"Take courage, my dear love, and let one final explanation relieve us both at once. If Edgar has merited well of you, why are you parted?—If ill—why this solicitude, my opinion of him should be unshaken?"

Her head now dropt upon Mrs. Tyrold's shoulder, as she faintly answered, "He deserves your good opinion, my dearest Mother—for he adores you—I cannot be unjust to him,—though he has made me—I own—not very happy!"

"Designedly, my Camilla?"

"O, no, my dearest Mother!—he would not do that to an enemy!"

"Speak out, then, and speak clearer, my dearest Camilla. If you think of him so well, and are so sure of his good intentions, what—in two words,—what is it that has parted you?"

"Accident, my dearest Mother,—de-luding appearances,—false internal reasoning on my part,—and on his, continual mit-

construction ! O my dearest Mother ! how have I missed your guiding care ! I had ever the semblance, by some cruel circumstance, some inexplicable fatality, to neglect his counsel, oppose his judgment, deceive his expectations, and trifle with his regard !— Yet, with a heart faithful, grateful, devoted,—O my dearest Mother !—with an esteem that defies all comparison,—a respect closely meliorating even to veneration !— Never was heart—my dearest Mother, so truly impressed with the worth of another — with the nobleness—”

A buzzing noise from the adjoining parlour, founding something between a struggle and a dispute, suddenly stopt her—and as she raised her head from the bosom of her Mother, in which she had seemed seeking shelter from the very confidence she was pouring forth, she saw the door opened, and the object of whom she was speaking appear, at it.—Fluttered, colouring, trembling,—yet with eyes refulgent with joy, and every feature speaking extacy.

Almost fainting with shame and surprise, she gave herself up as disgraced, if not dishonoured evermore, for a short, but bitter half moment. It was not longer. Edgar rushing forward, and seizing the hands of Mrs. Tyrold, even while they were encircling her drooping, shrinking, half expiring

ing

ing Camilla, pressed them with ardent respect to his lips, rapidly exclaiming, "My more than Mother! my dear, kind, excellent, inestimable friend!—Forgive this blest intrusion—plead for me where I dare not now speak—and raise your indeed maternal eyes upon the happiest—the most devoted of your family!"

"What is it overpowers me thus this morning?" cried Mrs. Tyrold, leaning her head upon her clinging Camilla, while large drops fell from her eyes; "Misfortune, I see, is not the greatest test of our philosophy!—Joy, twice to day, has completely demolished mine!"

"What goodness is this! what encouragement to hope some indulgent intercession here—where the sense that now breaks in upon me of ungenerous—ever to be lamented—and, I had nearly said, execrated doubt; fills me with shame and regret—and makes me—even at this soft reviving, heart-restoring moment, feel undeserving my own hopes!"

"Shall I—may I leave him to make his peace?" whispered Mrs. Tyrold to her daughter, whose head sought concealment even to annihilation; but whose arms, with what force they possessed, detained her, uttering faintly but rapidly, "O no, no, no!"

“ My more than Mother ! ” again cried Edgar, “ I will wait till that felicity may be accorded me, and put myself wholly under your kind and powerful influence. One thing alone I must say ;—I have too much to answer for to take any share of the mildmeanours of another ! — I have not been a treacherous listener, though a wilful obtruder.—See, Mrs. Tyrold ! who placed me in that room ?—who is the accomplice of my happiness ? ”

With a smile that seemed to beam but the more brightly for her glistening eyes, Mrs. Tyrold looked to the door, and saw there, leaning against it, the form she most revered ; surveying them all with an expression of satisfaction so perfect, contentment so benign, and pleasure mingled with so much thankfulness, that her tears now flowed fast from unrestrained delight ; and Mr. Tyrold, approaching to press at once the two objects of his most exquisite tenderness to his breast, said, “ This surprise was not planned, but circumstances made it more than irresistible. . . . It was not, however, quite fair to my Camilla, and if she is angry, we will be self-exiled till she can pardon us.”

“ This is such a dream,”—cried Camilla, as now, first, from the voice of her Father she believed it reality ; “ so incredible—  
so

so unintelligible—I find it entirely—impossible—impossible to comprehend any thing I see or hear!”—

“Let the past,—not the present,” cried Edgar, “be regarded as the dream! and generously drive it from your mind as a fever of the brain, with which reason had no share, and for which memory must find no place.”

“If I could understand in the least,” said Camilla, “what this all means— - — what ———”

Mr. Tyrold now insisted that Edgar should retreat, while he made some explanation; and then related to his trembling, doubting, wondering daughter, the following circumstances.

In returning from Belfont, he had stoppt at the half-way-house; where he had received from Mrs. Marl, a letter that, had it reached him as it was intended, at Etherington, would have quickened the general meeting, yet nearly have broken his heart. It was that which, for want of a messenger, had never been sent, and which Peggy, in cleaning the bed-room, had found under a table, where it had fallen, she supposes, when the candle was put upon it for reading prayers.

“There was another letter, too!” interrupted Camilla, with quick blushing recollection;—



lection;—"but my illness—and all that has followed, made me forget them both till this very moment—Did she say any thing of any—other!"

"Yes;—the other had been delivered according to its address."

"Good Heaven!"

"Be not frightened, my Camilla,—all has been beautifully directed for the best. My accomplice had received his early in the morning; he was at the house, by some fortunate hazard, when it was found, and, being well known there, Mr. Marl gave it to him immediately.

"How terrible!—It was meant only in case—I had seen no one any more!"—

"The intent, and the event, have been happily, my child, at war. He came instantly hither, and enquired for me; I was not returned; he asked my route, and rode to follow or meet me. About an hour ago, we encountered upon the road: he gave his horse to his groom, and came into the chaise to me.

Camilla now could with difficulty listen; but her Father hastened to acquaint her, that Edgar, with the most generous apologies, the most liberal self-blame, had demanded his consent for a union, from which every doubt was wholly, and even miraculously removed, by learning thus

the true feelings of her heart, as depicted at the awful crisis of expected dissolution. The returning smiles which forced their way now through the tears and blushes of Camilla, shewed how vainly she strove to mingle the regret of shame with the felicity of fond security, produced by this eventful accident. But when she further heard that Edgar, in Flanders, had met with Lionel, who, in frankly recounting his difficulties and adventures, had given some explanations that had induced him instantly to seek a passage for his return home, she felt all but happiness retire from her heart;—vanish even from her ideas.

“You are not angry, then,” said Mr. Tyrold, as smilingly he read her delighted sensations, “that I waited not to consult you? That I gave back at once my consent? That I folded him again in my arms?—again—called him my son?”

She could but seek the same pressure; and he continued, “I would not bring him in with me; I was not aware my dear girl was so rapidly recovered, and I had a task so full to my poor Eugenia that was till my first claim. But I promised that within an hour, your Mother, at least, should welcome him. He would walk, he said, for that period. When I met her, I hinted at what was passing, and she followed me to our Eugenia; I then

briefly communicated my adventure; and your Mother, my Camilla, lost herself in hearing it. Will you not, — like me — withdraw from her all reverence? Her eyes gushed with tears, — she wept, as you weep at this moment; she was sure Edgar Mandlebert could alone preserve you from danger, yet make you happy — Was she wrong, my dear child? Shall we attack now her judgment, as well as her fortitude?"

Only at her feet could Camilla shew her gratitude; to action she had recourse, for, words were inadequate, and the tenderest caresses now spoke best for them all.

Respect for the situation of Eugenia, who had desired, for this week, to live wholly up stairs and alone, determined Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold to keep back for some time the knowledge of this event from the family. Camilla was most happy to pay such an attention to her sister; but when Mr. Tyrold was leaving her, to consult upon it with Edgar, the ingenuousness of her nature urged her irresistibly to say, "Since all this has passed, my dearest Father — my dearest Mother — does it not seem as if I should now myself — —"

She stopt; but she was understood; they both smiled, and Mr. Tyrold immediately bringing in Edgar, said, "I find my pardon, my dear fellow-culprit, is already granted;

granted; if you have doubts of your own, try your eloquence for yourself."

He left the room, and Mrs. Tyrold was gently rising to quietly follow, but Camilla, with a look of entreaty, of which she knew the sincerity, and would not resist the earnestness, detained her.

"Ah yes, stay, dearest Madam!" cried Edgar, again respectfully taking her hand, "and through your unalterable goodness, let me hope to procure pardon for a distrust which I here for ever renounce; but which had its origin in my never daring to hope what, at this moment, I have the felicity to believe. Yet now, even now, without your kind mediation, this dear convalescent may plan some probationary trial, at which my whole mind, after this long suffering, revolts. Will you be my caution, my dearest Mrs. Tyrold? Will you venture—and will you deign to promise, that if a full and generous forgiveness may be pronounced—"

"Forgiveness?" in a soft voice interrupted Camilla: "Have I any thing to forgive; I thought all apology—all explanation, rested on my part? and that my imprudencies—my rashness—my so often-erring judgment—and so apparently, almost even culpable conduct—"

"O, my



“O, my Camilla! my now own Camilla! cried Edgar, venturing to change the hand of the Mother for that of the daughter; “what too, tho touching words and concessions are these? Suffer me, then, to hope an act of oblivion may take place of retrospection, a clear, liberal, open amnesty anticipate explanation and enquiry.”

“Are you sure,” said Camilla, smiling, “this is your interest, and not mine?—Does he not make a mistake, my dearest Mother, and turn my advocate, instead of his own? And can I fairly take advantage of such an error?”

The sun-shine of her returning smiles went warm to her Mother’s heart, and gave a glow to the cheeks of Edgar, and a brightness to his eyes that irradiated his whole countenance. “Your penetrating judgment,” said he, to Mrs. Tyrol, “will take in at once more than any professions, any protestations can urge for me:—you see the peace, the pardon, which those eyes do not seek to withhold—will you then venture, my more than maternal friend! my Mother, in every meaning which affection and reverence can give to that revered appellation will you venture at once—now—upon this dear and ever after hallowed minute—to seal the kind consent of  
my

my truly paternal guardian, and to give me an example of that trust and confidence which my whole future life shall look upon as its lesson?"

"Yes!" answered Mrs. Tyrold, instantly joining their hands, "and with every security that the happiness of all our lives — my child's, my husband's, your's, my valued Edgar, and my own, will all owe their felicity to the blessing with which I now lay my hands upon my two precious children!"

Tears were the only language that could express the fulness of joy which succeeded to so much sorrow; and when Mr. Tyrold returned, and had united his tenderest benediction with that of his beloved wife, Edgar was permitted to remain alone with Camilla; and the close of his long doubts, and her own long perplexities, was a reciprocal confidence that left nothing untold, not an action unrelated, not even a thought unacknowledged.

Edgar confessed that he no sooner had quitted her, than he suspected the justice of his decision; the turn which of late he had taken, doubtfully to watch her every action, and suspiciously to judge her every motive, though it had impelled him in her presence, ceased to operate in her absence.

He was too noble to betray the well-meant,  
though

though not well-applied warnings of Dr. Marchmont, yet he acknowledged, that when left to cool reflection, a thousand palliations arose for every step he could not positively vindicate: and when, afterwards, from the frank communication of Lionel, he learnt what belonged to the mysterious offer of Sir Sedley Clarendel, that she would superintend the disposal of his fortune, and the deep obligation in which she had been innocently involved, his heart smote him for having judged 'ere he had investigated that transaction; and in a perturbation unspeakable of quick repentance and tenderness, he set out for England. But when, at the half-way-house, he stopt as usual to rest his horses in his way to Beech Park,—what were his emotions at the sight of the locket, which the landlady told him had been pledged by a lady in distress! He besought her pardon for the manner in which he had made way to her; but the almost frantic anxiety which seized him to know if or not it was she, and to save her, if so, from the intended intrusion of the landlord, made him irresistibly prefer it to the plainer mode of sending in his name, and some message. His shock at her view in such a state, he would not now revive; but the impropriety of bidding the landlady quit the chamber, and the impossibility of entering

tering into an explanation in her hearing, alone repressed, at that agitated moment, the avowal of every sensation with which his heart was labouring. "But when," he added "shall I cease to rejoice that I had listened to the good landlady's history of a sick guest! When I am tempted to turn aside from a tale of distress, I will recollect what I owe to having given ear to one!" Lost in wonder at what could have brought her to such a situation, and disturbed how to present himself at the rectory, till fixed in his plans, he had ridden to the half-way-house that morning, to enquire concerning the corpse that Mrs. Marl had mentioned—and there—while he was speaking with her, the little maid brought down two letters—one of them directed to himself.—

"What a rapid transition," cried he, "was then mine, from regrets that robbed life of all charms, to prospects which paint it in its most vivid colours of happiness! from wavering the most deplorable, to resolutions of expiating by a whole life of devoted fondness, the barbarous waywardness that could deprive me, for one wilful moment, of the exquisite felicity of my lot!—"

"But still," said Camilla, "I do not quite understand how you came in that room this morning? and how you autho-  
rized



rized yourself to overhear my confessions to my Mother?"

"Recollect my acknowledged accomplice, before you hazard any blame. When I came hither—somewhat, I confess, within my given hour, Mr. Tyrold received me himself at the door. He told me I was too soon, and took me into the front parlour. The partition is thin. I heard my name spoken by Mrs. Tyrold, and the gentle voice of my Camilla, in accents yet more gentle than even that voice ever spoke before, answering some question; I was not myself, at first, aware of its tenour—but when, unavoidably, I gathered it—when I heard words so beautifully harmonizing with what I had so lately perused.—I would instantly have ventured into the room; but Mr. Tyrold feared surprising you—you went on—my fascinated soul divested me of obedience—of caution—of all but joy and gratitude—and he could no longer restrain me. And now with which of her offenders will my Camilla quarrel?"

"I must only, in future," cried she, smiling, "speak ill of you—and then you will find less pleasure in the thinness of a partition!"

Faithfully she returned his communication, by the fullest, most candid, and unsparing account of every transaction of her  
short

short life, from the still shorter period of its being put into voluntary motion. With nearly breathless interest, he listened to the detail of her transactions with Sir Sedley Clarendel, with pity to her debts, and with horror to her difficulties. But when, through the whole ingenuous narration, he found himself the constant object of every view, the ultimate motive to every action, even where least it appeared, his happiness, and his gratitude, made Camilla soon forget that sorrow had ever been known to her.

They then spoke of her two favourites Mrs. Arlbery, and Mrs. Berlinton; and though she was animated in her praise of the good qualities of the first, and the sweet attraction of the last, she confessed the danger, for one so new in the world, of chusing friends distinct from those of her family; and voluntarily promised, during her present season of inexperience, to repose the future choice of her connections, where she could never be happy without their approvance.

The two hundred pounds to Sir Sedley Clarendel, he determined, on the very day that Camilla should be his, to return to the Baronet, under the privilege, and in the name of paying it for a brother.

In

In conference thus softly balsamic to every past wound, and thus deliciously opening to that summit of earthly felicity—confidence unlimited entwined around affection unbounded—hours might have passed, unnumbered and unawares, had not prudence forced a separation, for the repose of Camilla.

## CHAP. X.

*The last Touches of the Picture.*

LATE as Edgar quitted the rectory, he went not straight to Beech Park; every tie both of friendship and propriety carried him first to Dr. Marchmont; who had too much feeling to wonder at the power of his late incitements, and too much goodness of heart not to felicitate him upon their issue.

The following day, the Westwyns presented themselves at Etherington; hurried from a tour they were taking through Devonshire and Cornwall, by intelligence which had reached them that Sir Hugh Tyrold was ruined, and Cleves was to be let. They met, by chance, with Edgar alone in the parlour, who, presuming upon his peculiar intimacy in the family, as ward of Mr. Tyrold, though without yet daring to avow his approaching nearer affinity, insisted upon his superiour claim for supplanting them in taking charge of the debt of his guardian. But Mr. Westwyn, almost angrily, protested he would let no man upon earth, let him be whose ward he pleased, shew more respect than himself for

for the brother of Sir Hugh Tyrold ; “ And Hal thinks the same too,” he added, “ or he’s no son of mine ; and so he’ll soon shew you, in a way you can’t guess, I give you my word. At least that’s my opinion.”

He then took his son apart, and abruptly whispered to him, “ As that pretty girl you and I took such a fancy to, at Southton, served us in that shabby manner, because of meeting with that old lord, it’s my opinion you’d do the right thing to take her sister ; who’s pretty near as pretty, and gives herself no airs ; and that will be shewing respect for my worthy old friend, now he’s down in the world ; which is exactly that he did for me when I was down myself. For if he had not lent me that thousand pounds I told you of, when not a relation I had would lend me a hundred, I might have been ruined before ever you were born. Come, tell me your mind, Hal ! off or on ? don’t stand shilly shally ; it’s what I can’t bear ; speak honestly ; I won’t have your choice controlled ; only this one thing I must tell you without ceremony, I shall never think well of you again as long as ever I live, if you demur so much as a moment. It’s what I can’t bear ; it i’n’t doing a thing handsomely. I can’t say I like it.”

The

The appearance of Lavinia relieved the immediate embarrassment of Henry, while the modest pleasure with which she received them confirmed the partiality of both. The eagerness, however, of the father, admitted of no delay, and when Sir Hugh entered the room, the son's assent being obtained, he warmly demanded the fair Lavinia for his daughter-in-law.

Sir Hugh received the proposition with the most copious satisfaction; Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold with equal, though more anxious delight; and Lavinia herself with blushing but unaffected hopes of happiness.

Whatever was known to Sir Hugh, no cautions, nor even his own best designs, could save from being known to the whole house. Eugenia, therefore, was unavoidably informed of this transaction; and the generous pleasure with which she revived, from the almost settled melancholy left upon her by continual misfortunes, justified the impatience of Edgar to accelerate the allowed period for publishing his own happy history.

Eugenia wept with joy at tidings so precious of her beloved sister, through whom, and her other dear friends, she was alone, she said, susceptible of joy, though to all sorrow she henceforth bid adieu. "For henceforth," she cried, "I mean to regard myself

myself as if already I had passed the busy period of youth and of life, and were only a spectatress of others. For this purpose, I have began writing my memoirs, which will amuse my solitude, and confirm my—I hope, philosophical idea.”

She then produced the opening of her intended book.

### SECTION I.

“ No blooming coquette, elated with adulation and triumphant with conquest, here counts the glories of her eyes, or enumerates the train of her adorers: no beauteous prude, repines at the fatigue of admiration, nor bewails the necessity of tyranny: O gentle reader! you have the story of one from whom fate has withheld all the delicacy of vanity, all the regale of cruelty —”

“ Here,” interrupted the young biographer, “ will follow my portrait, and then this further address to my readers.”

“ O ye, who, young and fair, revel in the attractions of beauty, and exult in the pride of admiration, say, where is your envy of the heirs to whom fortune comes with such alloys? And which, however distressed or impoverished, would accept my fortune with my personal defects?

“ Ye, too, O lords of the creation, mighty men! impute not to native vanity the repining spirit with which I lament the loss of beauty: attribute not to the innate weakness of my sex, the concern I confess for  
“ my

“ my deformity; nor to feminine littleness of soul, a regret of which the true source is to be traced to your own bosoms, and springs from your own tastes: for the value you yourselves set upon external attractions, your own neglect has taught me to know; and the indifference with which you consider all else, your own duplicity has instructed me to feel.”

Camilla sought to dissuade her from reflexions so afflictive, and retrospections so poignant; but they aided her, she said, in her task of acquiring composure for the regulation of her future life.

Edgar now received permission to make his communication to the Baronet.

The joy with which Sir Hugh heard it, was for some time over-clouded by doubt. “ My dear Mr. young Edgar,” he said, “ in case you don’t know your own mind yet, in the point of its not changing again, as it did before, I’d as lief you would not tell me of it till you’ve taken the proper time to be at a certainty; frettings about these ups and downs, being what do no good to me, in point of the gout.”

But when thoroughly re-assured, “ Well,” he cried, “ this is just the thing I should have chose out of all our misfortunes, being what makes me happier than ever I was in my life; except once before on the very same account, which all turned out to end in nothing: which, I hope, won’t happen



any more: for now I've only to pay off all our debts, and then I may go back again to Cleves, which I shall be glad enough to do, it being but an awkward thing to a man, after he's past boyhood, having no home of his own."

Edgar, now, with the most tender earnestness, besought his leave to advance the sum requisite to return him tranquilly to his mansion; but he could not prevail, till Camilla joined in the petition, and permitted him, in both their names to entreat, as their dearest wish, that they might be united, according to the first arrangement, from Cleves.

This the Baronet could not resist, and preparations were rapidly made for reinstating him in his dwelling, and for the double marriages destined to take place upon his return.

"Well, then, this," cried he, as he poured upon them his tenderest blessings and caresses, "is the oddest of all! My dear little Camilla, that I took all my fortune from, is the very person to give me her's as soon as ever she gets it! as well as my own house over my old head again, after my turning her, as one may say, out of it! which is a thing as curious, in point of us poor ignorant mortals, as if my brother had put it in a sermon."

"Such

“ Such turns in the tide of fortune,” said Mr. Tyrold, are amongst the happiest lessons of humanity, where those who have served the humble and helpless from motives of pure disinterestedness, find they have made useful friends for themselves, in the perpetual vicissitudes of our unstable condition.”

“ Why, then, there’s but one thing more, by what I can make out,” said the Baronet, “ that need be much upon my mind, and that I’ve been thinking some time about, in point of forming a scheme to get rid of which, I think I’ve got a pretty good one: for here’s Lavinia going to be married to the very oldest friend I have in the world; that is, to his son, which is the same thing in point of bringing us all together; and my own dear little girl, to the best gentleman in the county, except for that one thing of going off at the first, which I dare say he did not mean, for which reason I shall mention it no more: and Indiana, to one of those young captains, that I can’t pretend I know much of; but that’s very excusable in so young a person, not having had much head from the beginning; which I always make allowance for; my own not being over extraordinary: and Eugenia, poor thing, being a widow already; for which God be  
P 2  
praised;

praised; which I hope is no sin, in point of the poor lad that's gone not belonging to any of us, by what I can make out, except by his own doing whether we would or not; which, however, is neither here nor there, now he's gone; for Eugenia being no beauty, and Clermont having as good as said so, I suppose she thought she must not be too difficult; which is a thing young girls are apt to fall into; and boys too, for the matter of that; for, by what I can make out of life, I don't see but what a scholar thinks a girl had better be pretty than not, as much as another man."

"But what, my dear brother," said Mr. Tyrold, "is your new distress, and new scheme?"

"Why, I can't say but what I'm a little put out, that Indiana should forget poor Mrs. Margland, in the particular of asking her to go live with her; which, however, I dare say she can't help, those young captains commonly not over liking having elderly persons about them; not that I mean to guess her age, which I take to be fifty, and upwards; which is no point of ours. But the thing I'm thinking of is Dr. Orkborne, in the case of their marrying one another."

"My

“ My dear brother!—has any such idea occurred to them?”

“ Not as I know of; but Indiana having done with one, and Eugenia with the other, and me, Lord help me! not wanting either of them, why what can I do if they won't? the Doctor's asked to go to town, for the sake of printing his papers, which I begged him not to hurry, for I'm but little fit for learned conversation just now; though when he's here, he commonly says nothing; only taking out his tablets to write down something that comes into his head, as I suppose: which I can't say is very entertaining in the light of a companion. However, as to his having called me a block-head, it's not what I take umbrage at, not being a wit being a fault of no man's, except of nature, which nobody has a right to be angry at. Besides, as to his having a little pride, it's what I owe him no ill-will for; a scholar having nothing else but his learning, is excusable for making the most of it. However, if they would marry one another, I can't but say I should take it very well of them. The only thing I know against it, is the mortal dislike they have to one another: and that, my dear brother, is the point I want to consult you about; for then we shall be got off all

round: which would be a great thing off my mind."

When the happy day arrived for returning to Cleves, Sir Hugh re-took possession of his hospitable mansion, amidst the tenderest felicitations of his fond family, and the almost clamorous rejoicings of the assembled poor of the neighbourhood: and the following morning, Mr. Tyrold gave the hand of Lavinia to Harry Westwyn, and Dr. Marchmont united them; and Edgar, glowing with happiness, now purified from any alloy, received from the same revered hand, and owed to the same honoured voice, the final and lasting possession of the tearful, but happy Camilla.



What further remains to finish this small sketch of a PICTURE OF YOUTH, may be comprised in a few pages.

Indiana was more fortunate in her northern expedition, than experiments of that nature commonly prove. Macdersey was a man of honour, and possessed better claims to her than he had either language or skill to explain: but the good Lord O'Lerney, who, to beneyolence the most  
cheerful,

cheerful, and keenness the least severe, joined judgment and generosity, acted as the guardian of his kinsman, and placed the young couple in competence and comfort.

The profession of Macdersey obliging him to sojourn frequently in country quarters, Indiana, when the first novelty of tête-à-têtes was over, wished again for the constant adulators of her charms and endowments; and, to the inexpressible rapture of Sir Hugh, solicited Miss Margland to be her companion: and the influence of constant flattery was so seductive to her weak mind, that, though insensible to the higher motive of cherishing her in remembrance, of her long cares, she was so spoilt by her blandishments, and so accustomed to her management, that she parted from her no more.

Lavinia, with her deserving partner, spent a month between Cleves and Etherington, and then accompanied him and his fond father to their Yorkshire estate and residence. Like all characters of radical worth, she grew daily upon the esteem and affection of her new family, and found in her husband as marked a contrast with Clermont Lynmere to annul all Hypothesis of Education, as Lord O'Lerney opposed to Macdersey, offered against all national prejudice.

prejudice. Brought up under the same tutor, the same masters, and at the same university, with equal care, equal expence, equal opportunities of every kind, Clermont turned out conceited, voluptuous, and shallow; Henry, modest, full of feeling, and stored with intelligence. :

Lionel, first enraged, but next tamed, by the disinheritance which he had drawn upon himself, had ample subject in his disappointment to keep alive his repentance. And though enabled to return from banishment, by the ignominious condemnation, with another culprit, of the late partner in his guilt, he felt so lowered from his fallen prospects, that he preferred an appointment which carried him further abroad, where he remained till his bad habits, as well as bad connections, were forgotten, and time aided adversity in forming him a new character.

Clermont, for whom his uncle bought a commission, fixed himself in the army; though with no greater love of his country, than was appendant to the opportunity it afforded of shewing his fine person to regimental advantage.

Mrs. Arlbery was amongst the first to hasten with congratulations to Camilla. With too much understanding to betray her pique upon the error of her judgment,

ment, as to the means of attaching Mandlebert, she had too much goodness of heart not to rejoice in the happiness of her young friend.

Mrs. Liffin, who accompanied her in the wedding visit, confessed herself the most disappointed and distressed of human beings. She had not, she said, half so much liberty as when she lived with her Papa, and heartily repented marrying, and wished she had never thought of it. The servants were always teasing her for orders and directions; every thing that went wrong, it was always she who was asked why it was not right; when she wanted to be driving about all day, the coachman always said it was too much for the horses; when she travelled, the maids always asked her what must be packed up; if she happened to be out at dinner-time, Mr. Liffin found fault with every thing being cold: if she wanted to do something she liked, he said she had better let it alone; and, in fine, her violent desire for this state of freedom, ended in conceiving it a state of bondage; she found *her own house* the house of which she must take the charge; being *her own mistress*, having the burthen of superintending a whole family; and being *married*, becoming the property of another, to whom she made over a legal right to treat her just as he



he pleased. And as she had chosen neither for character, nor for disposition, neither from sympathy nor respect, she found it hard to submit where she meant to become independent, and difficult to take the cares where she had made no provision for the solaces of domestic life.

The notable Mrs. Mittin contrived soon to so usefully ingratiate herself in the favour of Mr. Dannel, that, in the full persuasion she would save him half his annual expences, he married her: but her friend, Mr. Clykes, was robbed in his journey home of the cash which he had so dishonourably gained.

The first care of Edgar was to clear every debt in which Camilla had borne any share, and then to make over to Lavinia the little portion intended to be parted between the sisters. Henry would have resisted; but Mr. Tyrold knew the fortune of Edgar to be fully adequate to his generosity, and sustained the proposition. Sir Sedley Clarendel received his two hundred pounds without opposition, though with surprise; and was dubious whether to rejoice in the shackles he had escaped, or to lament the charmer he had lost.

Sir Hugh would suffer no one but himself to clear the debts of his two nephews, or refund what had been advanced by his  
excellent

excellent old friend Mr. Westwyn. He called back all his servants, liberally recompensed their marked attachment, provided particularly for good old Jacob; and took upon himself the most ample reward for the postillion who meant to rescue Eugenia.

The prisoner and his wife, now worthy established cottagers, were the first, at the entrance of Beech Park, to welcome the bride and bridegroom; and little Peggy Higden was sent for immediately, and placed, with extremest kindness, where she might rise in use and in profit.

Lord O'Lerney was sedulously sought by Edgar, who had the infinite happiness to see Camilla a selected friend of Lady Isabella Irby, whose benevolent care of her in the season of her utter distress, had softly enchained her tenderest gratitude, and had excited in himself an almost adoring respect.

Melmond had received in time the caution of Camilla, to prevent the meeting to which the baseness of Bellamy was deluding his misguided sister, through her own wild theories. He forbore to blast her fame, by calling him publicly to account; and ere further arts could be practised, Bellamy was no more.

Mrs.

Mrs. Berlinton, in the shock of sudden sorrow, shut herself up from the world. Claims of debts of honour, which she had no means to answer, pursued her in her retreat; she became at once the prey of grief, repentance, and shame; and her mind was yet young enough in wrong, to be penetrated by the early chastisement of calamity. Removed from the whirl of pleasure, which takes reflexion from action, and feeling from thought, she reviewed, with poignant contrition, her graceless misconduct with regard to Eugenia, detested her infatuation, and humbled herself to implore forgiveness. Her aunt seized the agitating moment of self-upbraiding and worldly disgust, to impress upon her fears the lessons of her opening life: and thus, repulsed from passion, and sickened of dissipation, though too illiberally instructed for cheerful and rational piety, she was happily snatched from utter ruin by protecting, though eccentric enthusiasm.

Eugenia, for some time, continued in voluntary seclusion, happily reaping from the fruits of her education and her virtues, resources and reflexions for retirement that robbed it of weariness. The name, the recollection of Bellamy, always made her shudder, but the peace of perfect innocence was soon restored to her mind. The sufferings

ings of Mrs. Berlinton from self-reproach, taught her yet more fully to value the felicity of blamelessness; and the generous liberality of her character, made the first inducement she felt for exertion, the benevolence of giving solace to a penitent who had injured her.

Melmond, long conscious of her worth, and disgusted with all that had rivalled it in his mind, with the fervour of sincerity, yet diffidence of shame and regret, now fearfully sought the favour he before had reluctantly received. But Eugenia retreated. She had no courage for a new engagement, no faith for new vows, no hope for new happiness: till his really exemplary character, with the sympathy of his feelings, and the similarity of his taste and turn of mind with her own, made the Tyrols, when they perceived his ascendance, second his wishes. Approbation so sacred, joined to a prepossession so tender, soon conquered every timid difficulty in the ingenuous Eugenia; who in his well-earnt esteem, and grateful affection, received, at length, the recompence of every exerted virtue, and the solace of every past suffering. Melmond, in a companion delighting in all his favourite pursuits, and capable of joining even in his severer studies, found a charm to beguile from him all former regret, while reason

and experience endeared his ultimate choice. Eugenia once loved, was loved for ever. Where her countenance was looked at, her want of beauty was forgotten; while her voice was heard, her figure was unobserved; where her virtues were known, they seemed but to be enhanced by her personal misfortunes.

The Baronet was enchanted to see her thus unexpectedly happy, and soon transferred to Melmond the classical respect which Clermont had forfeited, when he concurred with Eugenia, in a petition, that Dr. Orkborne, without further delay, might be enabled to retire to his own plans and pursuits, with such just and honourable consideration for labours he well knew how to appreciate, as his friend Mr. Tyrold should judge to be worthy of his acceptance.

With joy expanding to that thankfulness which may be called the *beauty of piety*, the virtuous Tyrolds, as their first blessings, received these blessings of their children: and the beneficent Sir Hugh felt every wish so satisfied, he could scarcely occupy himself again with a project—save a maxim of prudence, drawn from his own experience, which he daily planned teaching to the little generation rising around him; To avoid, from the disasters of their Uncle,  
the

the Dangers and Temptations, to their Descendants, of Unsettled Collateral Expectations.

Thus ended the long conflicts, doubts, suspences, and sufferings of Edgar and Camilla: who, without one inevitable calamity, one unavoidable distress, so nearly fell the sacrifice to the two extremes of Imprudence, and Suspicion. Edgar, by generous confidence, became the repository of her every thought; and her friends read her exquisite lot in a gaiety no longer to be feared: while, faithful to his word, making Etherington; Cleves, and Beech Park, his alternate dwellings, he rarely parted her from her fond Parents, and enraptured Uncle. And Dr. Marchmont, as he saw the pure innocence, open frankness, and spotless honour of her heart, found in her virtues, or her errors, her facility, or her desperation, but A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

FINIS.



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